

Superman

SUPERMAN

Post-



Post-**Crisis**

The Amazing Brainiac

The Amazing Brainiac

Volume

20

20

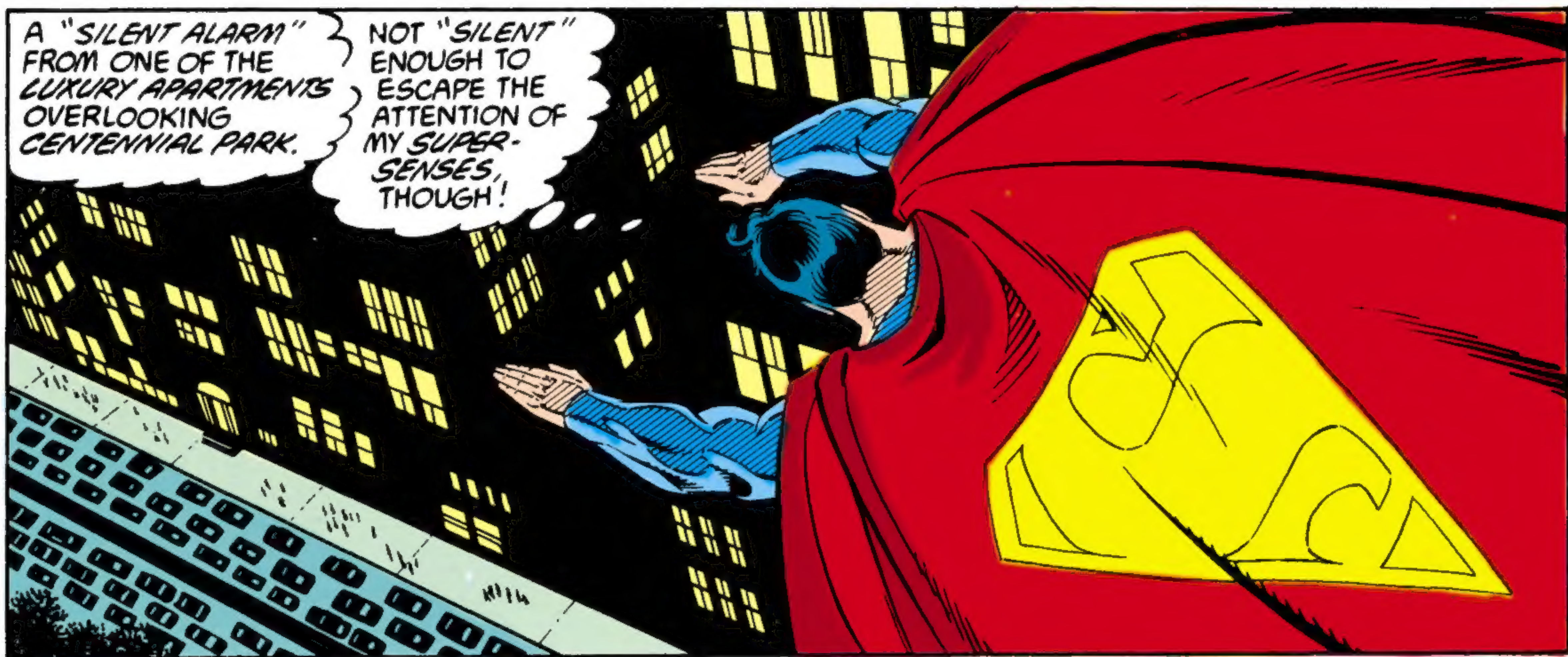
SUPERMAN[®]

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

WINGS

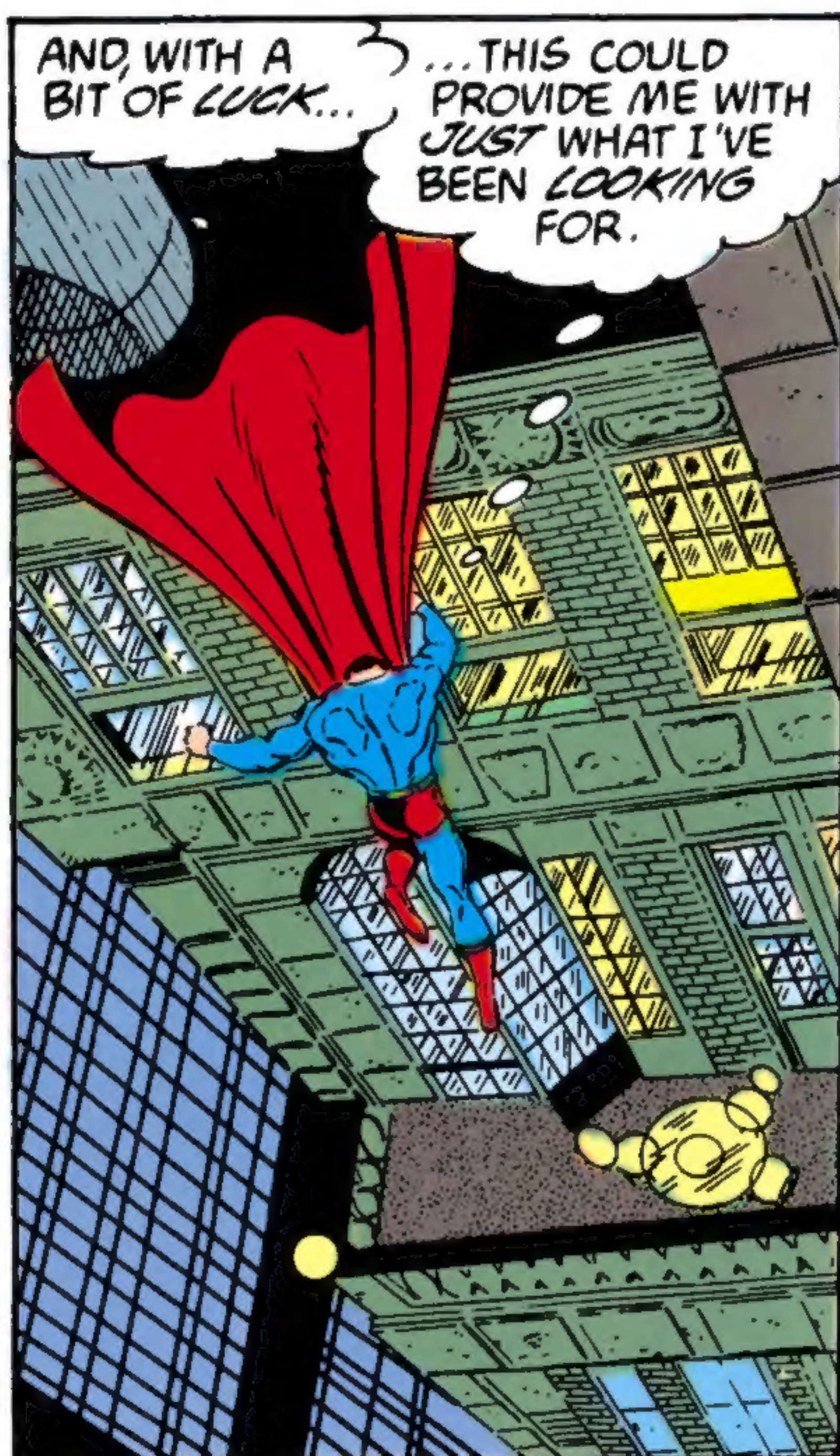
JOHN BYRNE . **KARL KESEL**
writer/penciller inker
PETRA SCOTese. **JOHN COSTANZA**
colorist letterer
MICHAEL CARLIN : editor

THERE!



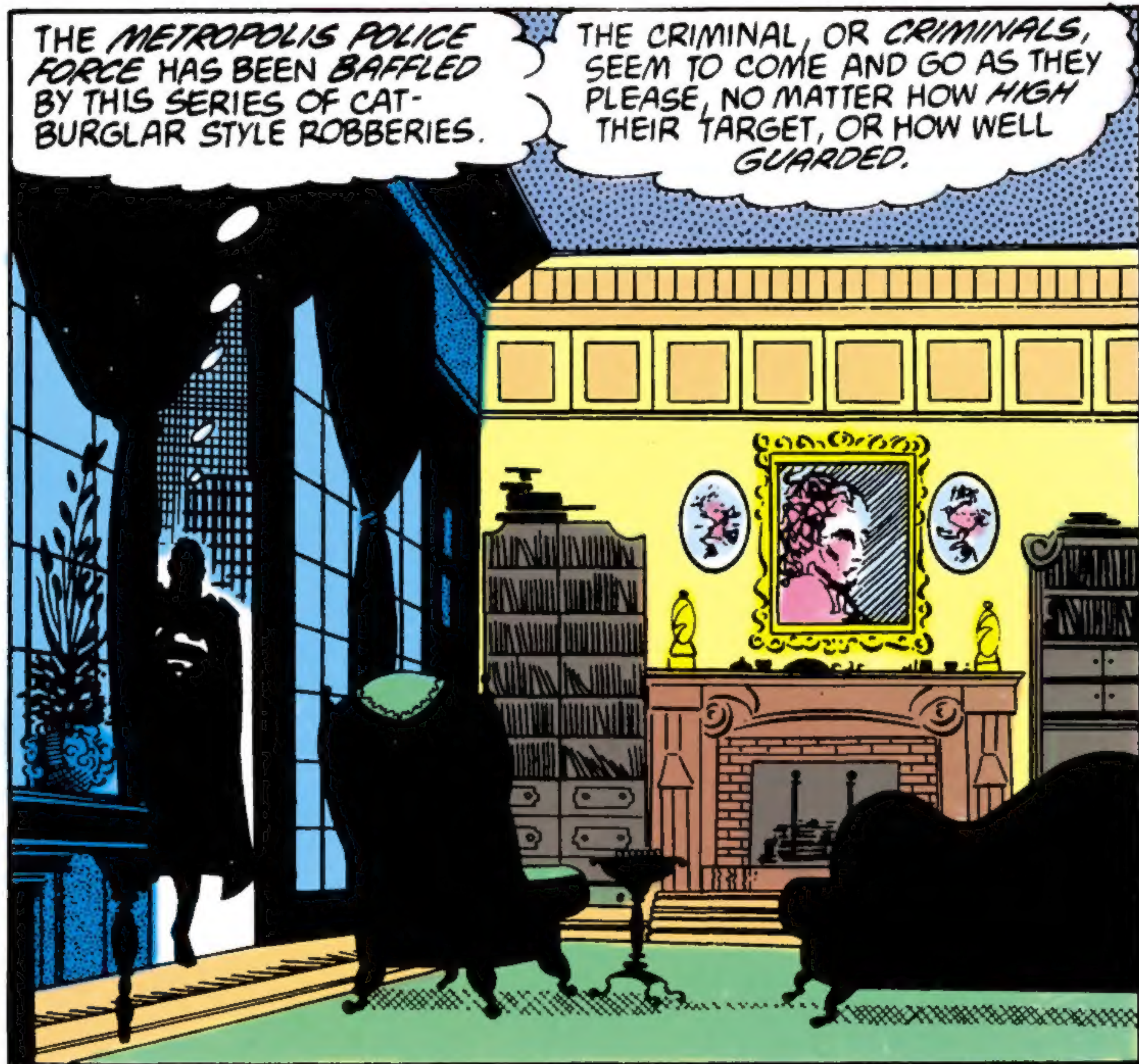
A "SILENT ALARM" FROM ONE OF THE LUXURY APARTMENTS OVERLOOKING CENTENNIAL PARK.

NOT "SILENT" ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THE ATTENTION OF MY SUPER-SENSES, THOUGH!



AND, WITH A BIT OF LUCK...

...THIS COULD PROVIDE ME WITH JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.



THE METROPOLIS POLICE FORCE HAS BEEN BAFFLED BY THIS SERIES OF CAT-BURGLAR STYLE ROBBERIES.

THE CRIMINAL, OR CRIMINALS, SEEM TO COME AND GO AS THEY PLEASE, NO MATTER HOW HIGH THEIR TARGET, OR HOW WELL GUARDED.



NORMALLY I WOULDN'T GET INVOLVED IN WHAT IS, AFTER ALL, ROUTINE POLICE BUSINESS...

...BUT SOME OF THE EVIDENCE SUGGESTS A BEING WITH SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES.

AND THAT'S MY PROVINCE!



DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE HERE, THOUGH...

EH...?

WHAT
THE...?!



SOMETHING
SMALL...

... AIRBORNE...

... AND *FAST!*
EVEN WITH MY
SUPER-FAST
REFLEXES IT
WENT BY TOO
FAST FOR ME TO
SNAG IT.

BUT NOT TOO
FAST FOR MY
OTHER SENSES
TO *TRACK*...

BLAST!

STRIPS OF
LEAD FOIL! THEY'RE
SCREWING UP MY
VISION POWERS.

OUR LITTLE *PROWLER*
MUST'VE DROPPED 'EM.

THE SAME WAY
WORLD WAR TWO
BOMBERS USED
TO DROP STRIPS OF
FOIL TO CONFUSE
ENEMY *RADAR*.

A *NEAT*
MOVE, IF
EVER THERE
WAS ONE.

PERFECTLY
DISGUISED
HIS
GETAWAY.

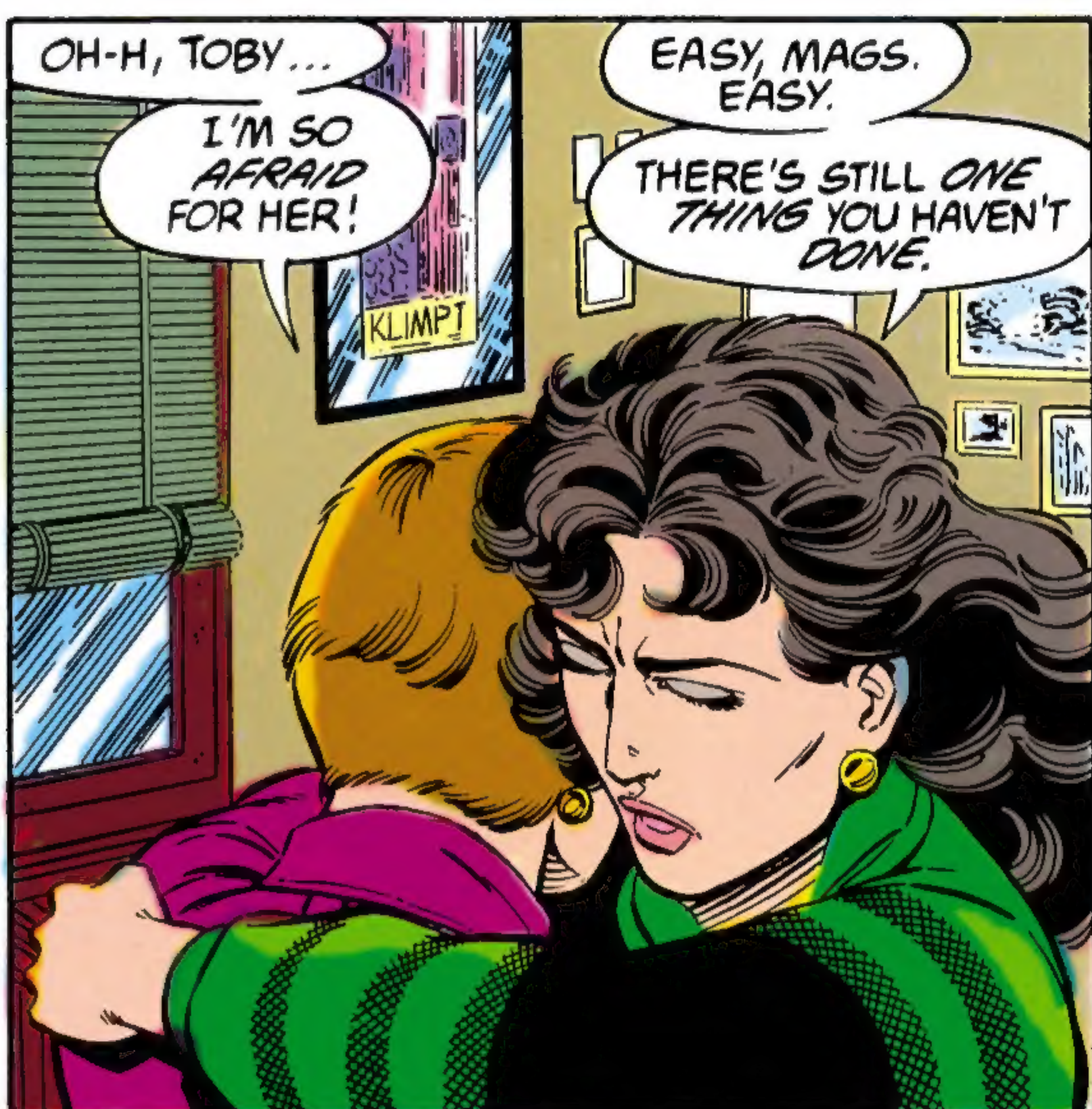
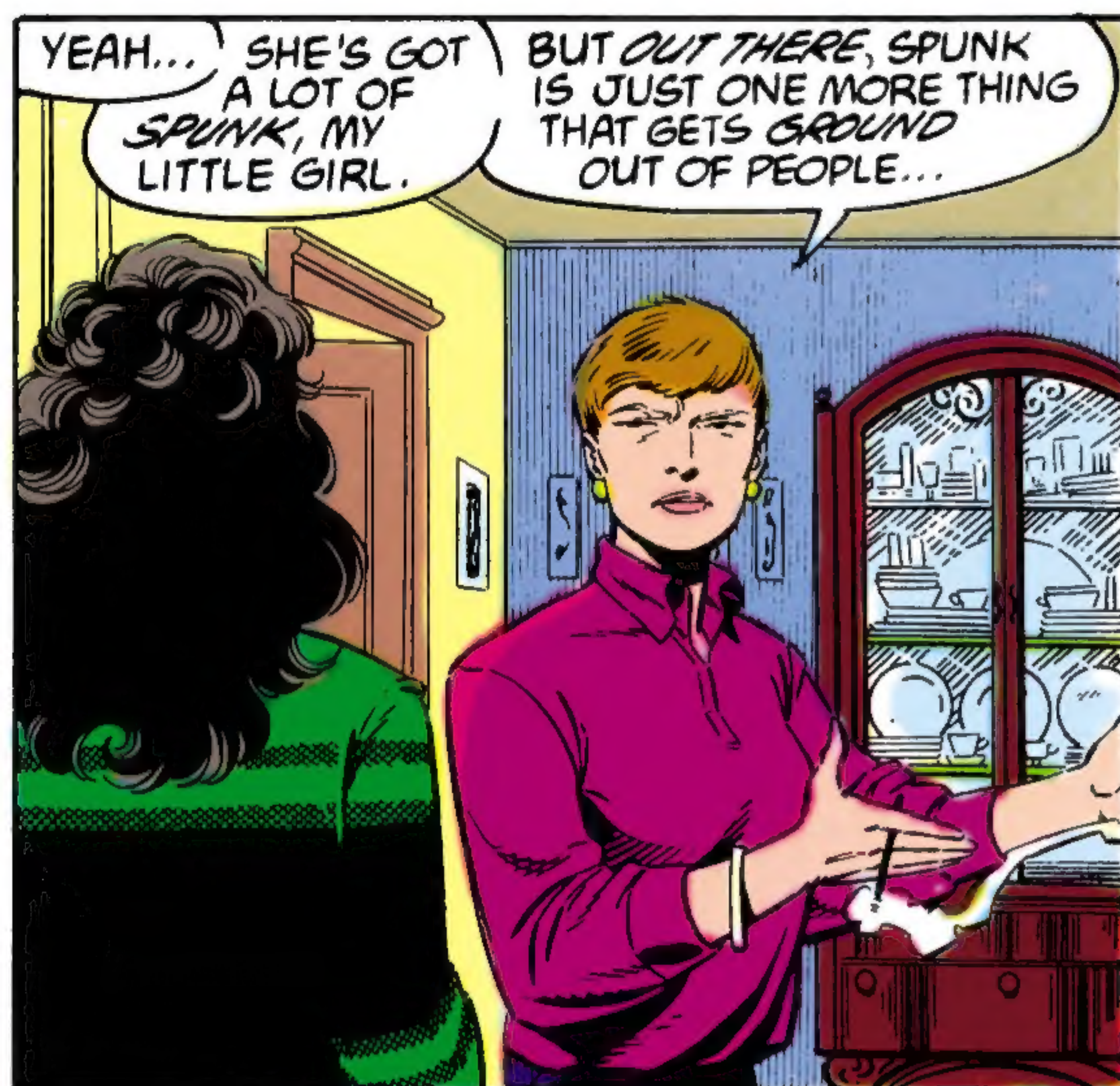
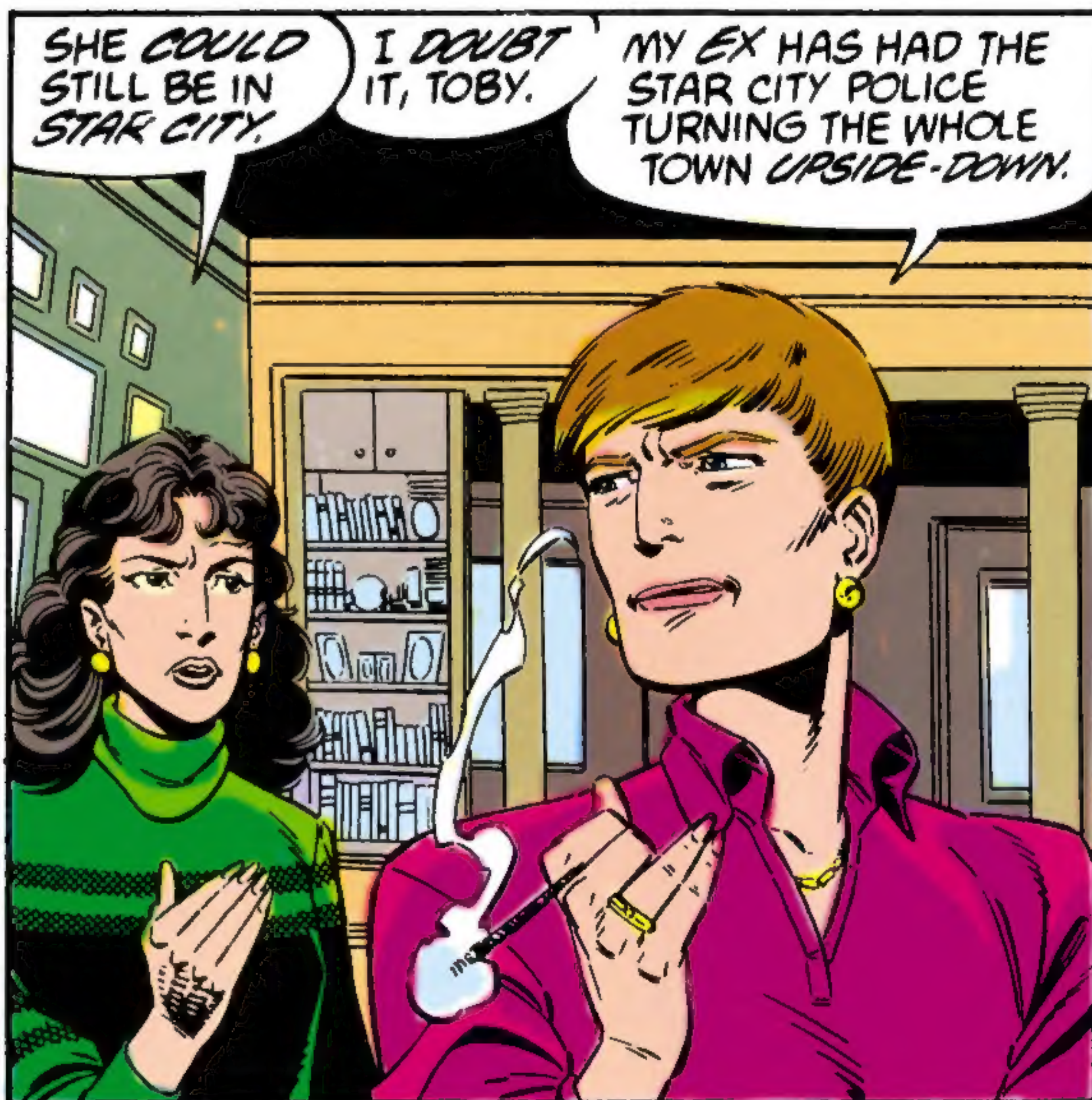
ALL I KNOW
IS HE'S...

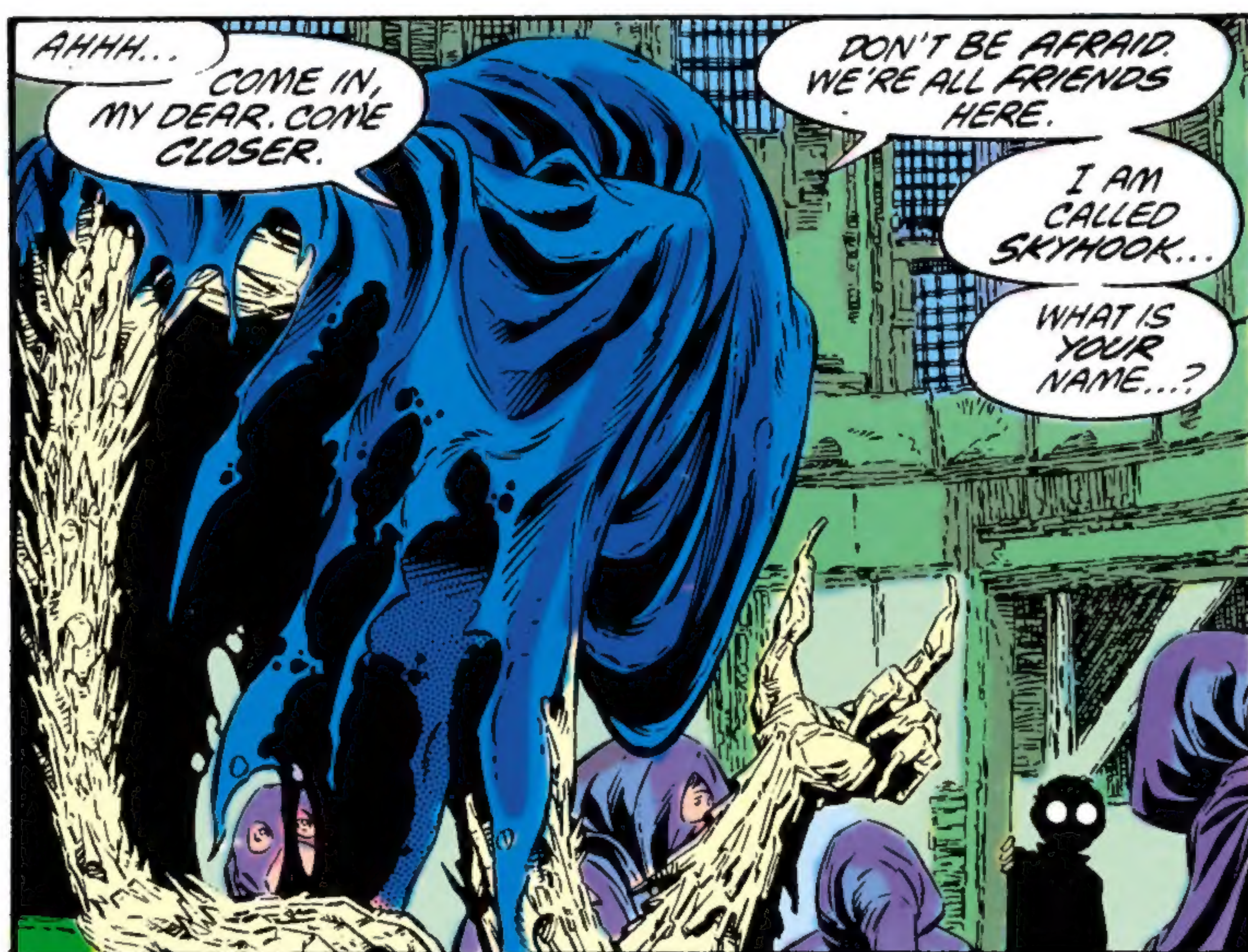
... OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE.

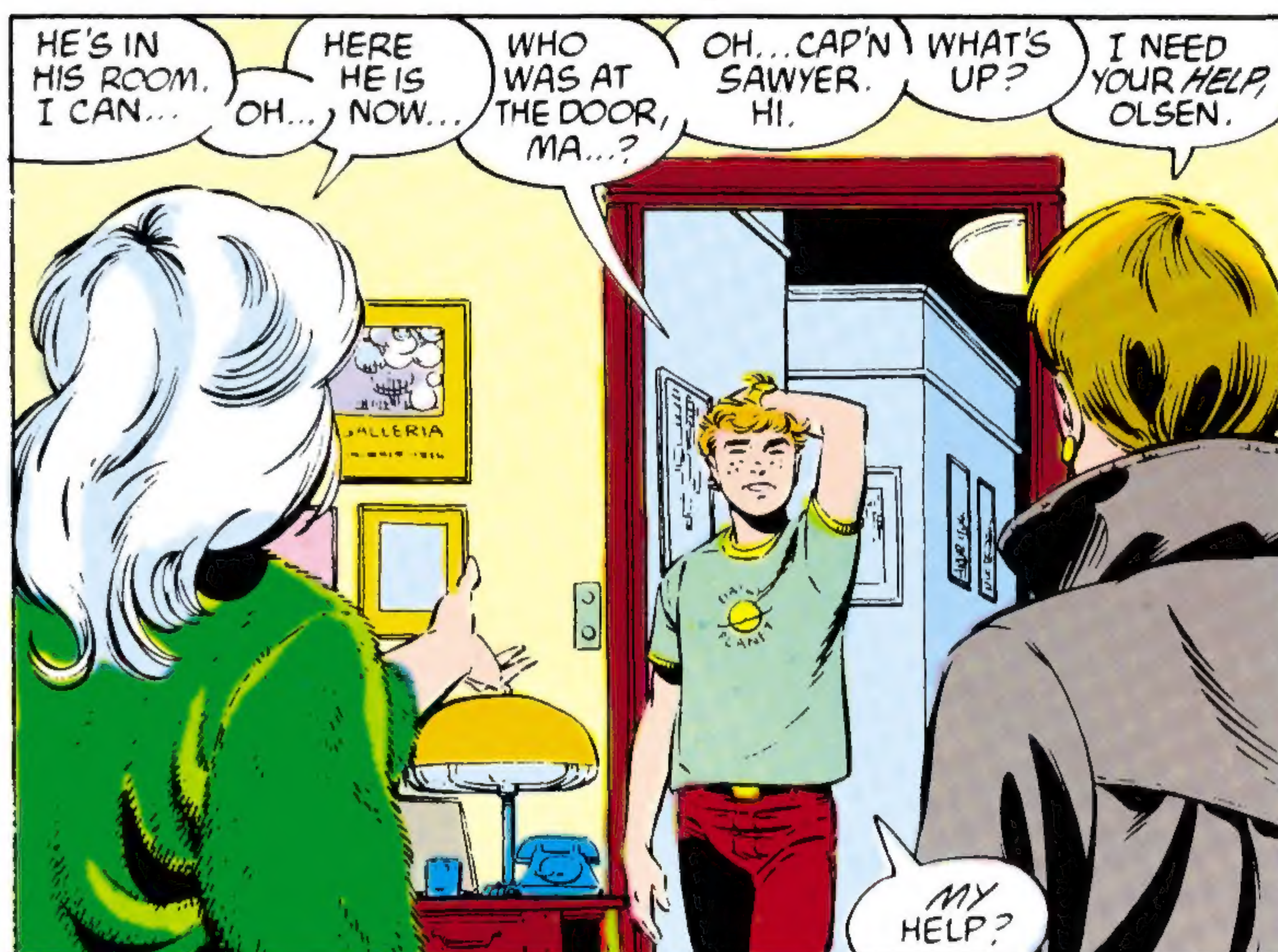
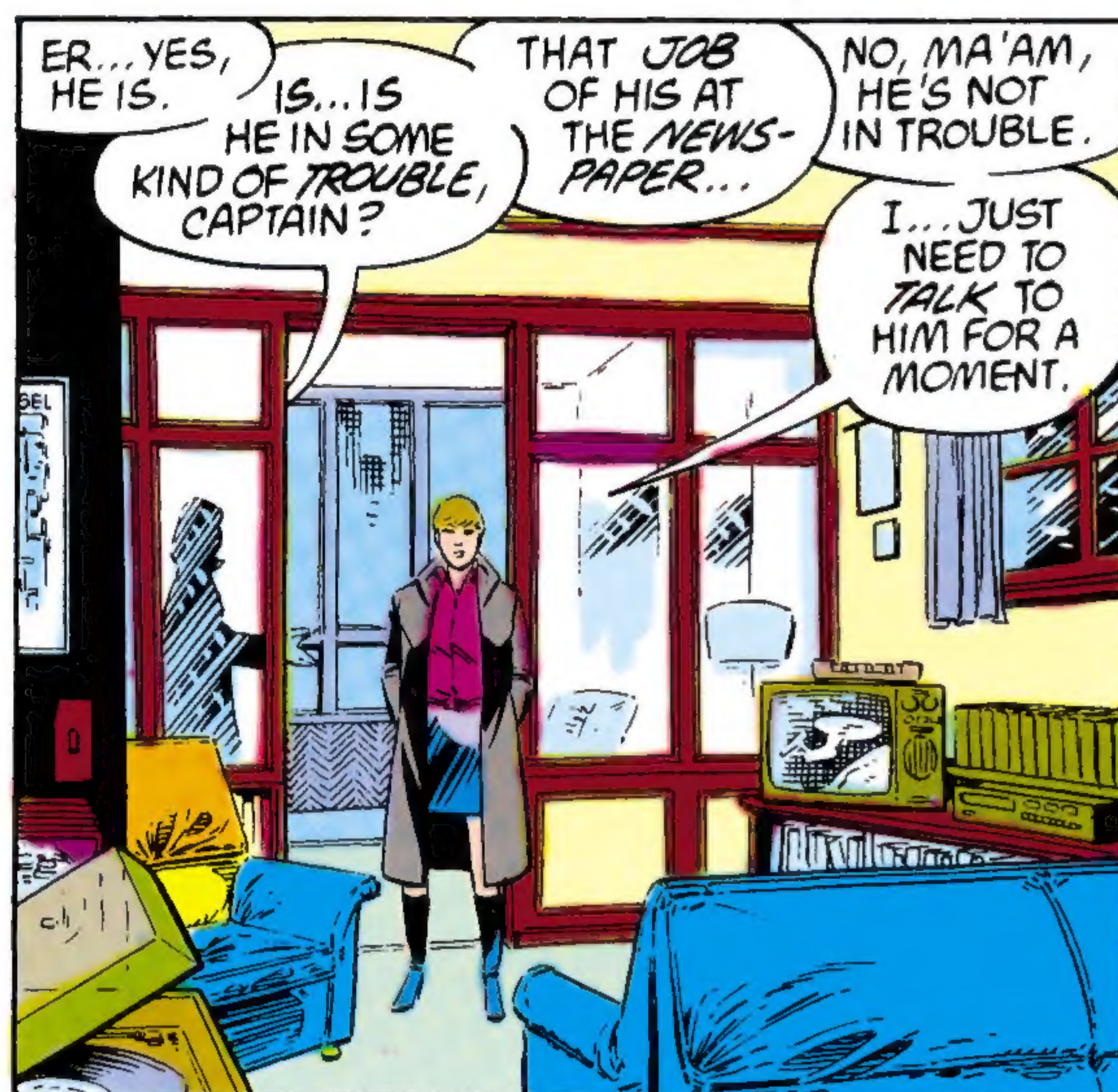
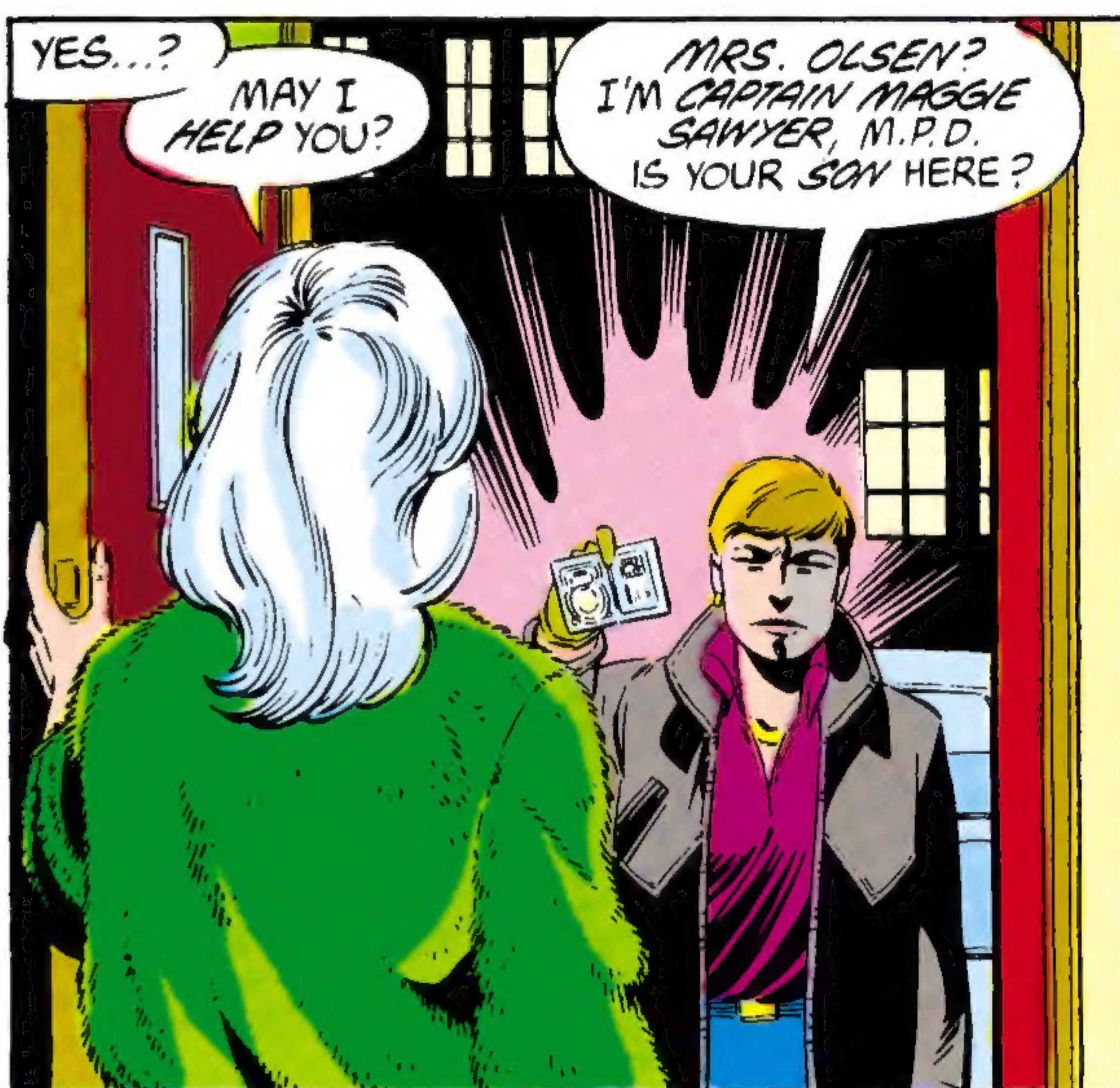
ALONE.

ALL ALONE IN
THE BIGGEST
CITY IN THE
WORLD!

YOU DON'T
KNOW
THAT,
BABE.





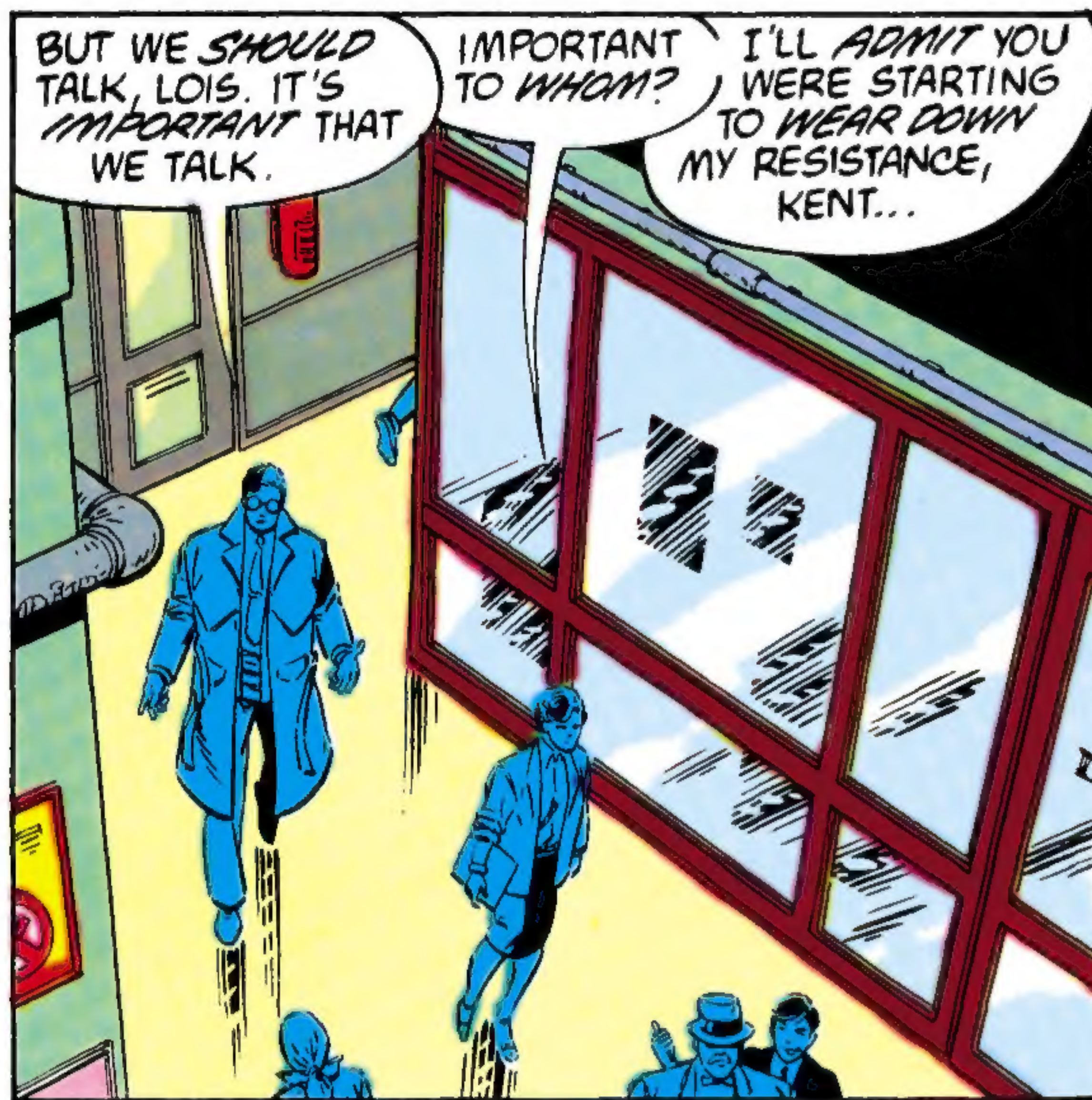




LOIS...

KENT, I TOLD YOU...

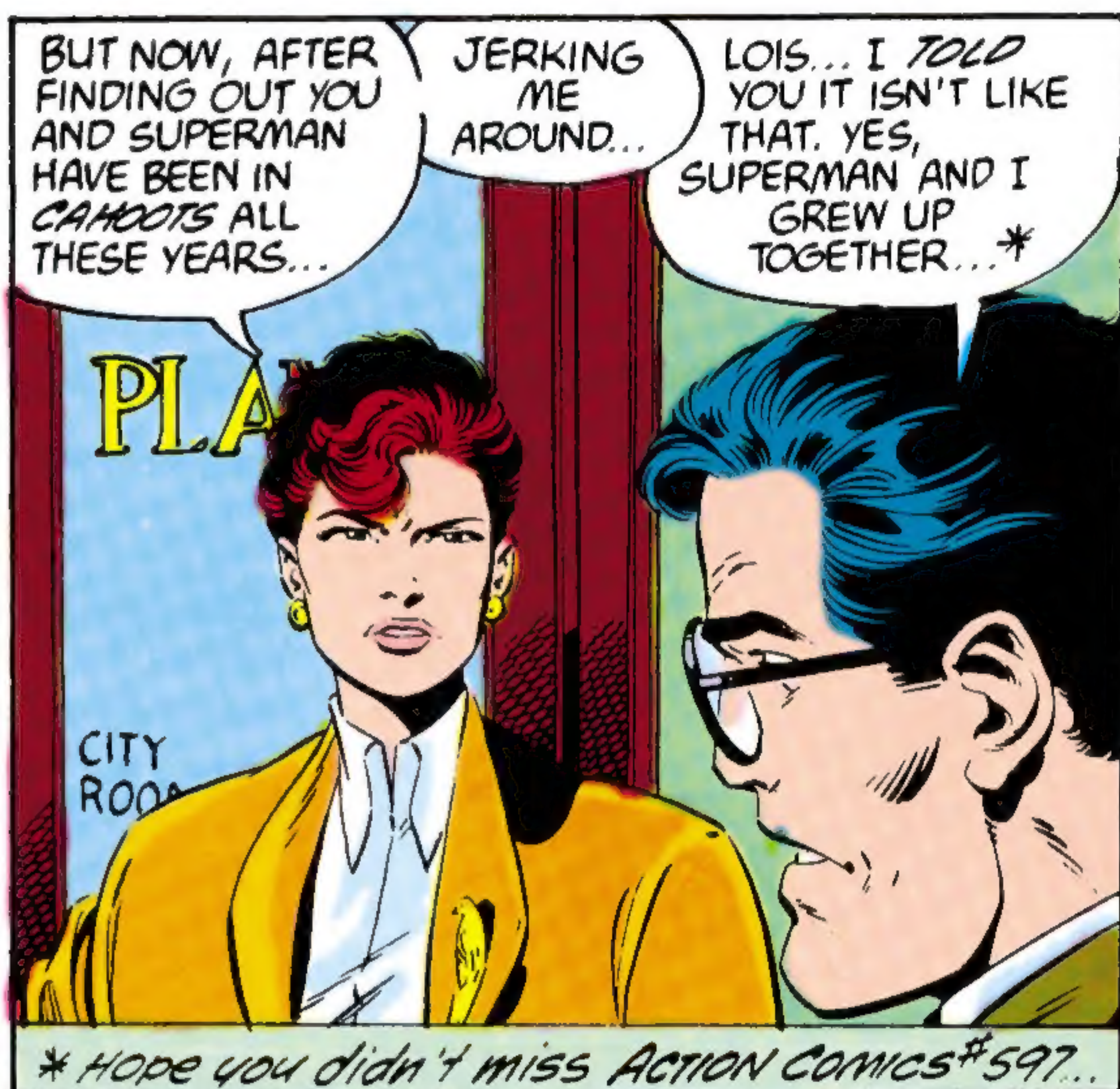
I JUST DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.



BUT WE SHOULD TALK, LOIS. IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE TALK.

IMPORTANT TO WHOM?

I'LL ADMIT YOU WERE STARTING TO WEAR DOWN MY RESISTANCE, KENT...



BUT NOW, AFTER FINDING OUT YOU AND SUPERMAN HAVE BEEN IN *CAHOOTS* ALL THESE YEARS...

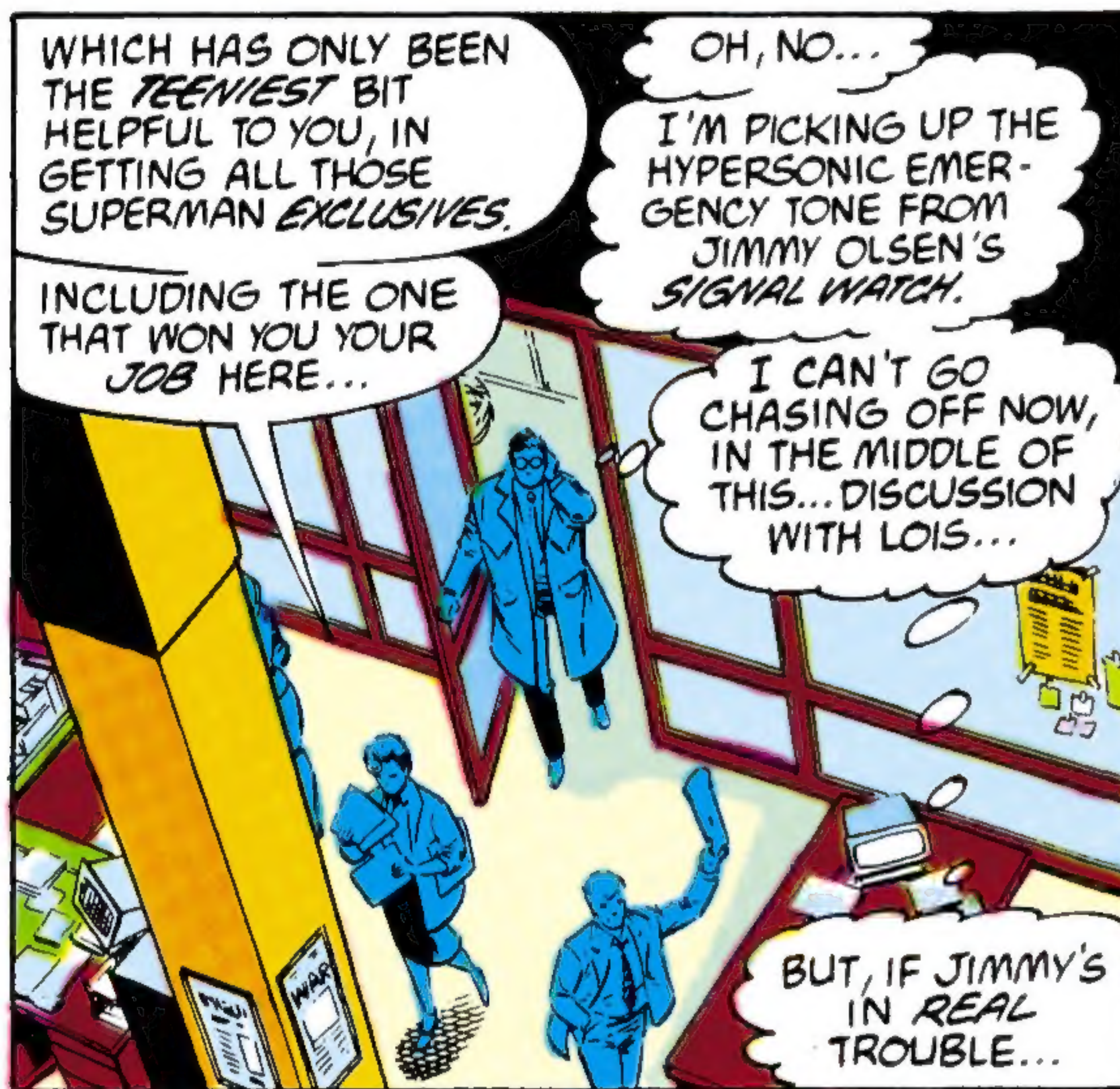
JERKING ME AROUND...

LOIS... I TOLD YOU IT ISN'T LIKE THAT. YES, SUPERMAN AND I GREW UP TOGETHER...*

PLANET

CITY ROOM

* HOPE YOU DIDN'T MISS ACTION COMICS #597...



WHICH HAS ONLY BEEN THE *TEENIEST* BIT HELPFUL TO YOU, IN GETTING ALL THOSE SUPERMAN EXCLUSIVES.

INCLUDING THE ONE THAT WON YOU YOUR JOB HERE...

OH, NO...

I'M PICKING UP THE HYPERSONIC EMERGENCY TONE FROM JIMMY OLSEN'S SIGNAL WATCH.

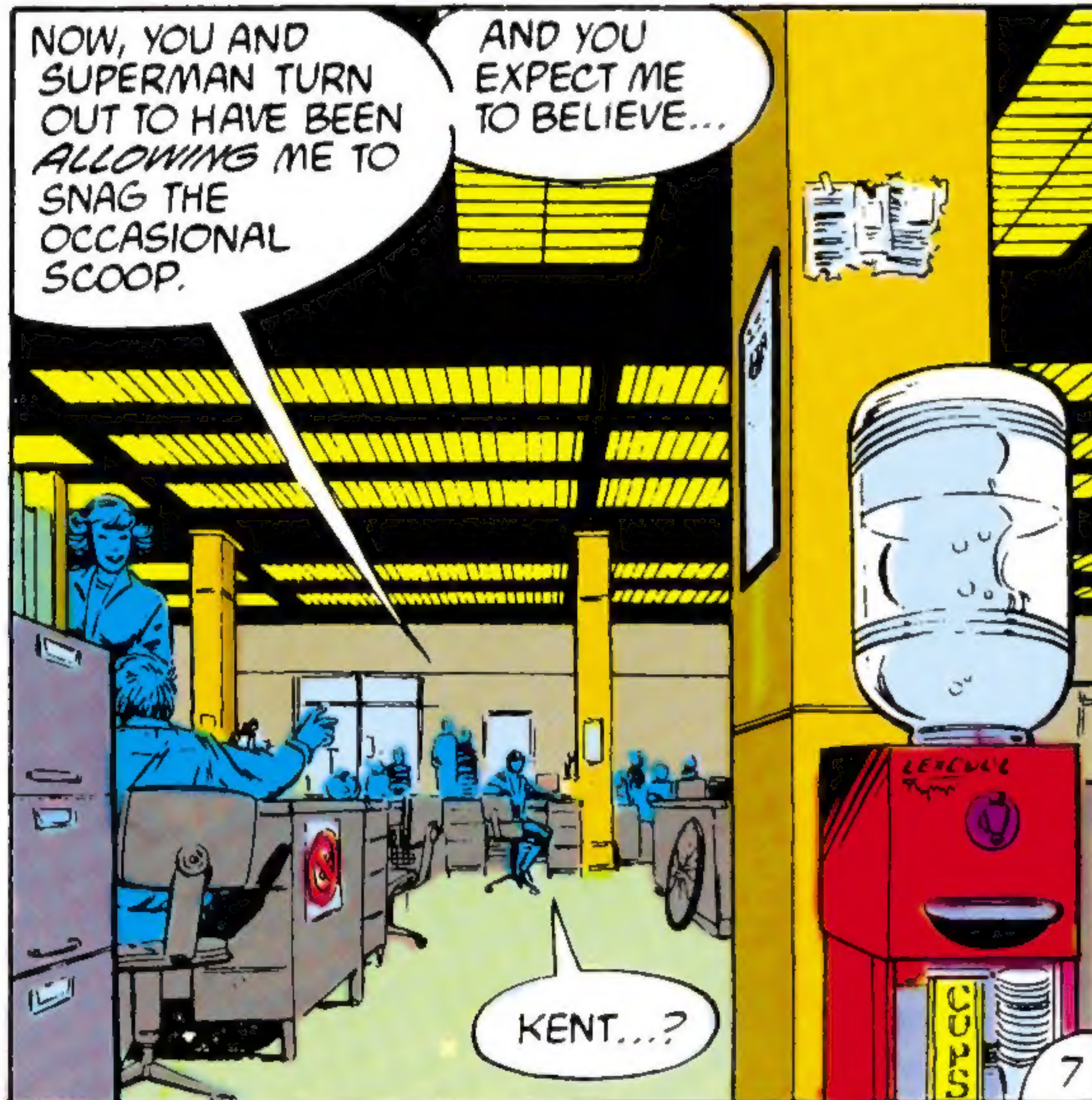
I CAN'T GO CHASING OFF NOW, IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS... DISCUSSION WITH LOIS...

BUT, IF JIMMY'S IN REAL TROUBLE...



IT DOESN'T REALLY SURPRISE ME, OF COURSE, KENT. I'M AN *ARMY BRAT*. I'VE HAD TO PUT UP WITH THIS KIND OF MACHO MALE BONDING JUNK ALL MY LIFE.

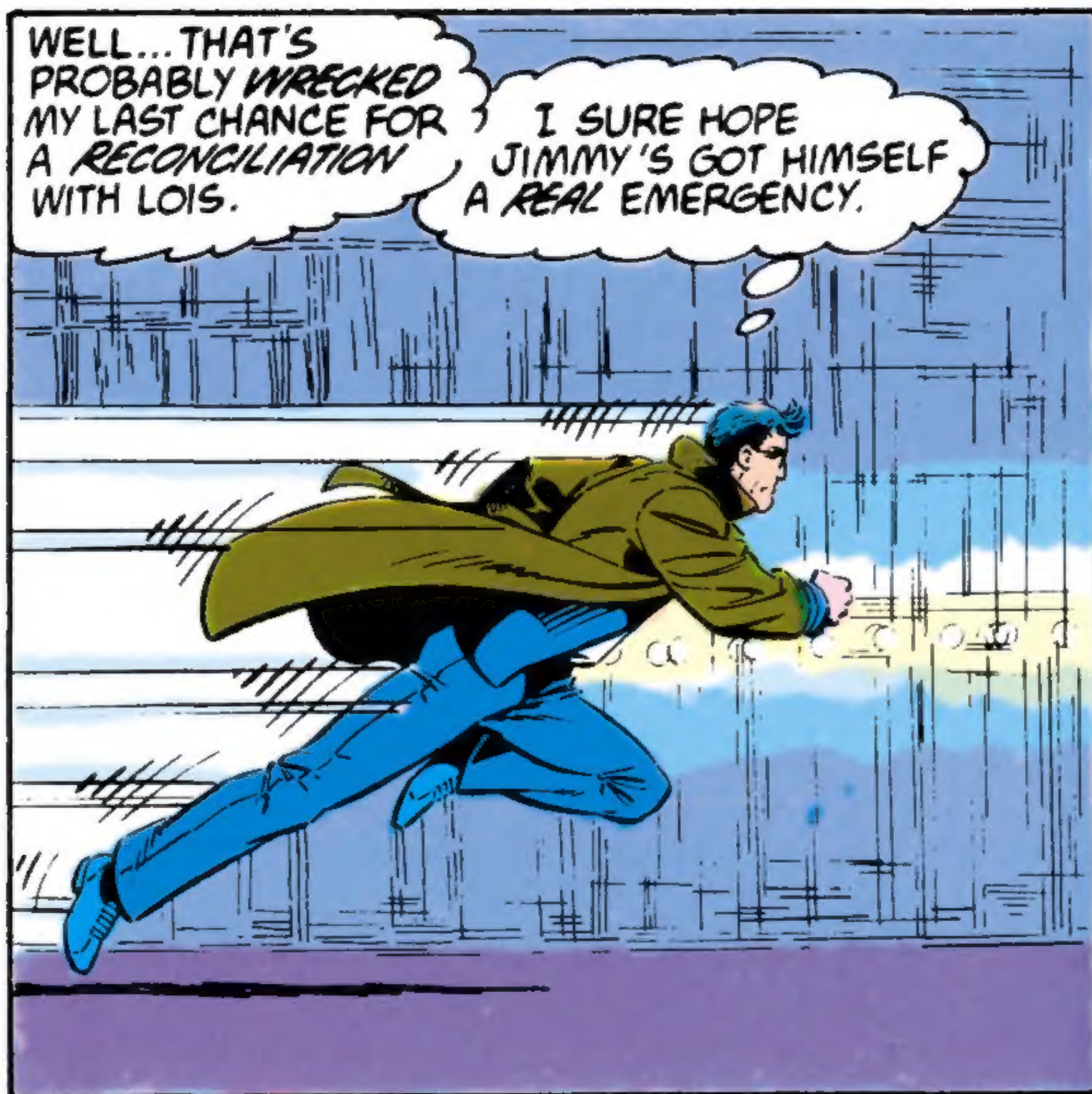
EVEN HERE, AT THE *DAILY PLANET*, AFTER I CONVINCED PERRY WHITE TO GIVE ME A CHANCE AS A REPORTER, I HAD TO *FIGHT* MY WAY THROUGH THE "OLD BOY" NETWORK.



NOW, YOU AND SUPERMAN TURN OUT TO HAVE BEEN ALLOWING ME TO SNAG THE OCCASIONAL SCOOP.

AND YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE...

KENT...?



WELL... THAT'S PROBABLY *WRECKED* MY LAST CHANCE FOR A *RECONCILIATION* WITH LOIS.

I SURE HOPE JIMMY'S GOT HIMSELF A *REAL EMERGENCY*.



HE WAS VERY *CLEVER*, CALCULATING THE PRECISE FREQUENCY ONLY *I* COULD HEAR, AND CREATING HIS *SIGNAL WATCH* TO CALL ME.

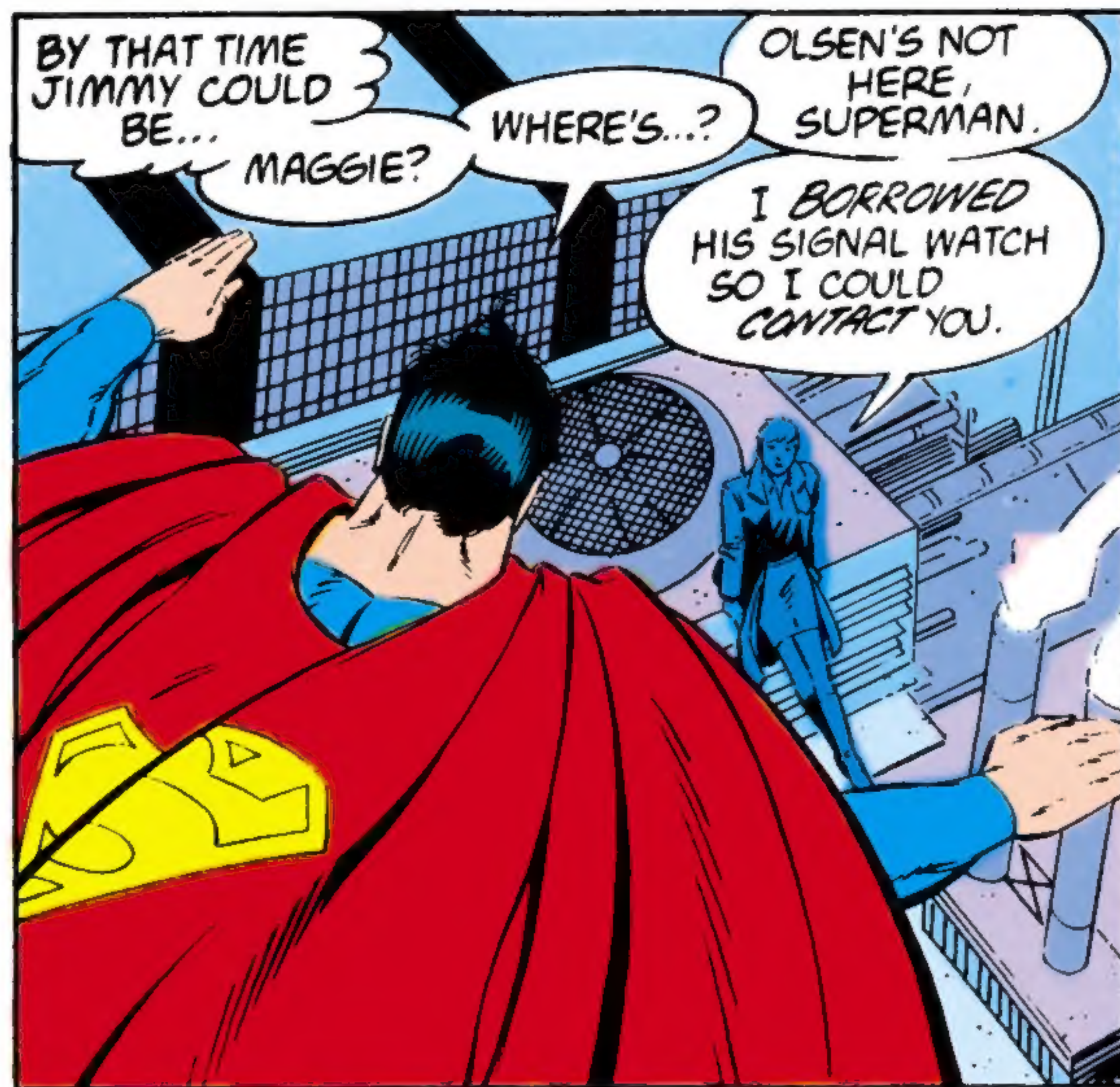
AND HE'S BEEN PRETTY GOOD ABOUT *WHEN* HE USES IT.

BUT I *WORRY* THAT HE'S GOING TO CALL ME AWAY FROM SOMETHING POTENTIALLY *MORE URGENT* THAN WHATEVER HE'S GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO.



OR THAT HE'S GOING TO BECOME *DEPENDENT* ON THE WATCH, AND GET INTO SOME BAD TROUBLE WHEN I'M NOT *AVAILABLE* TO FLY TO THE RESCUE.

AFTER ALL, THE WATCH IS REALLY ONLY OF USE IF I'M *NEARBY* THE SIGNAL ONLY TRAVELS AT THE *SPEED OF SOUND*. IF I WERE A FEW HUNDRED MILES AWAY IT COULD TAKE AN *HOUR* TO REACH ME.



BY THAT TIME JIMMY COULD BE... MAGGIE?

WHERE'S...?

OLSEN'S NOT HERE, SUPERMAN.

I *BORROWED* HIS SIGNAL WATCH SO I COULD *CONTACT* YOU.



?) BUT... THE *POLICE* HAVE THEIR *OWN* METHODS OF REACHING ME. YOU'VE USED THEM YOURSELF.

THIS IS... A *PERSONAL* MATTER, SUPERMAN. I'M NOT CALLING YOU AS A *POLICE CAPTAIN*.

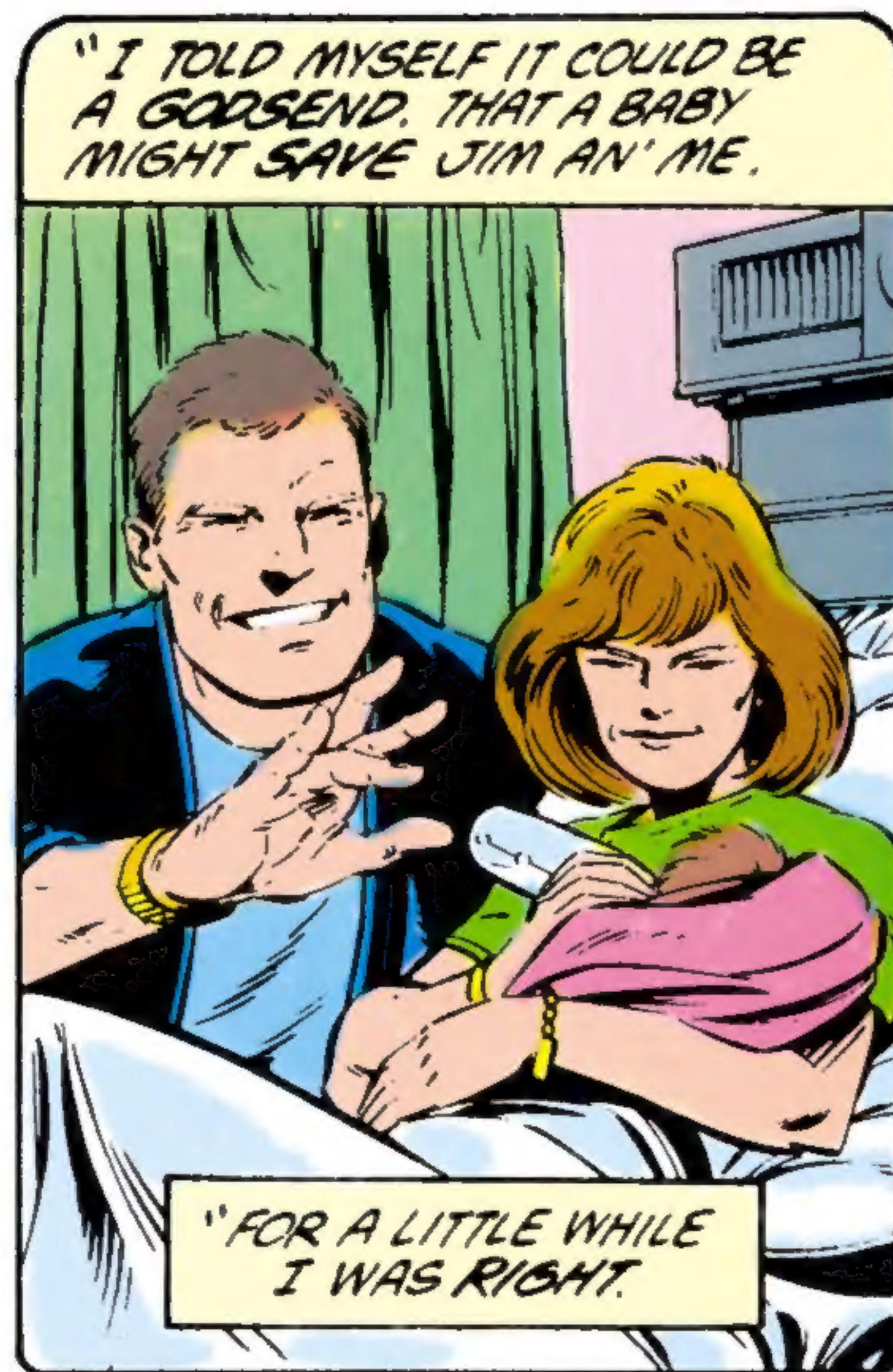
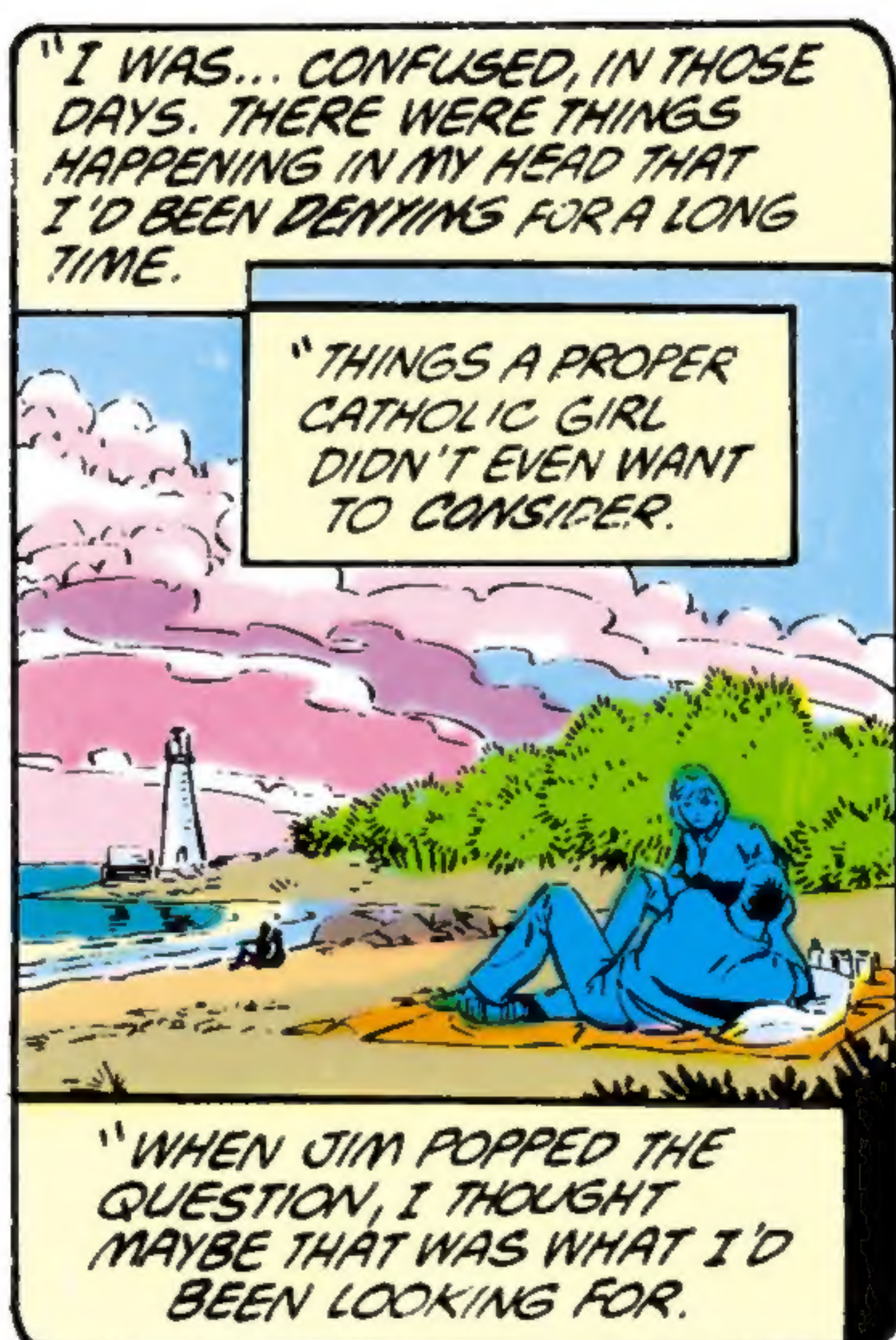
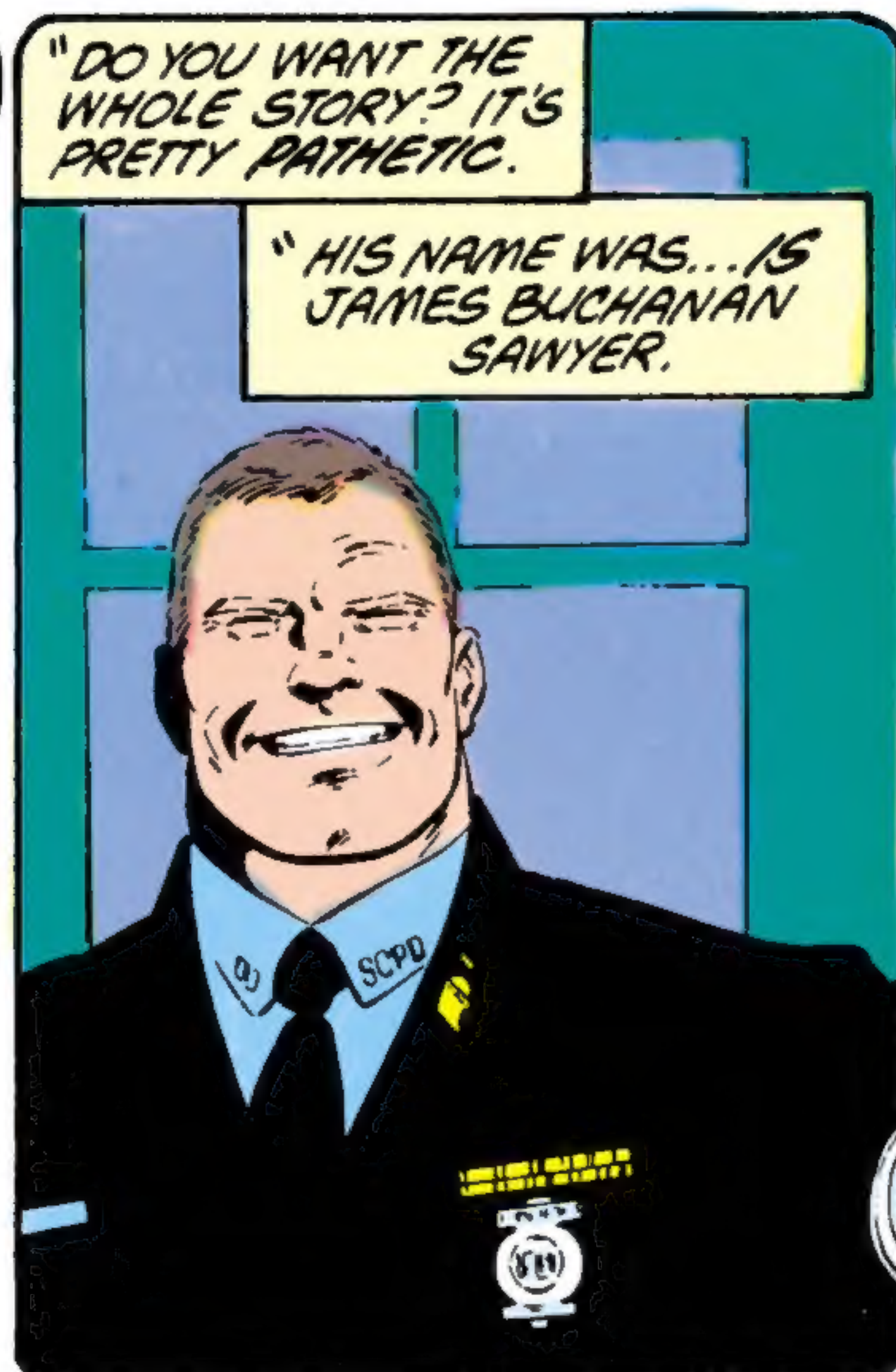
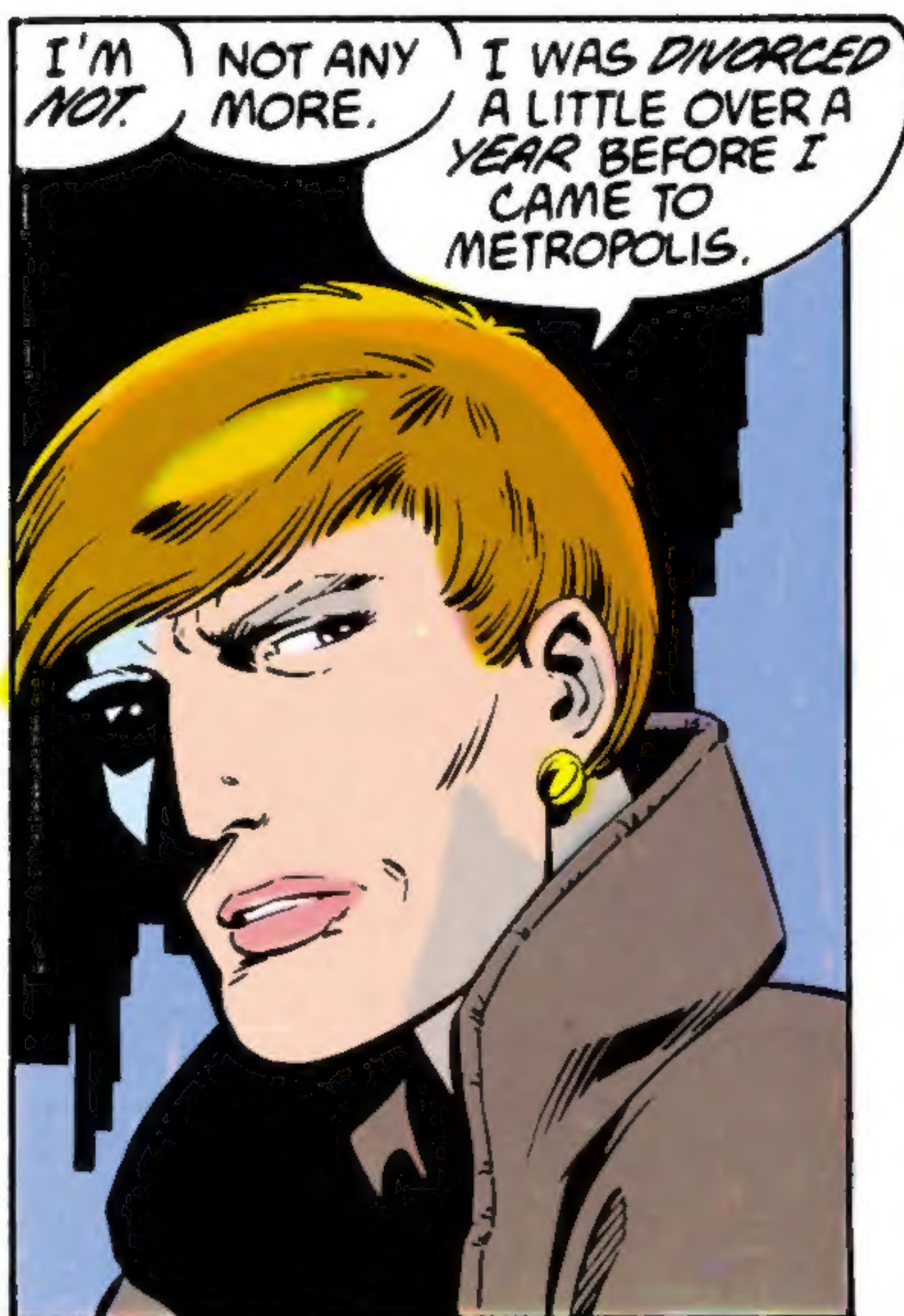


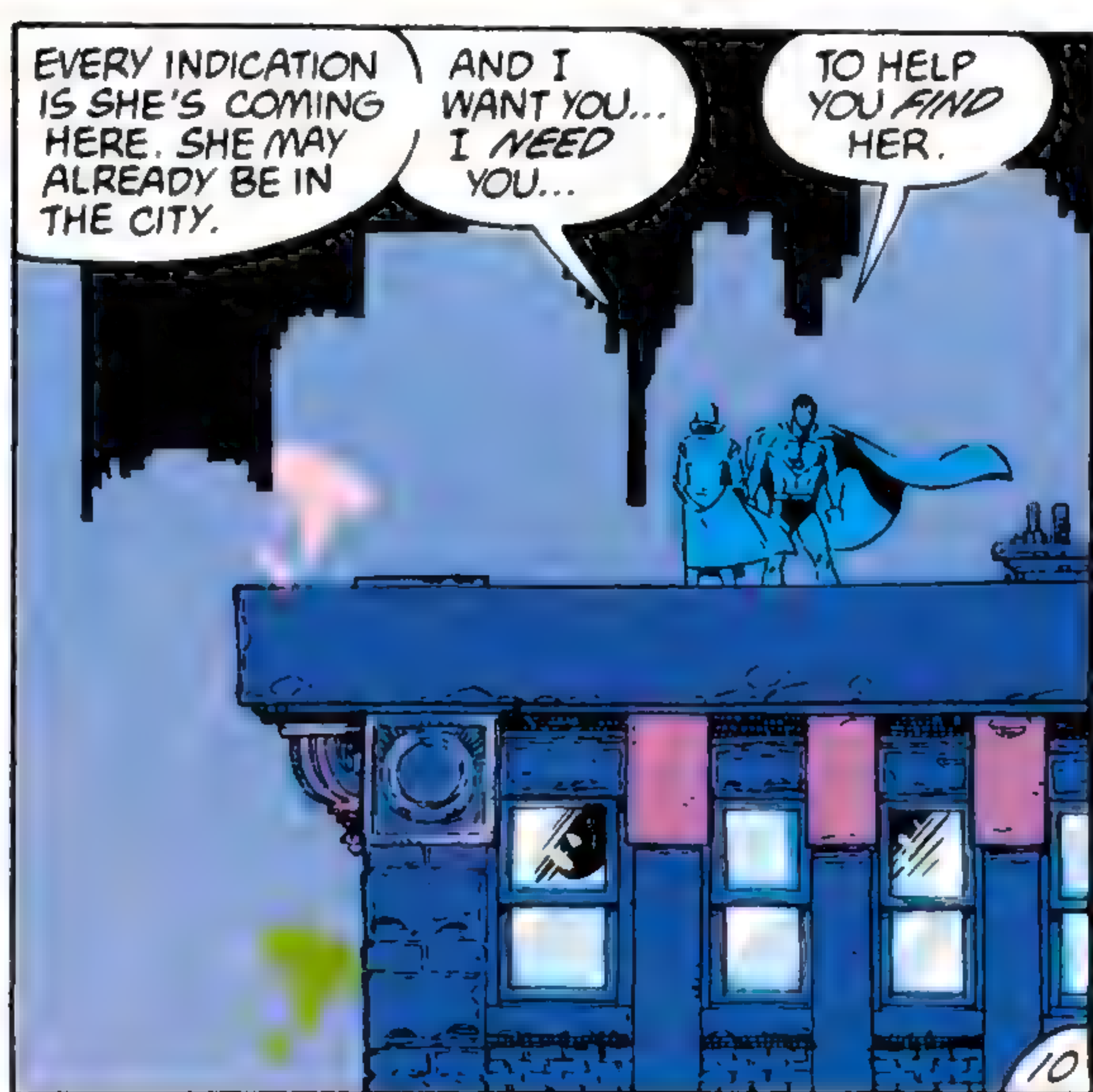
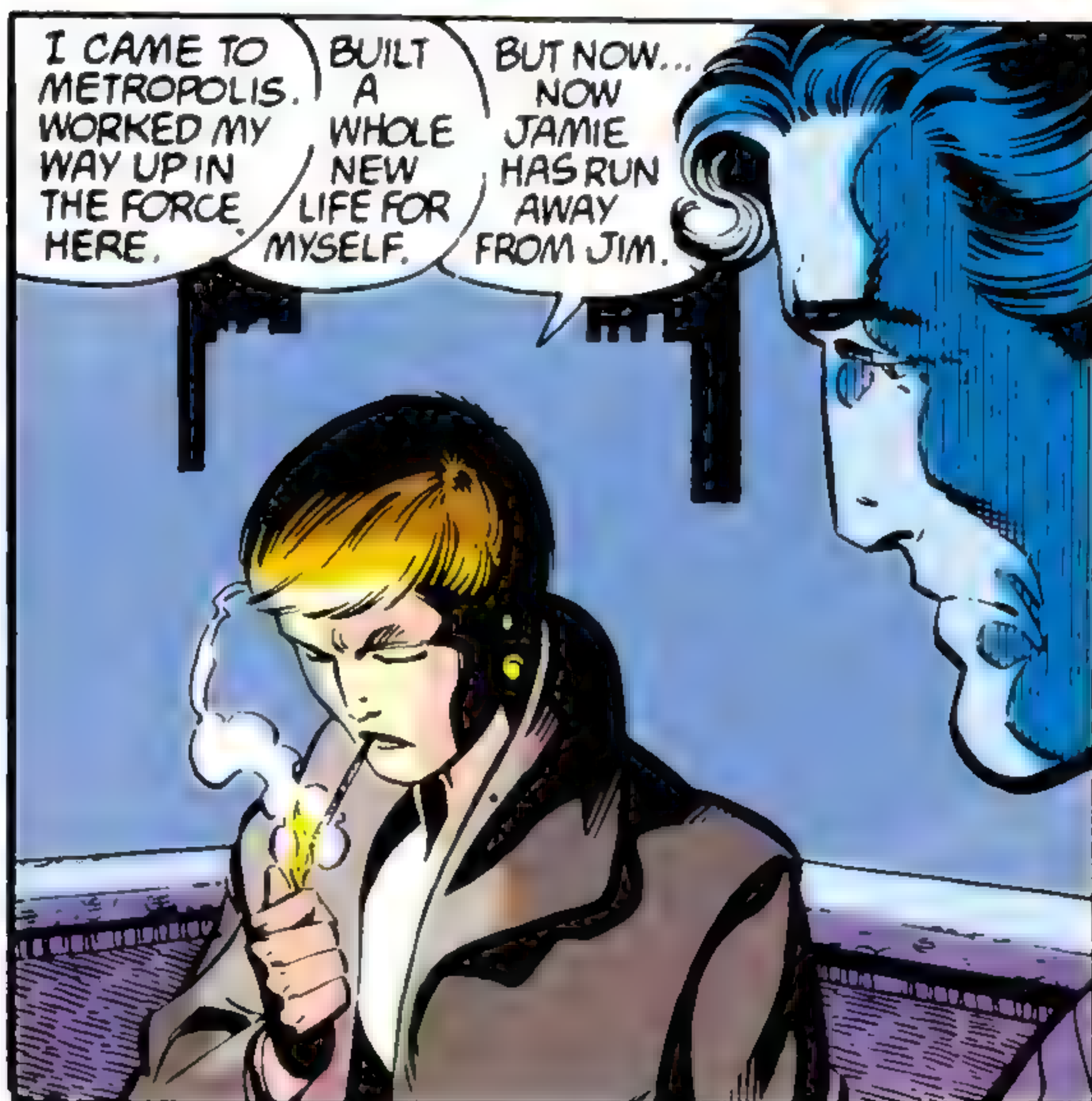
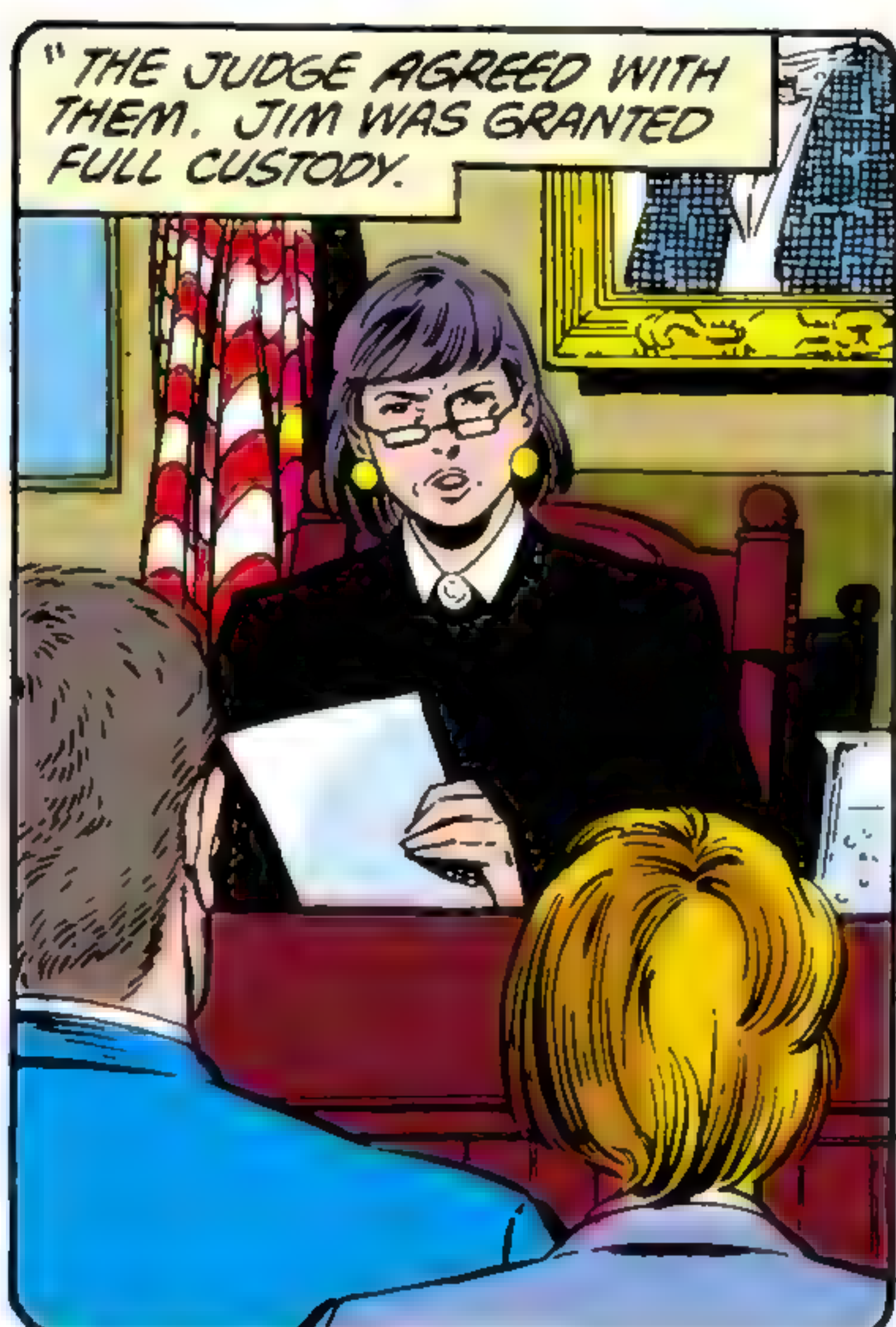
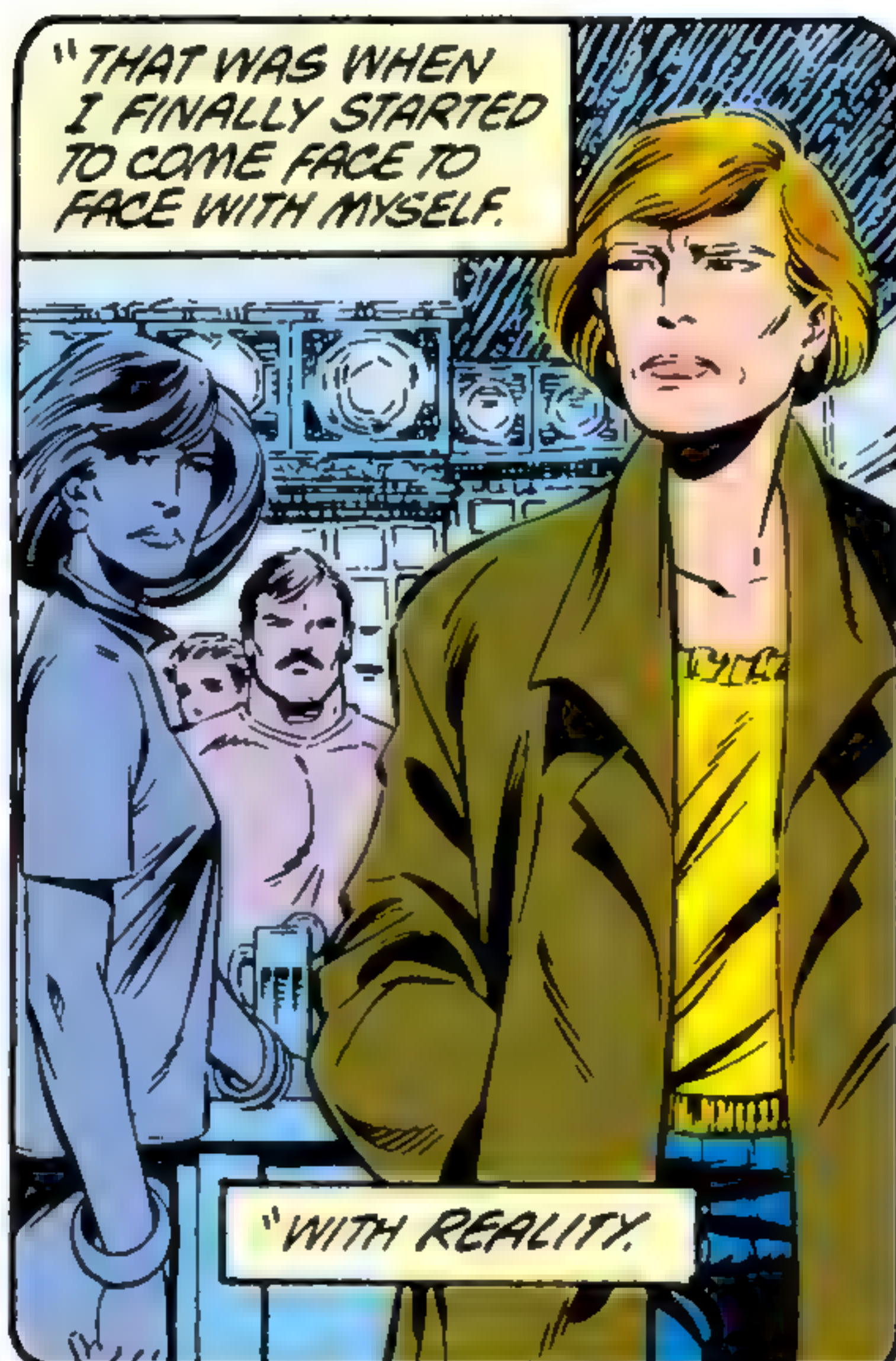
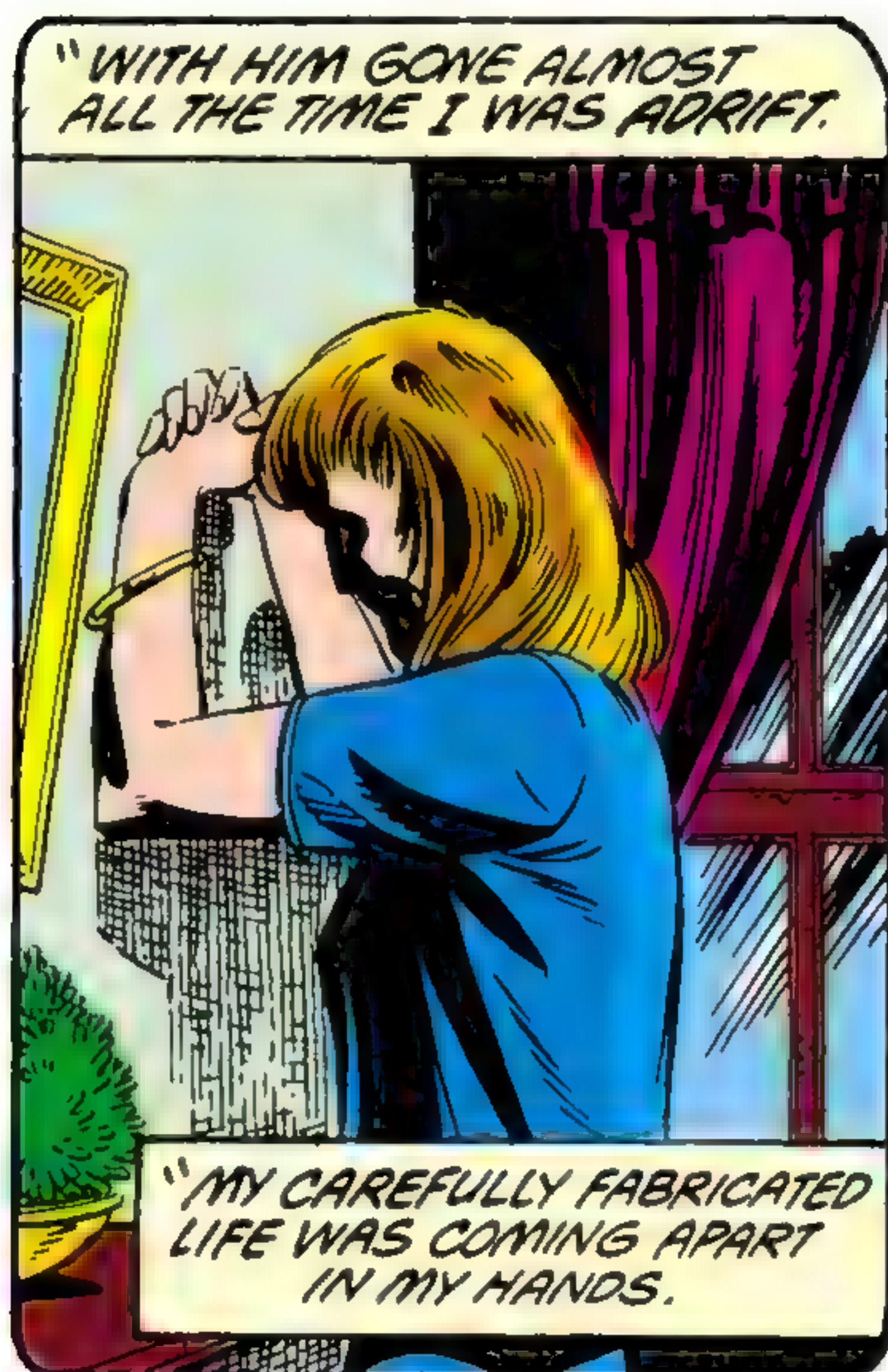
I'M CALLING YOU AS A *MOTHER*...

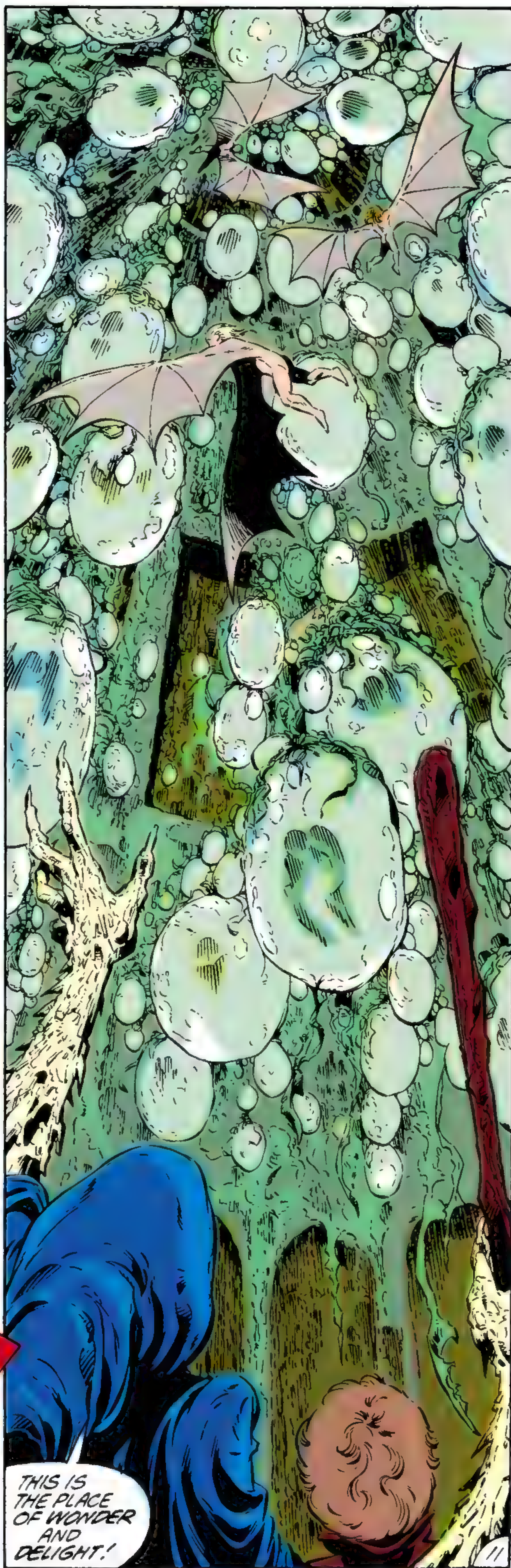
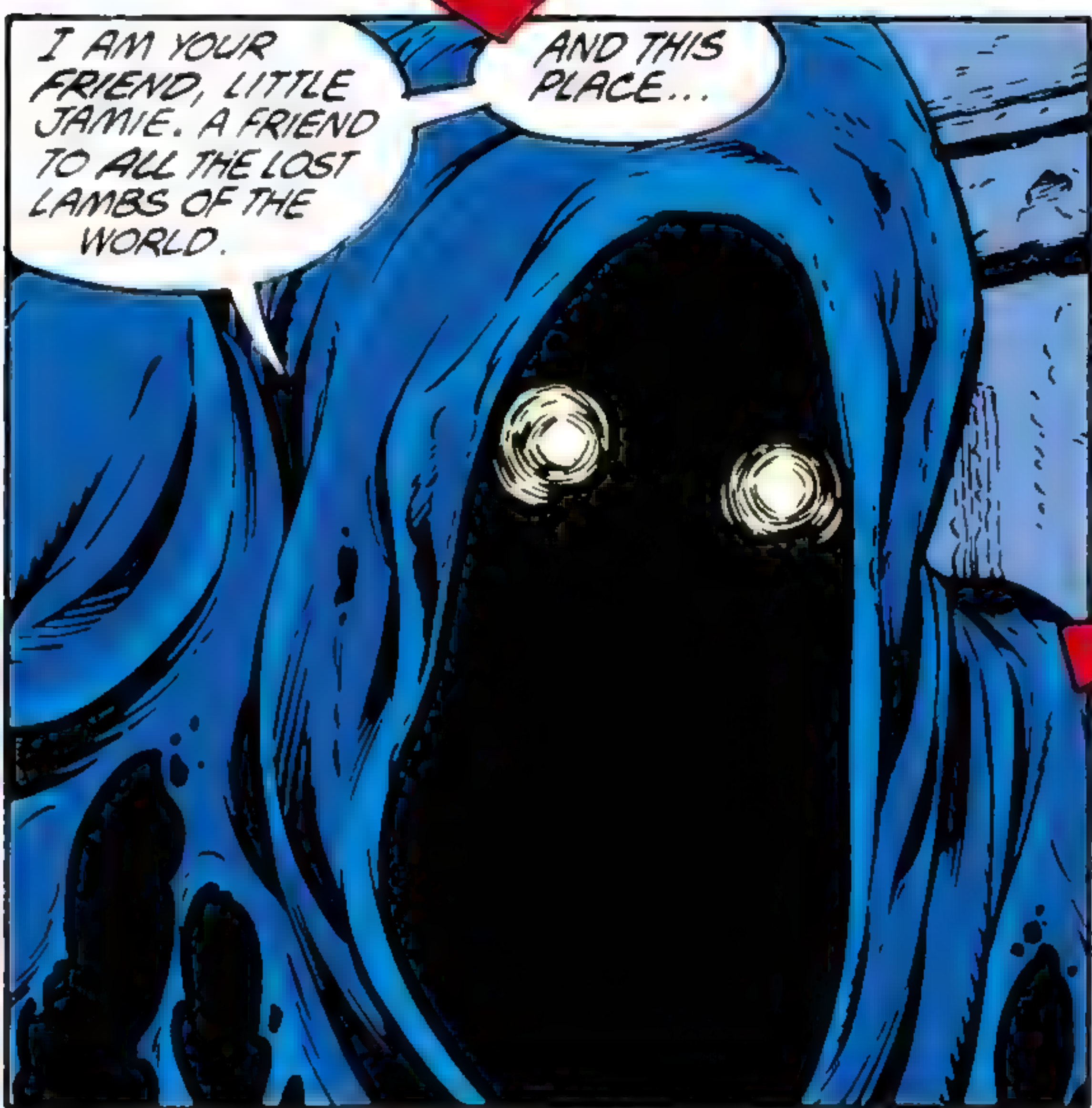
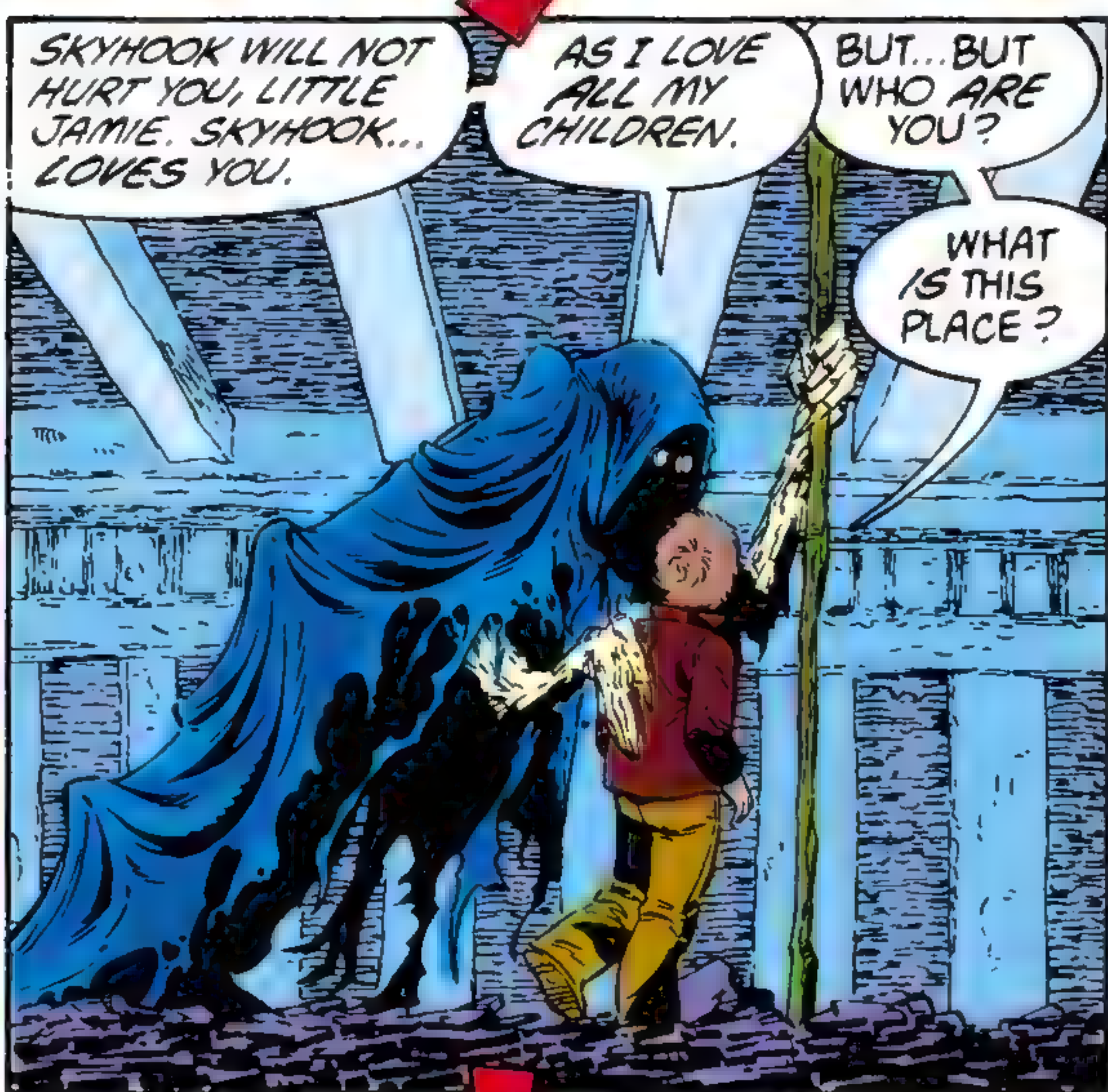
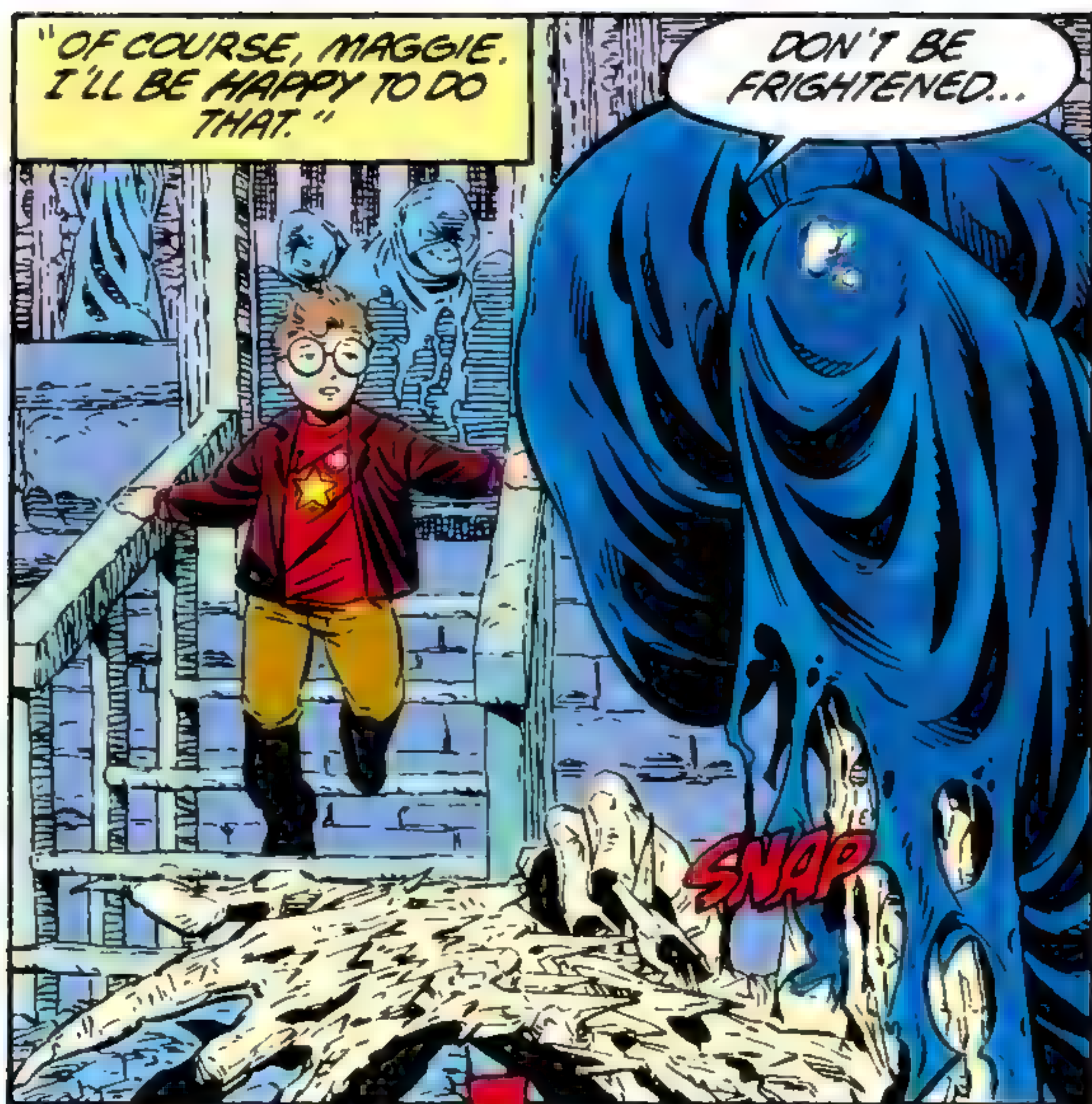
MOTHER...?

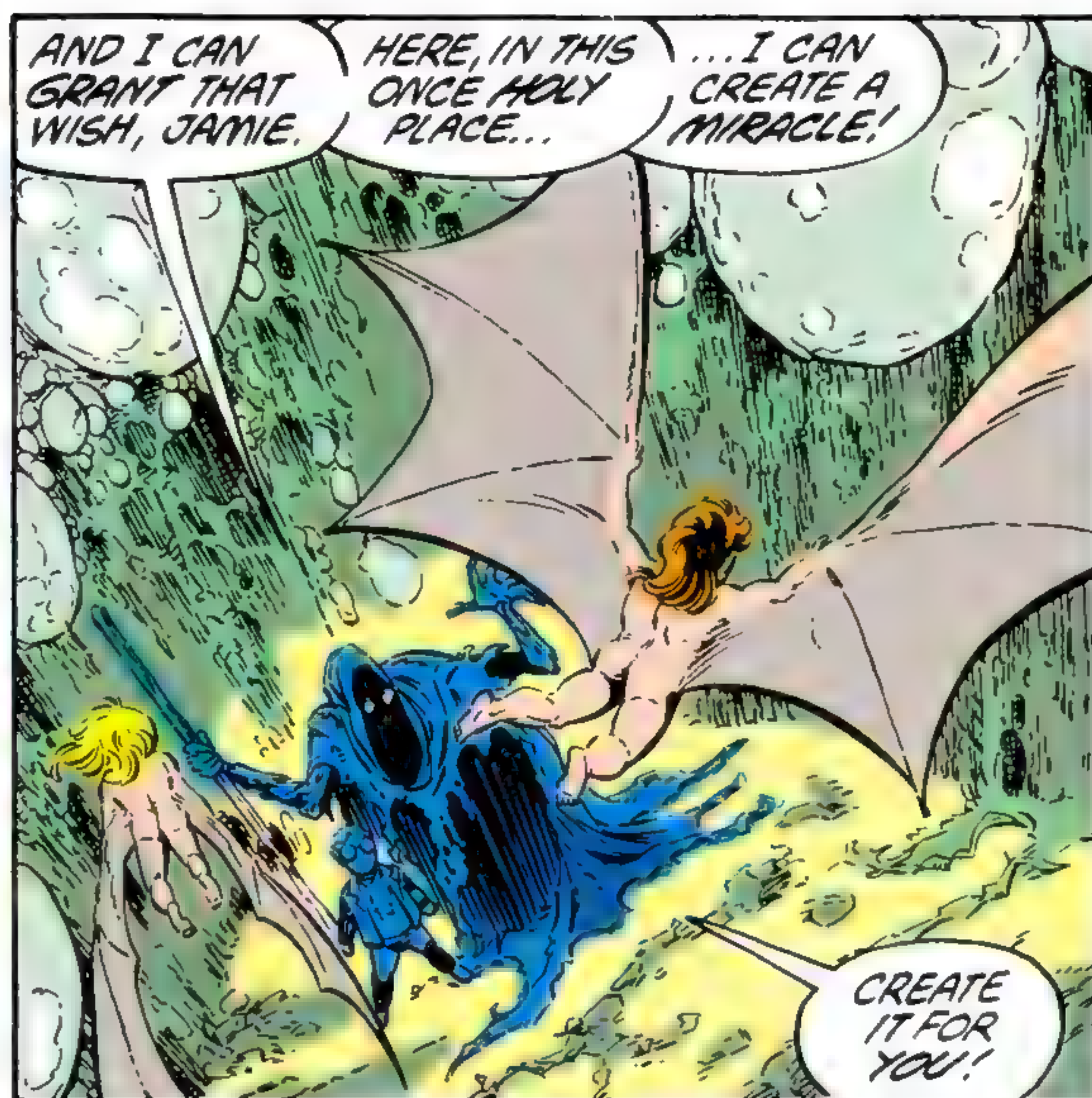
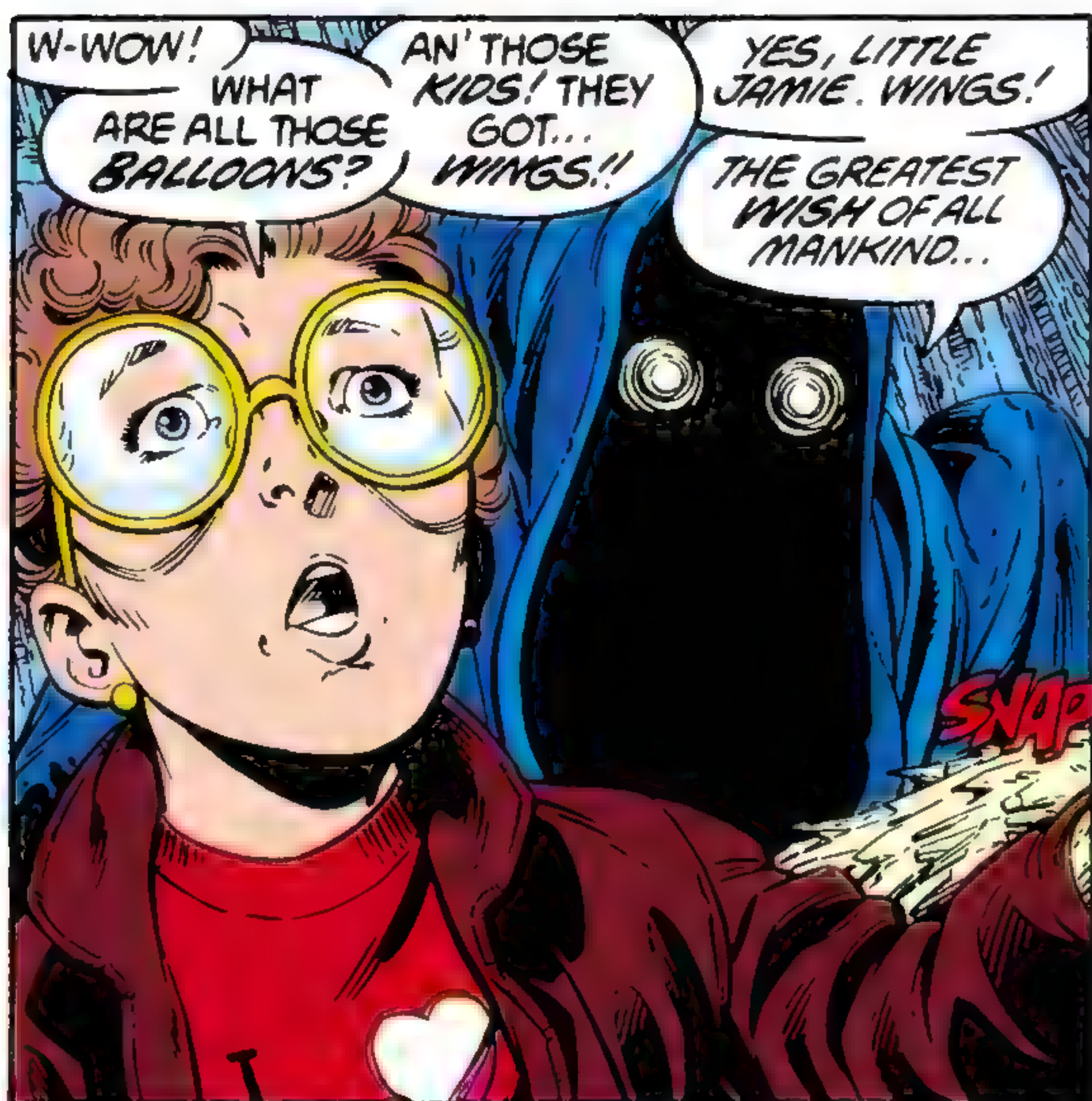
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ANY *KIDS*, MAGGIE.

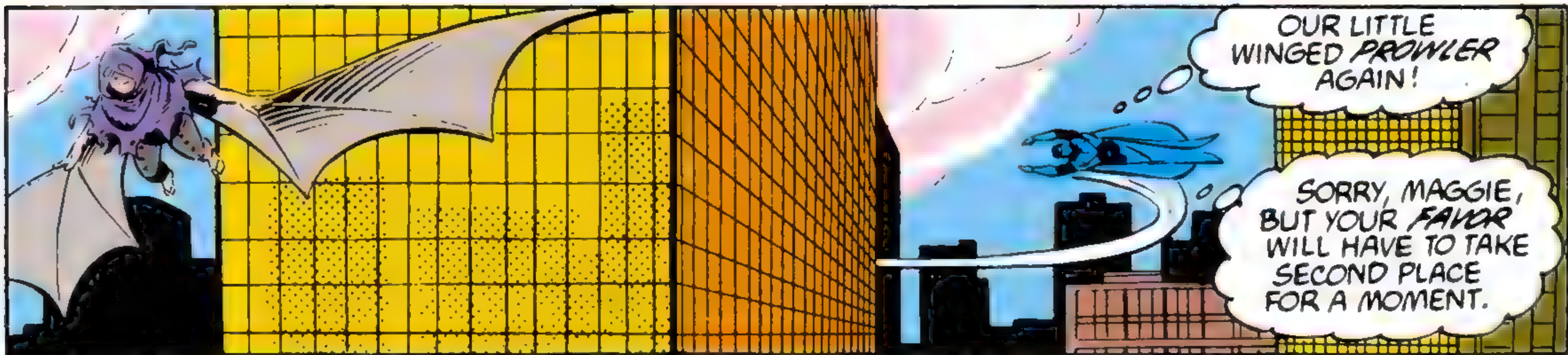
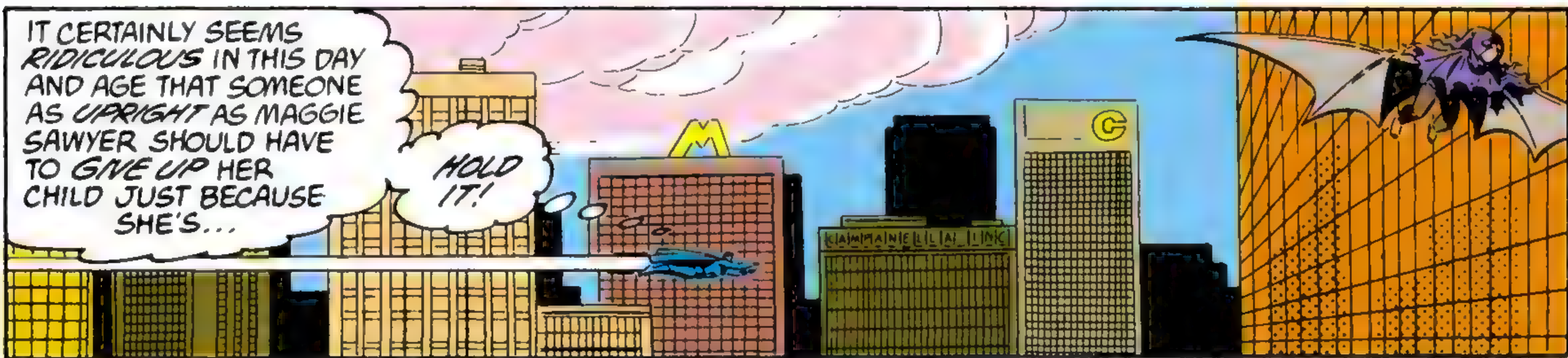
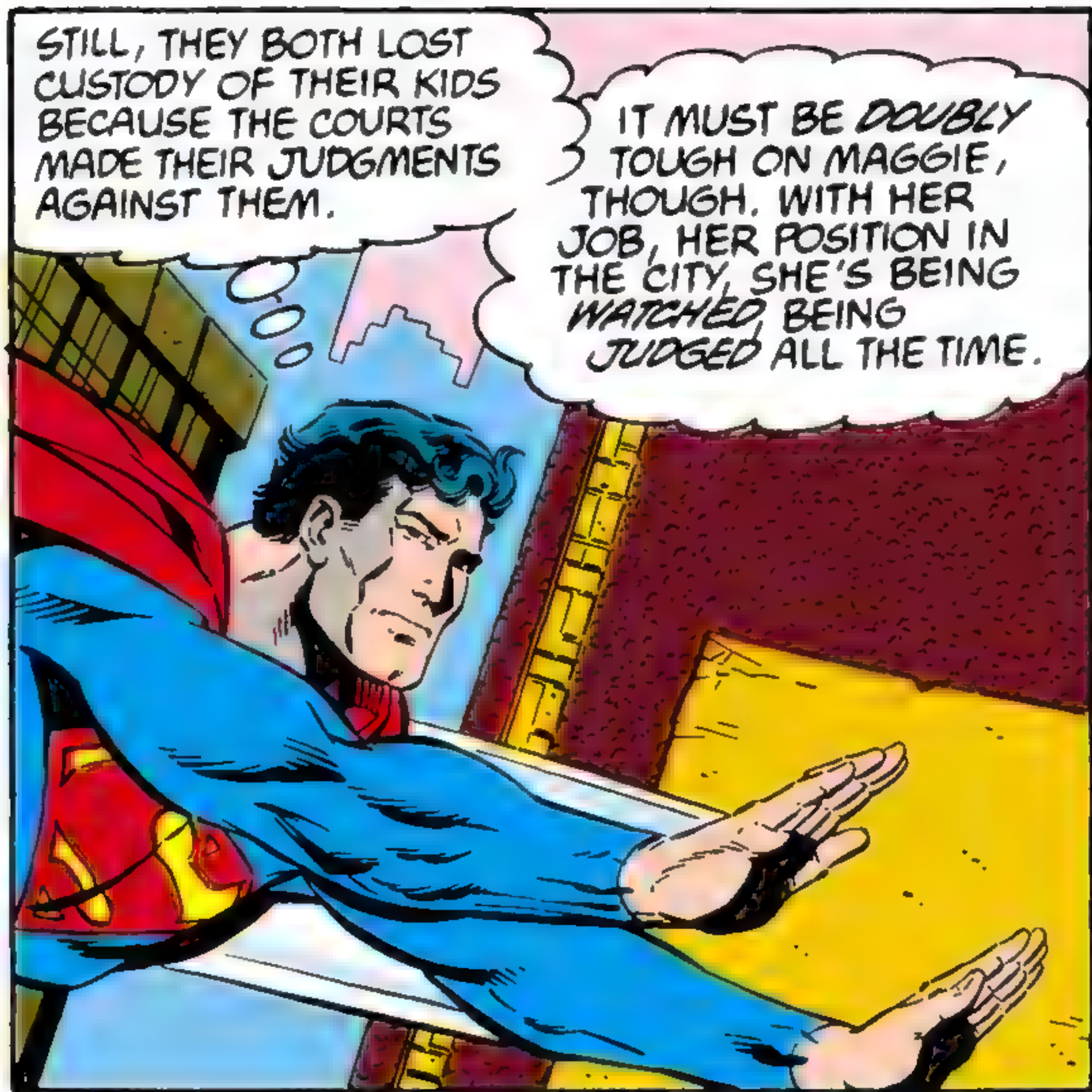
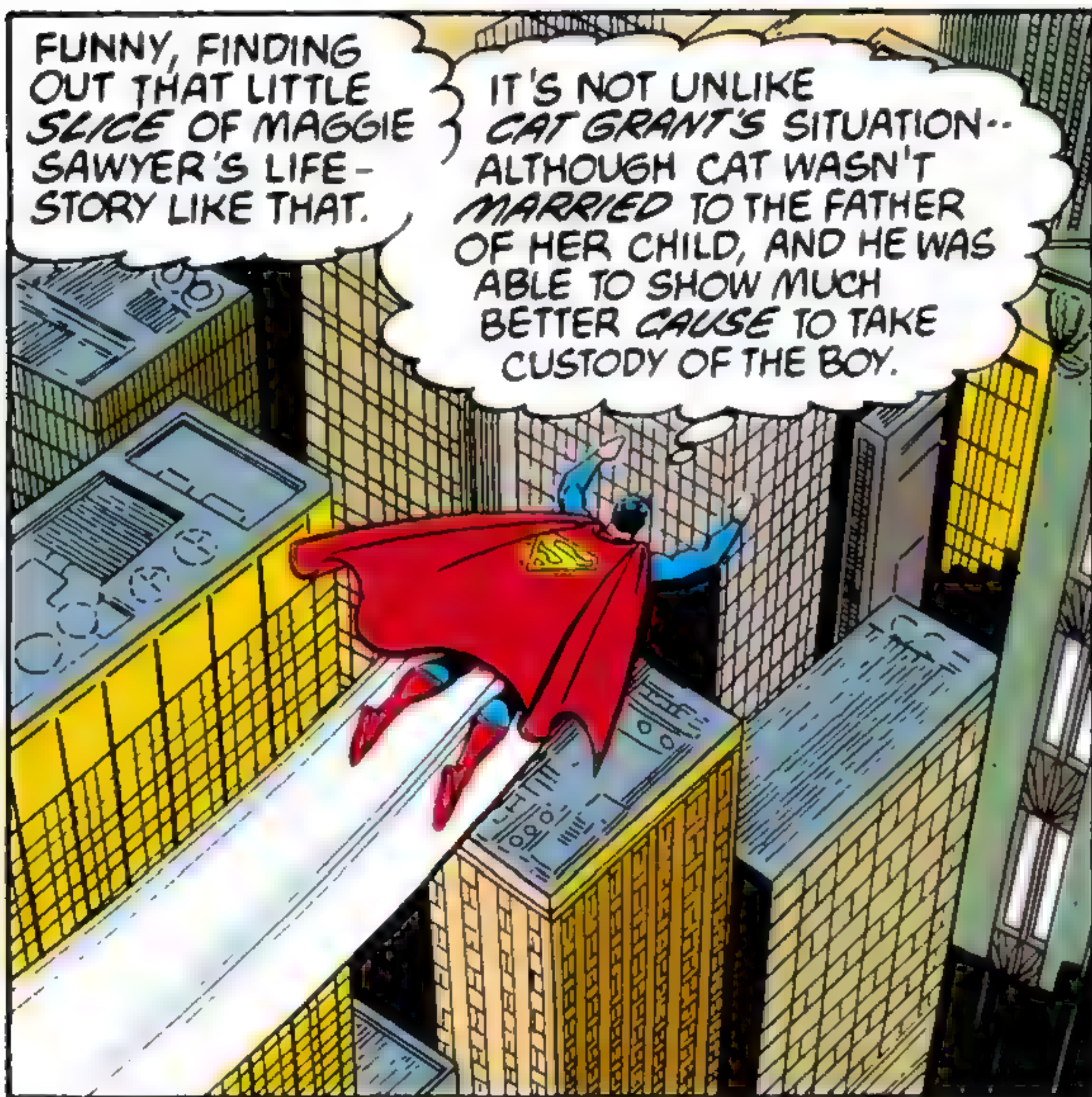
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE *MARRIED*.

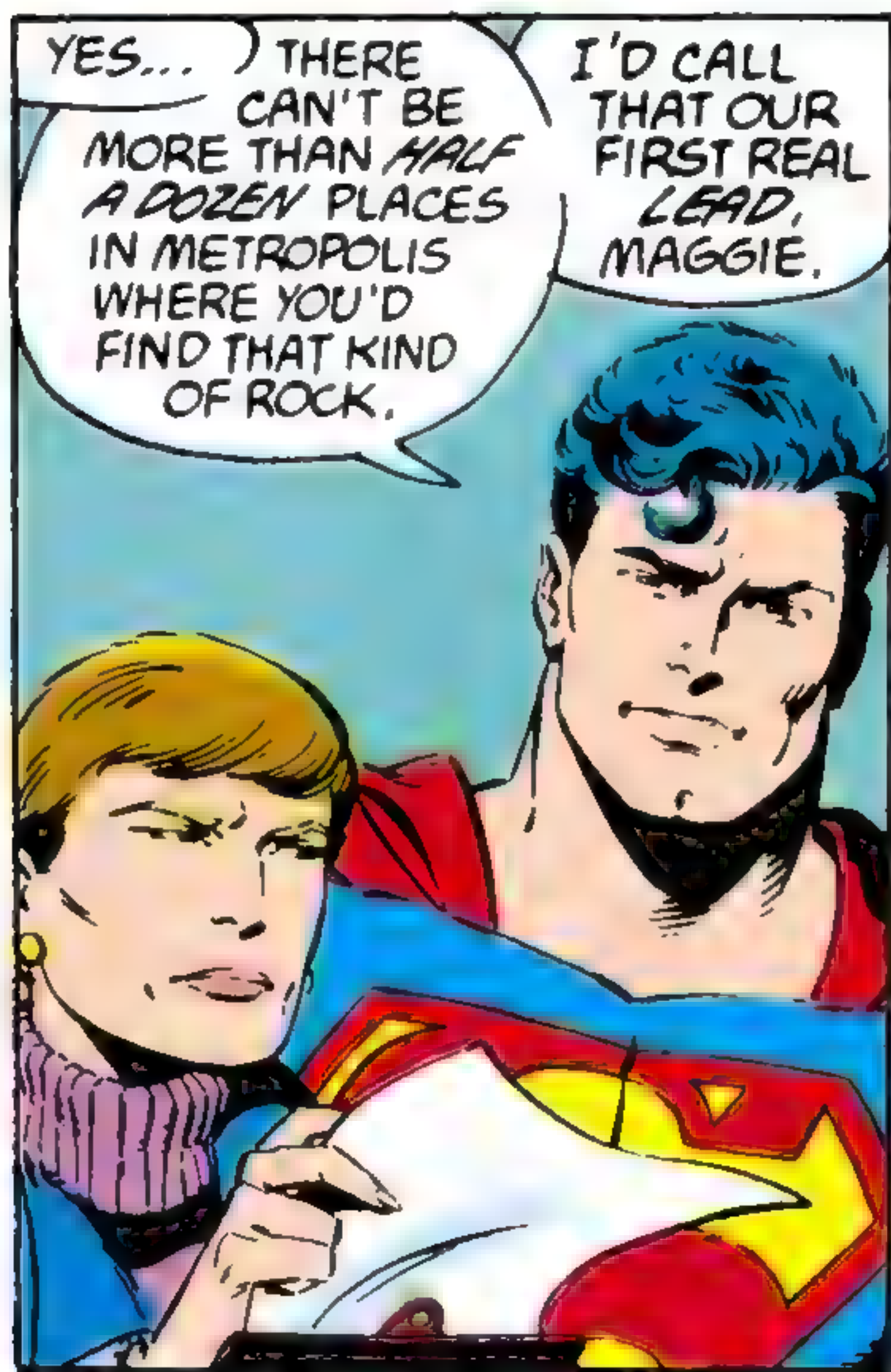
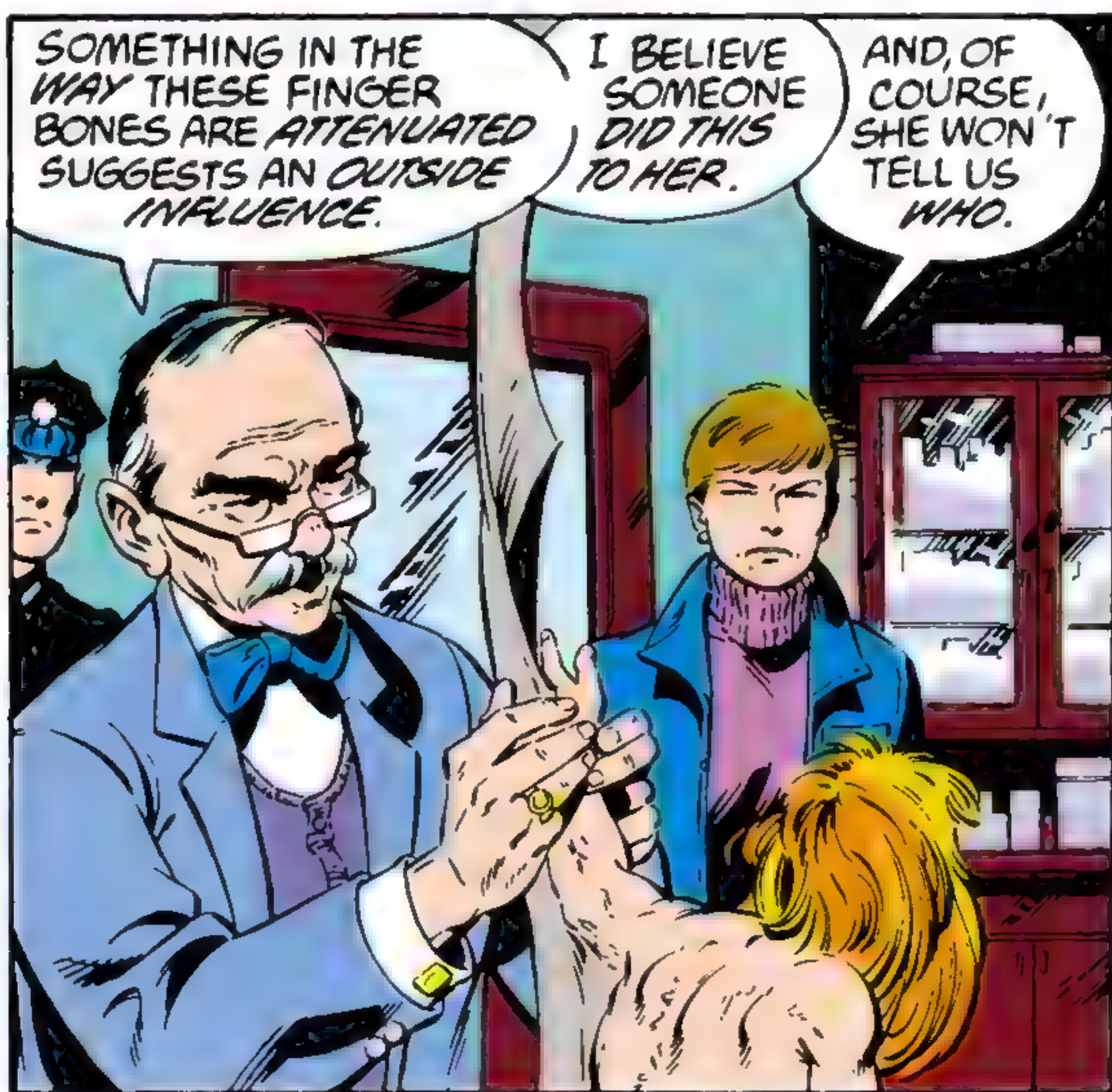
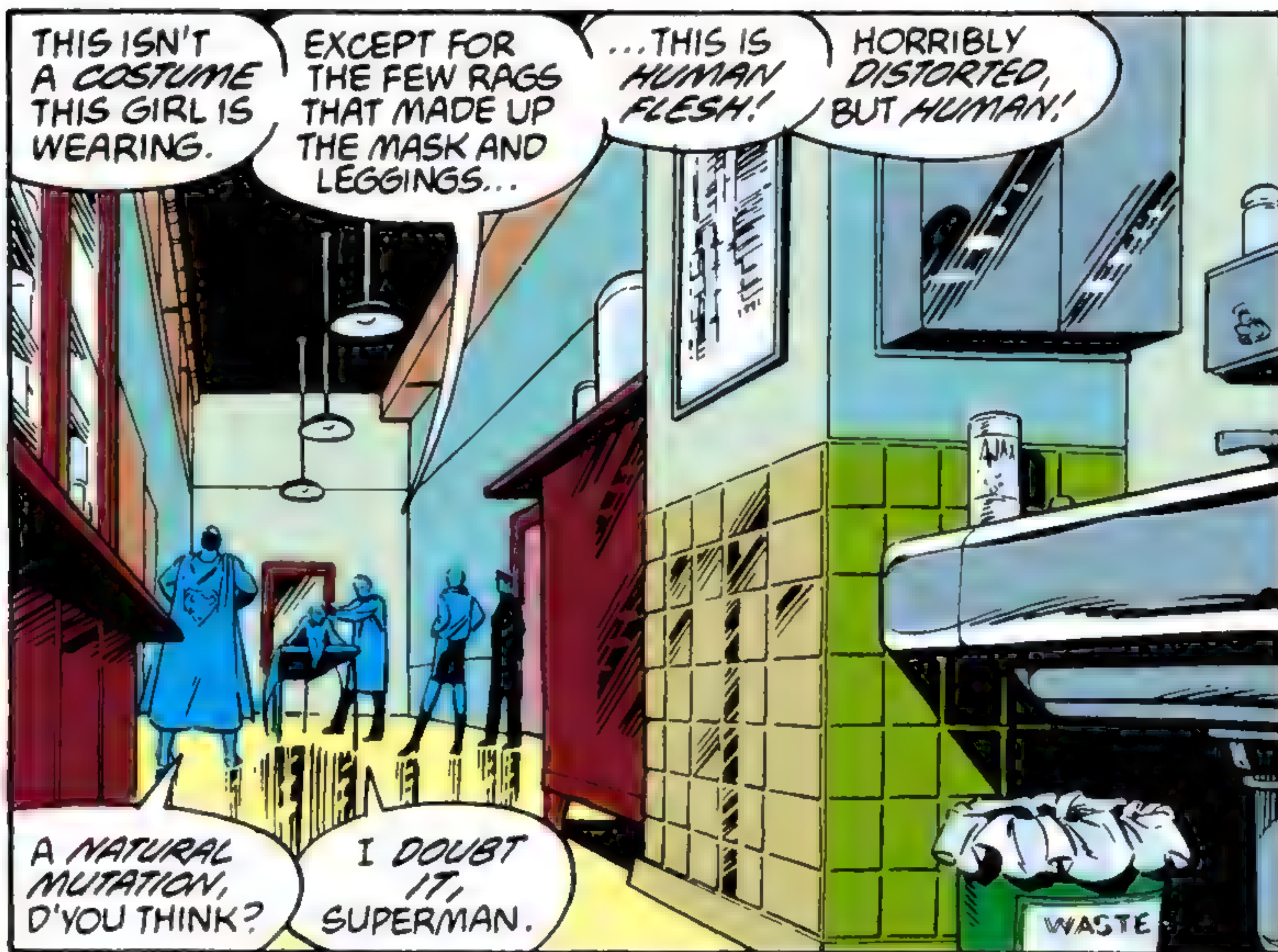




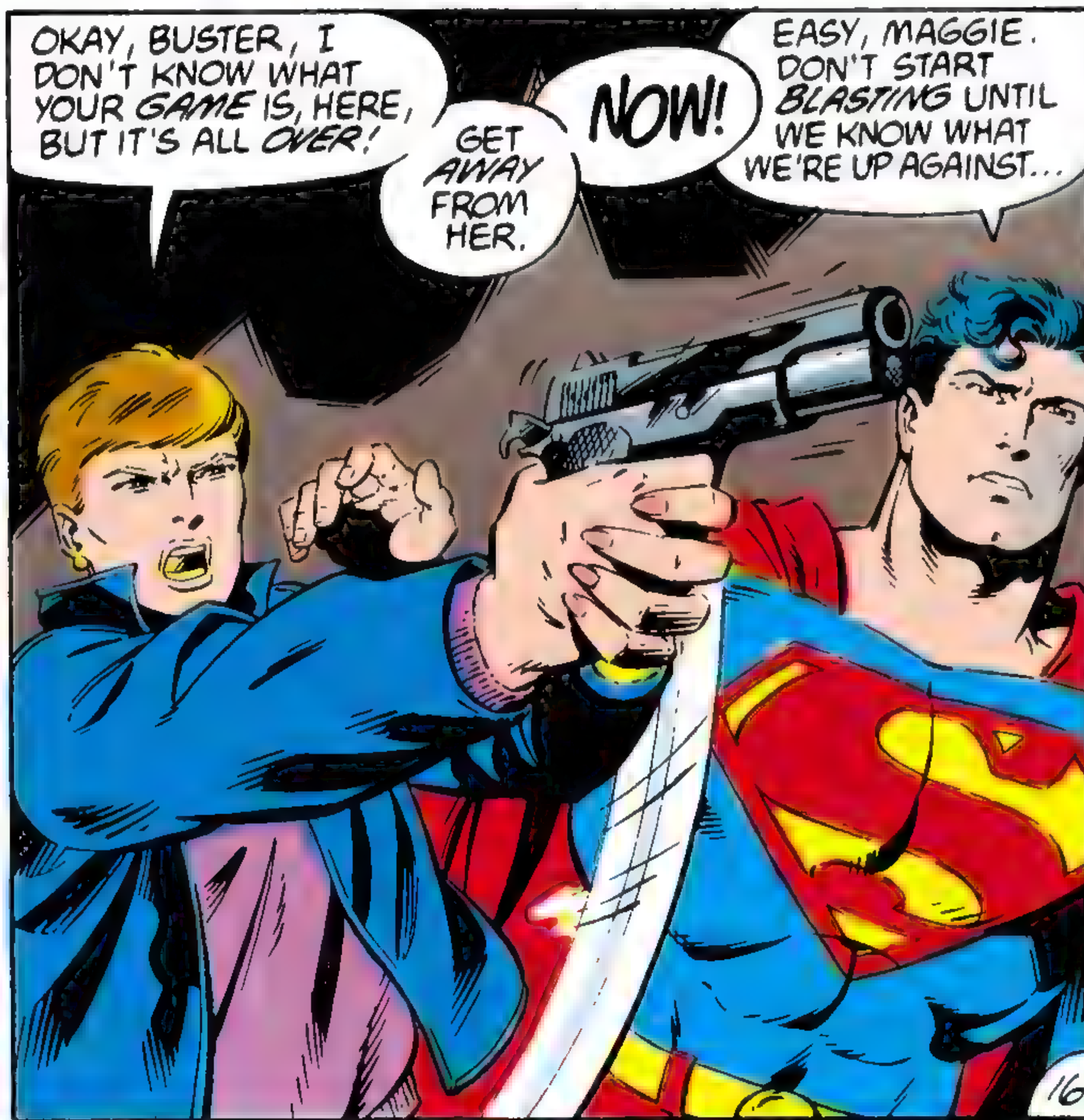


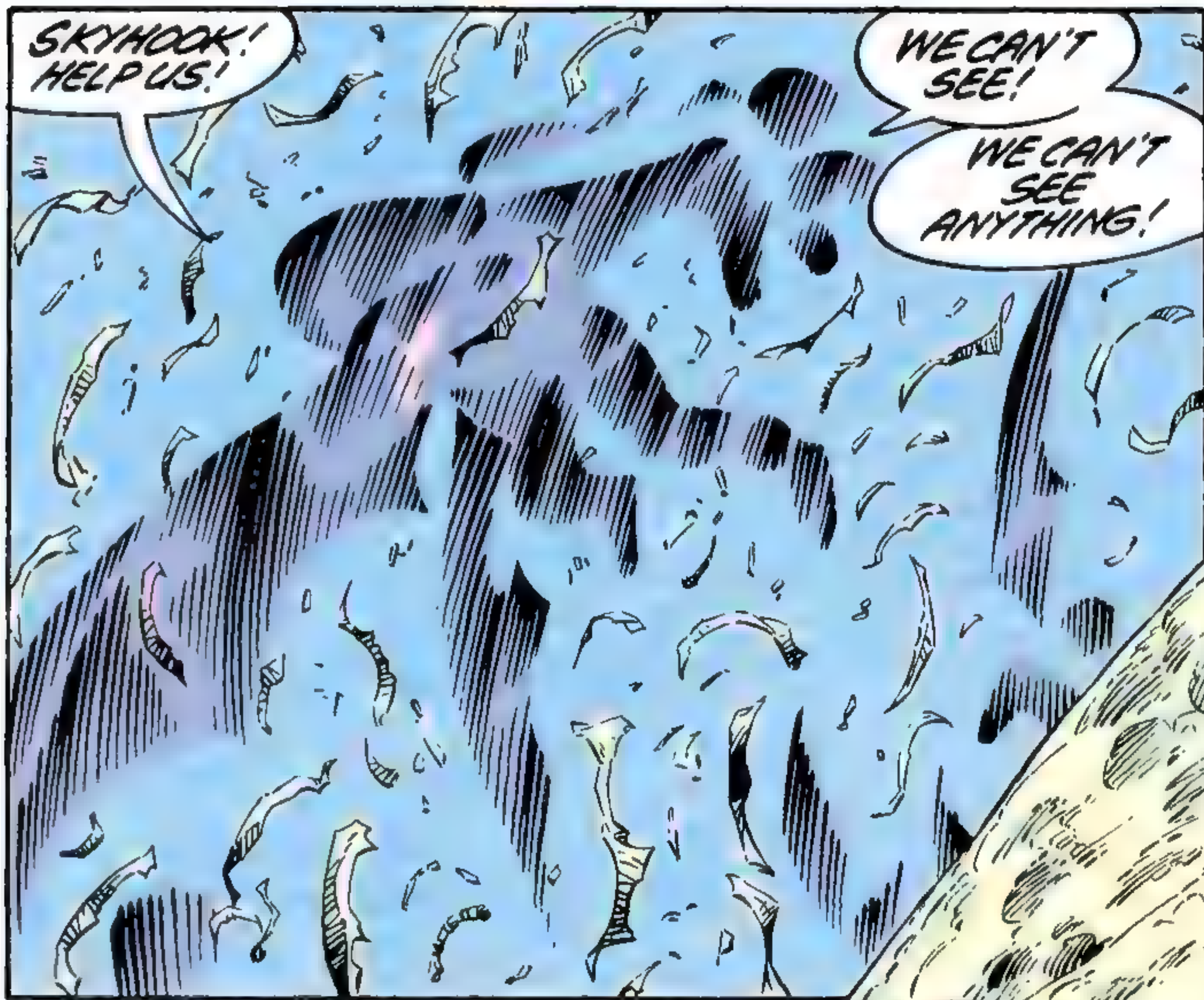


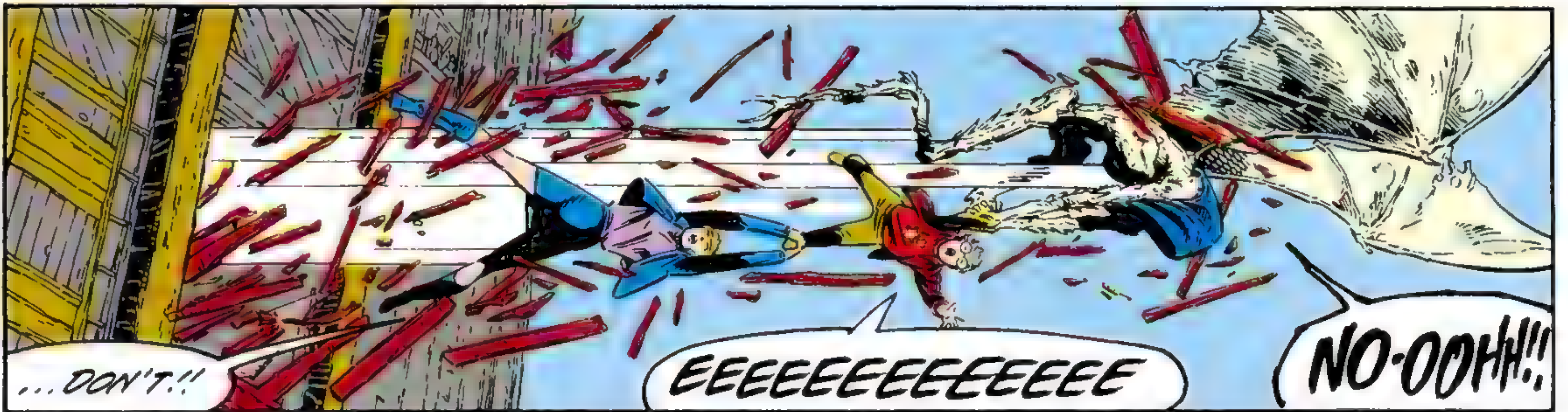


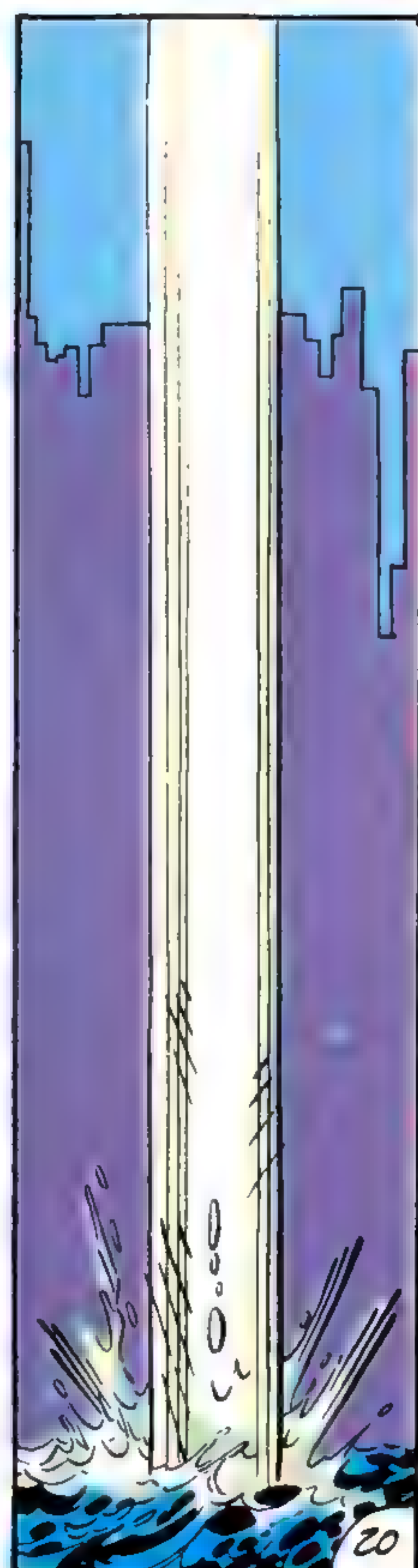
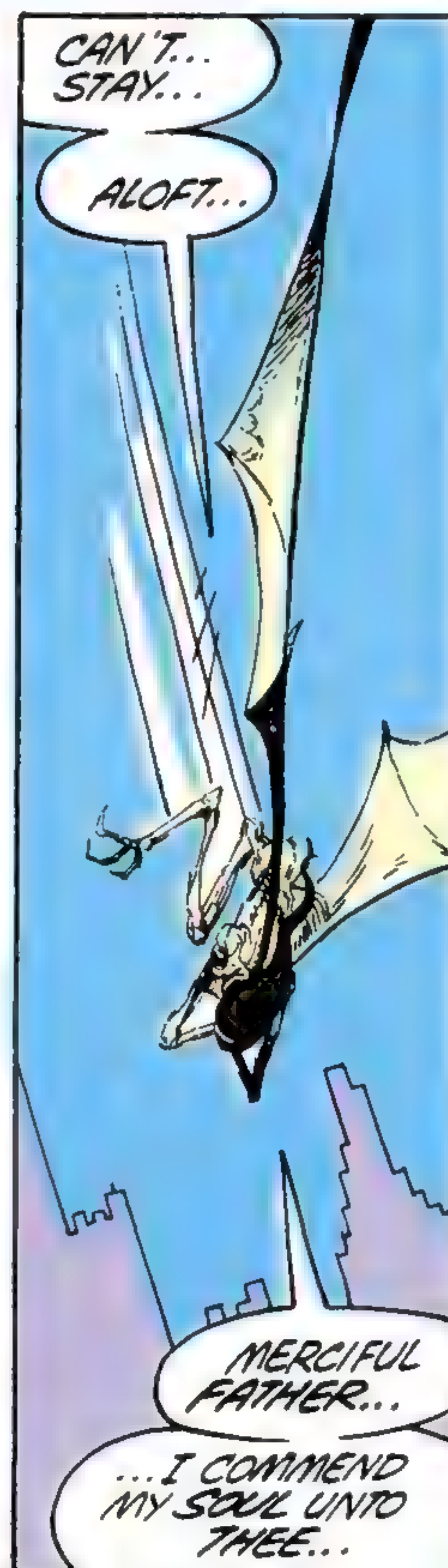
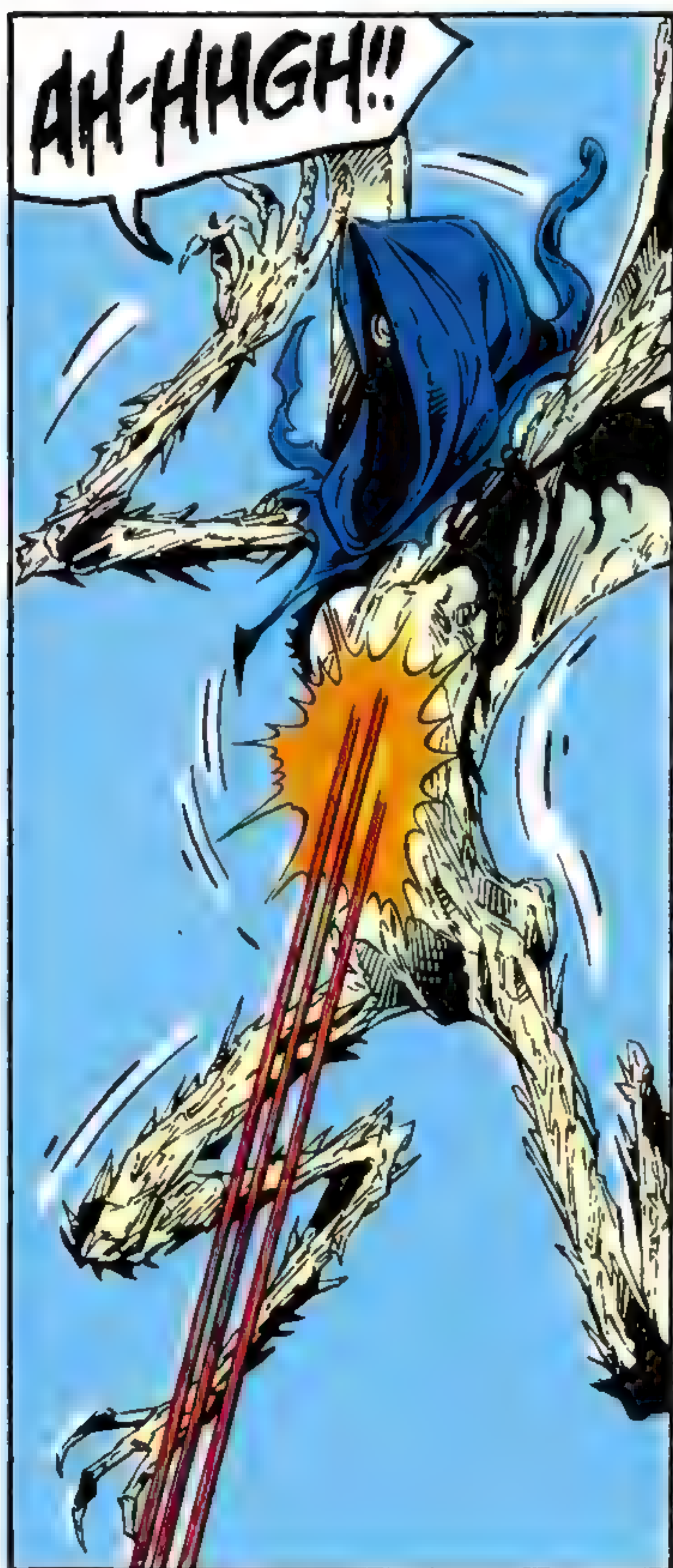








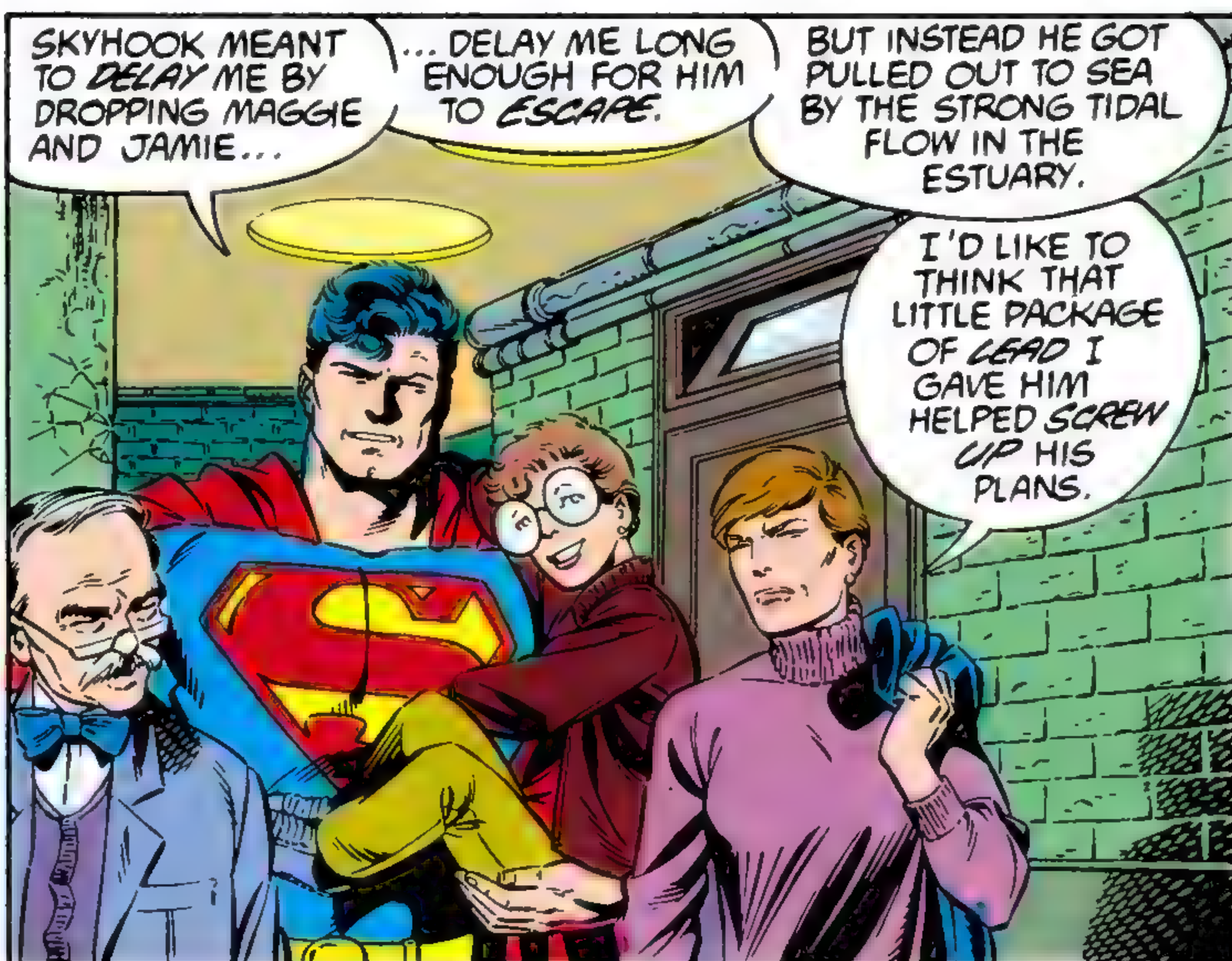






WELL, HIS
PLAN
WORKED...

BUT NOT QUITE THE
WAY HE'D
INTENDED.

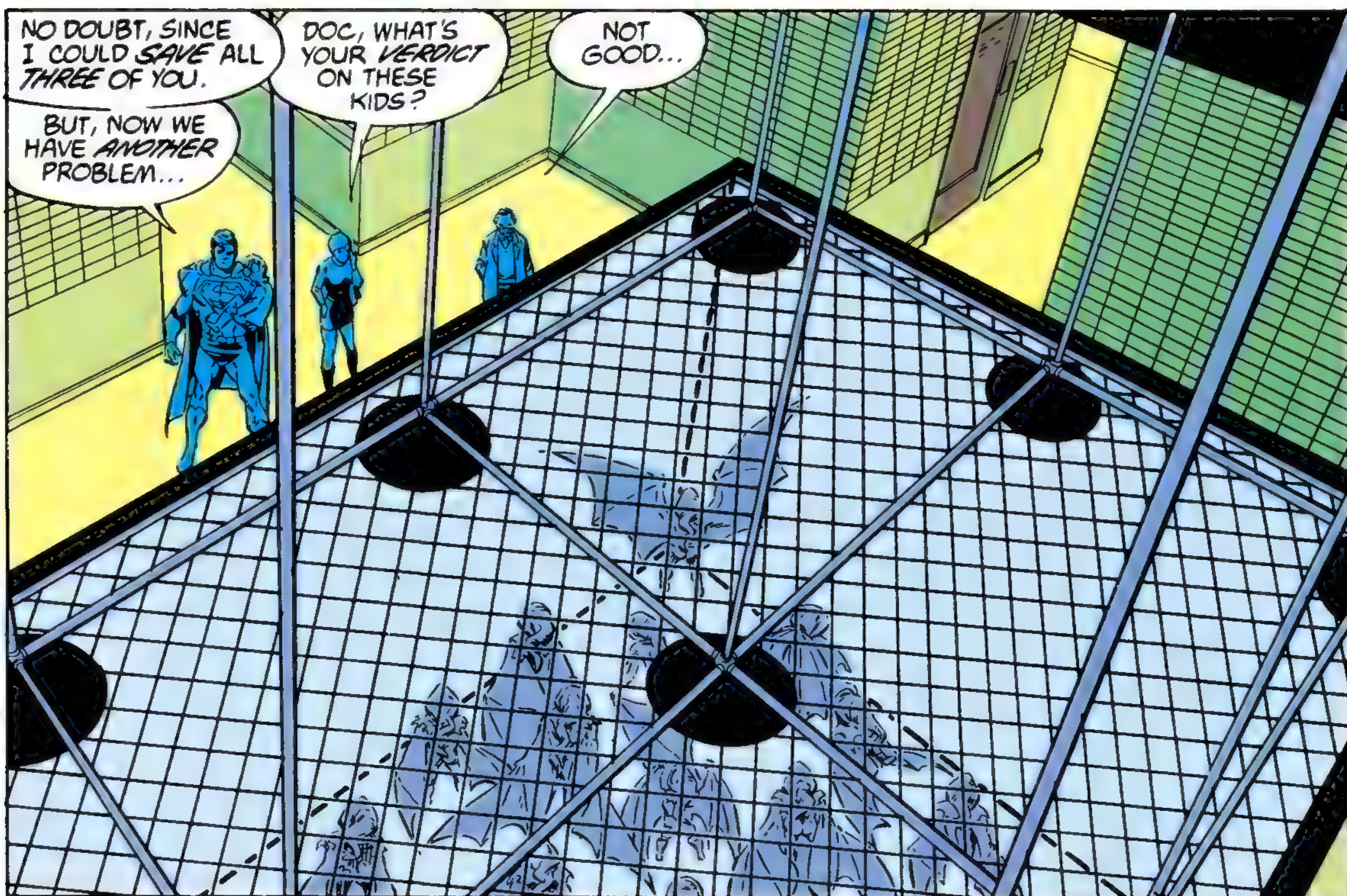


SKYHOOK MEANT
TO *DELAY* ME BY
DROPPING MAGGIE
AND JAMIE...

... DELAY ME LONG
ENOUGH FOR HIM
TO *ESCAPE*.

BUT INSTEAD HE GOT
PULLED OUT TO SEA
BY THE STRONG TIDAL
FLOW IN THE
ESTUARY.

I'D LIKE TO
THINK THAT
LITTLE PACKAGE
OF *LEAD* I
GAVE HIM
HELPED *SCREW*
UP HIS
PLANS.



NO DOUBT, SINCE
I COULD *SAVE* ALL
THREE OF YOU.

BUT, NOW WE
HAVE *ANOTHER*
PROBLEM...

DOC, WHAT'S
YOUR *VERDICT*
ON THESE
KIDS?

NOT
GOOD...

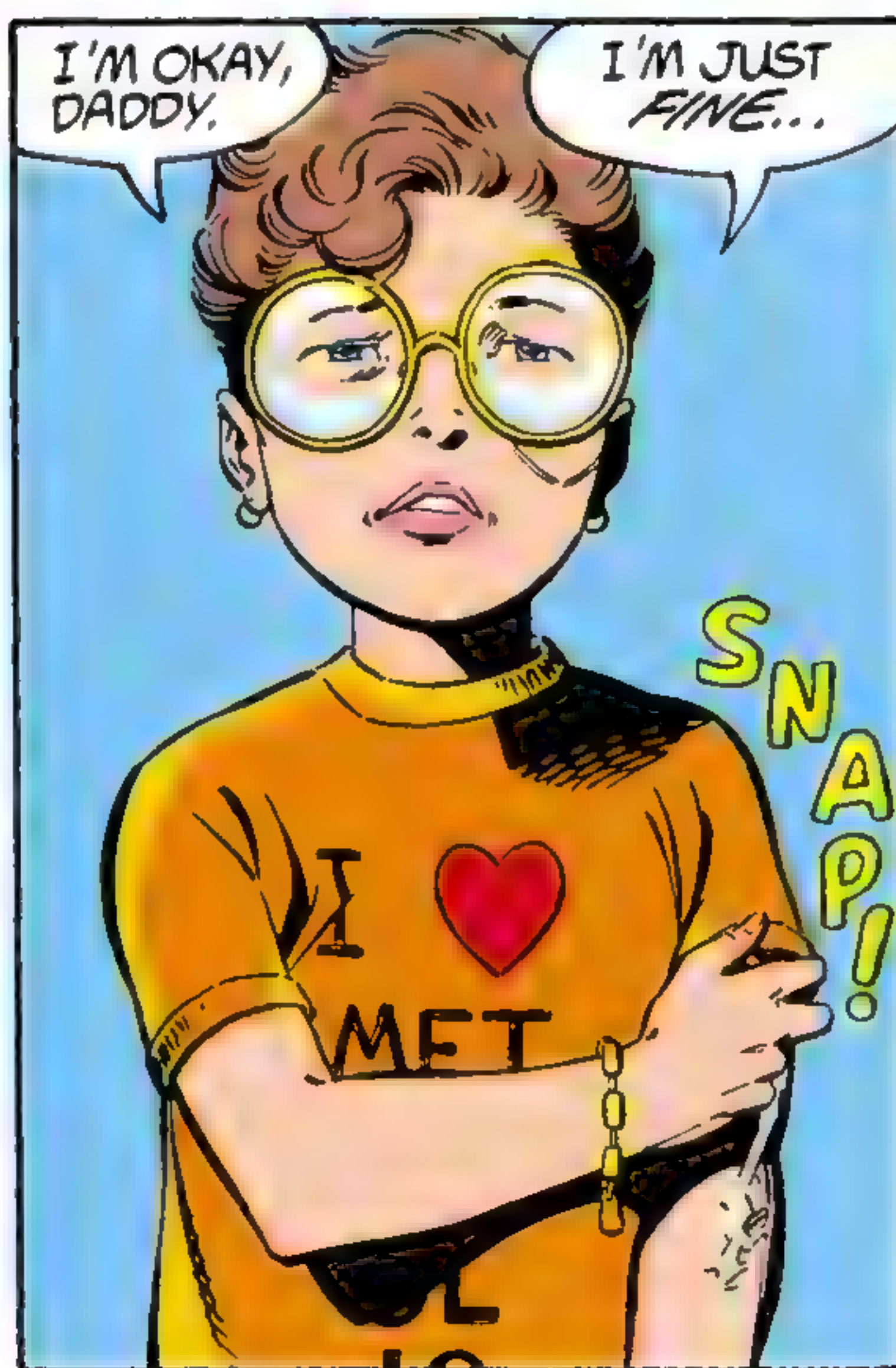
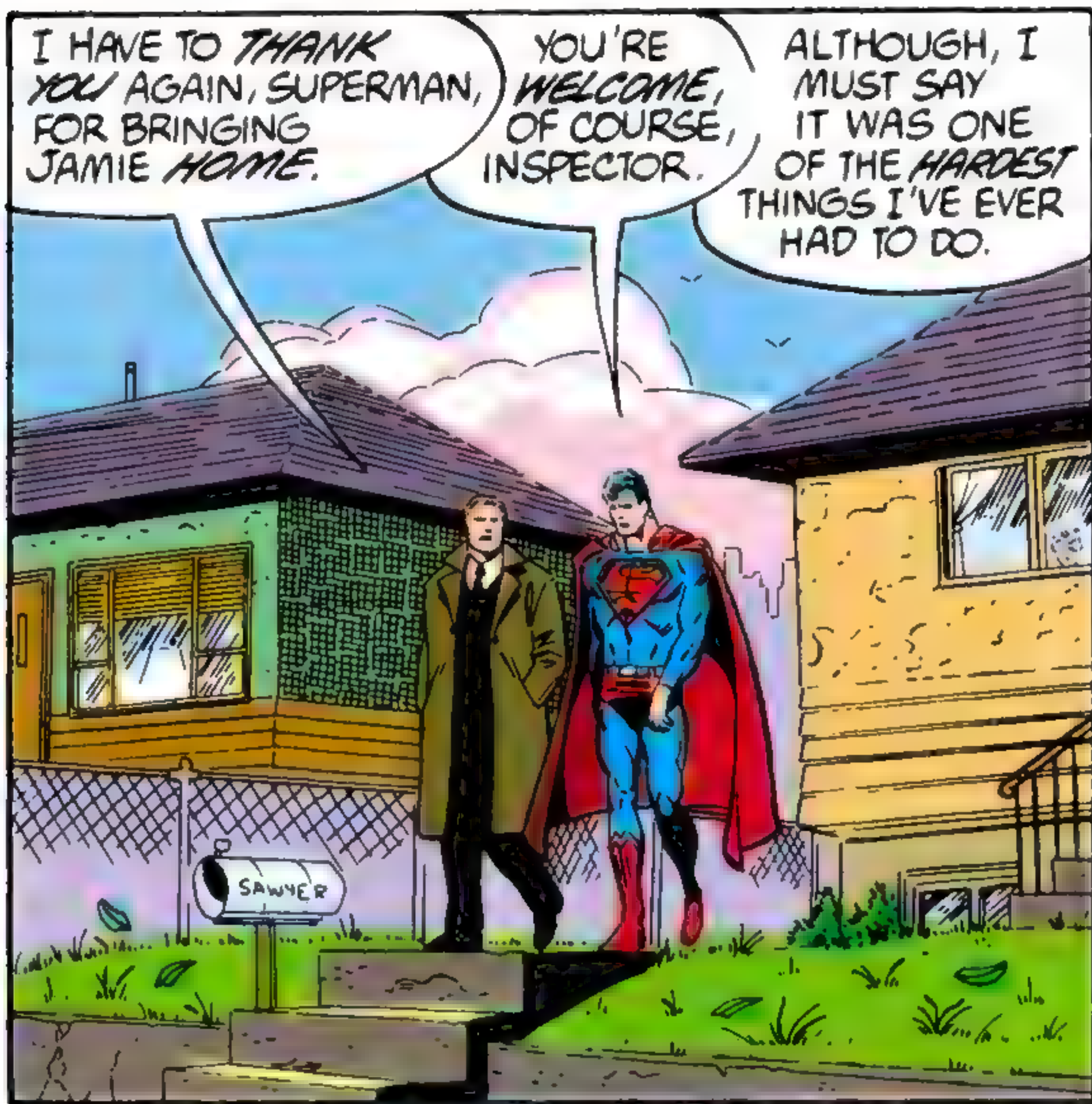
SUPERMAN MANAGED TO
CORRAL TWENTY-THREE OF
THEM IN ALL, COUNTING THE
ONE WE ALREADY HAD IN
CUSTODY.

OF THOSE, SEVEN ARE
STILL IN THOSE *POD* THINGS--
I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO *HATCH*
THEM OUT-- AND SIXTEEN ARE
FULLY *MUTATED*.

WE HAVE NO CLUE
AS TO HOW THE MUTATION
CAN BE *REVERSED*...



... OR EVEN
IF IT *IS*
REVERSIBLE.



NEXT IN
THE ADVENTURES OF
SUPERMAN
#438
YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING WHEN HE'D COME BACK. NOW HE'S *HERE*, AND SUPERMAN'S LIFE MAY NEVER BE THE *SAME*.
THE AMAZING BRAINIAC
IN **7** DAYS...

22

YOWSA,
YOWSA,
YOWSA!

STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN! SEE THE EIGHT WONDERS
OF THE WORLD! SEE BARKO, THE DOG-
FACED BOY! SEE SELENA, THE BEAUTIFUL,
BUXOM, BEARDED LADY! SEE...

...THE AMAZING BRAINIAC™

YOU WERE...
RIGHT, CAT. I
DID NEED TO
GET AWAY FROM
THE OFFICE FOR
A WHILE.

AND
THIS IS...
FUN.

YOU SAY THAT
WORD LIKE IT'S FROM
A FOREIGN LANGUAGE,
CLARKIE.

BUT YOU KNOW
HOW TO HAVE FUN
AT LEAST AS WELL
AS OUR YOUNG
MR. OLSEN
HERE...

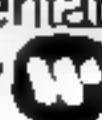
RIGHT,
JIMMY?

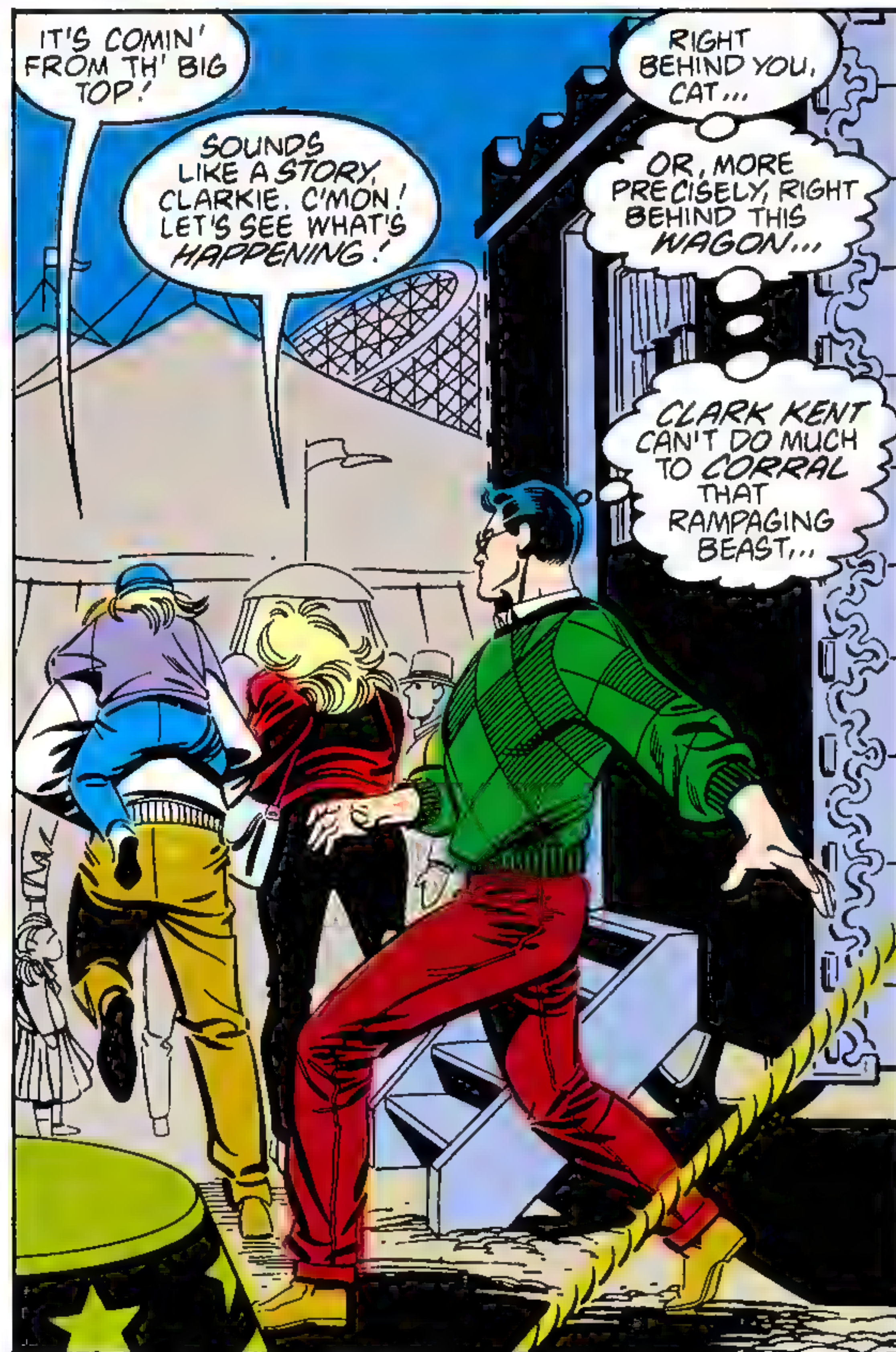
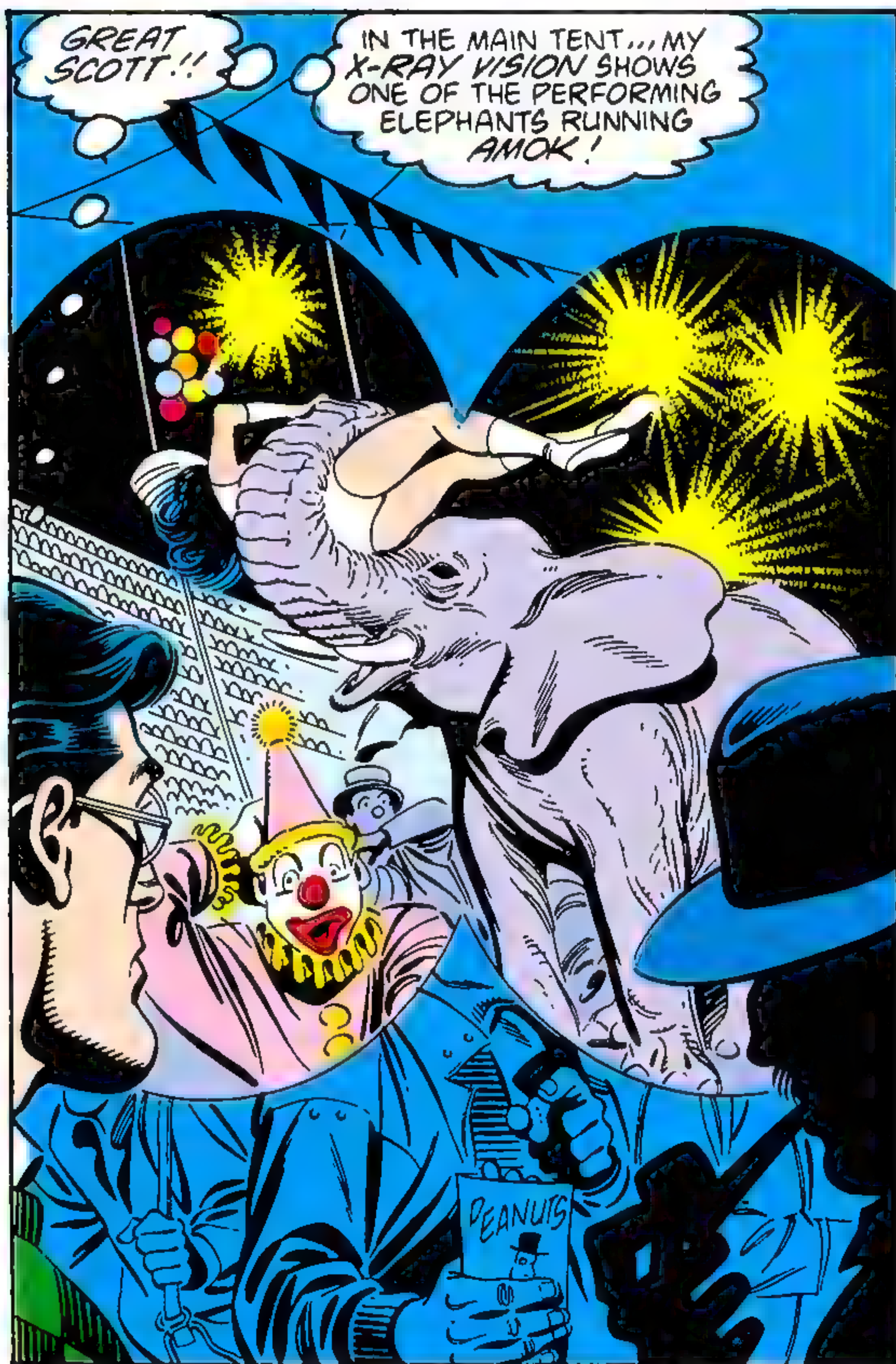
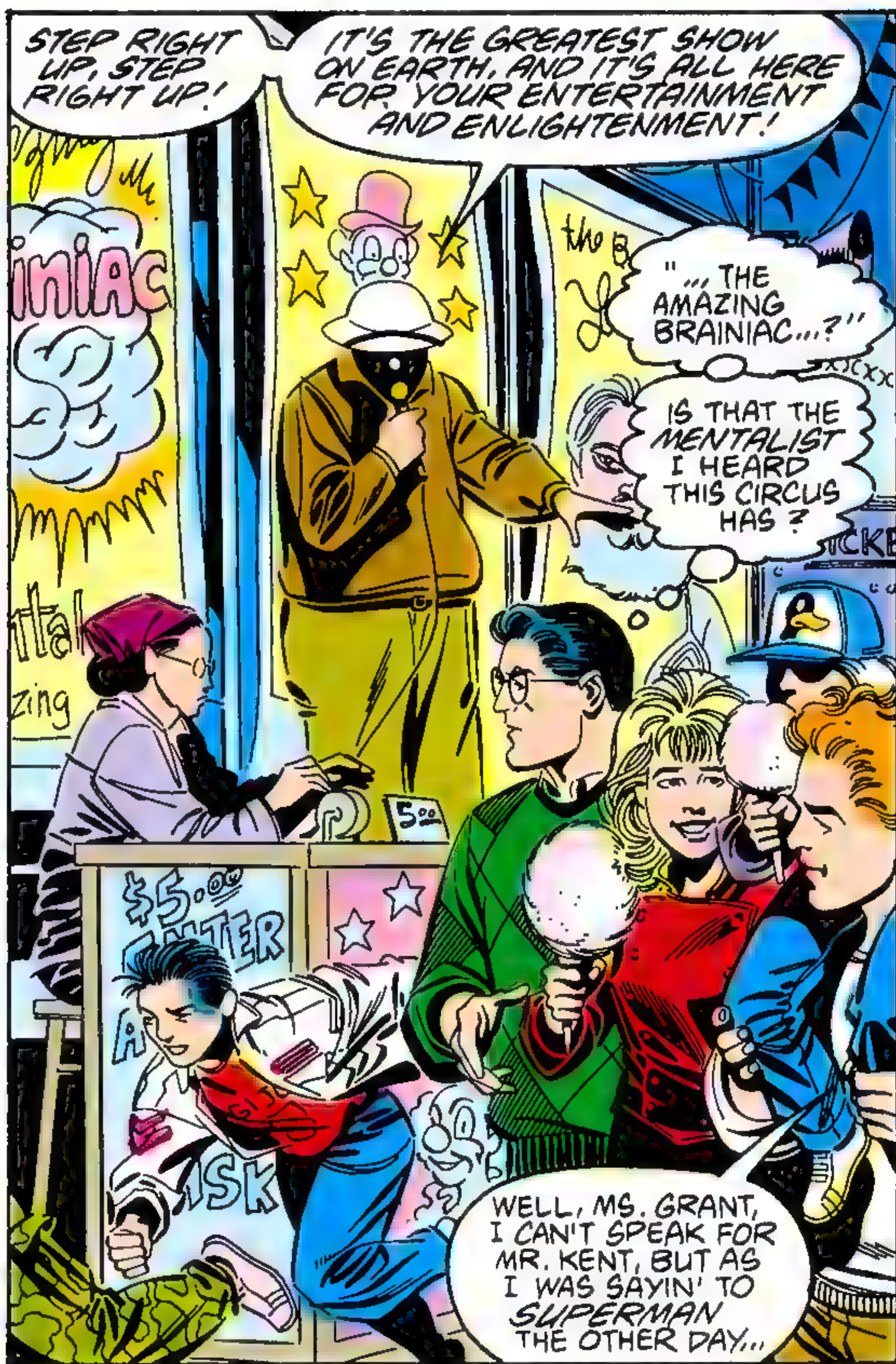
Live!

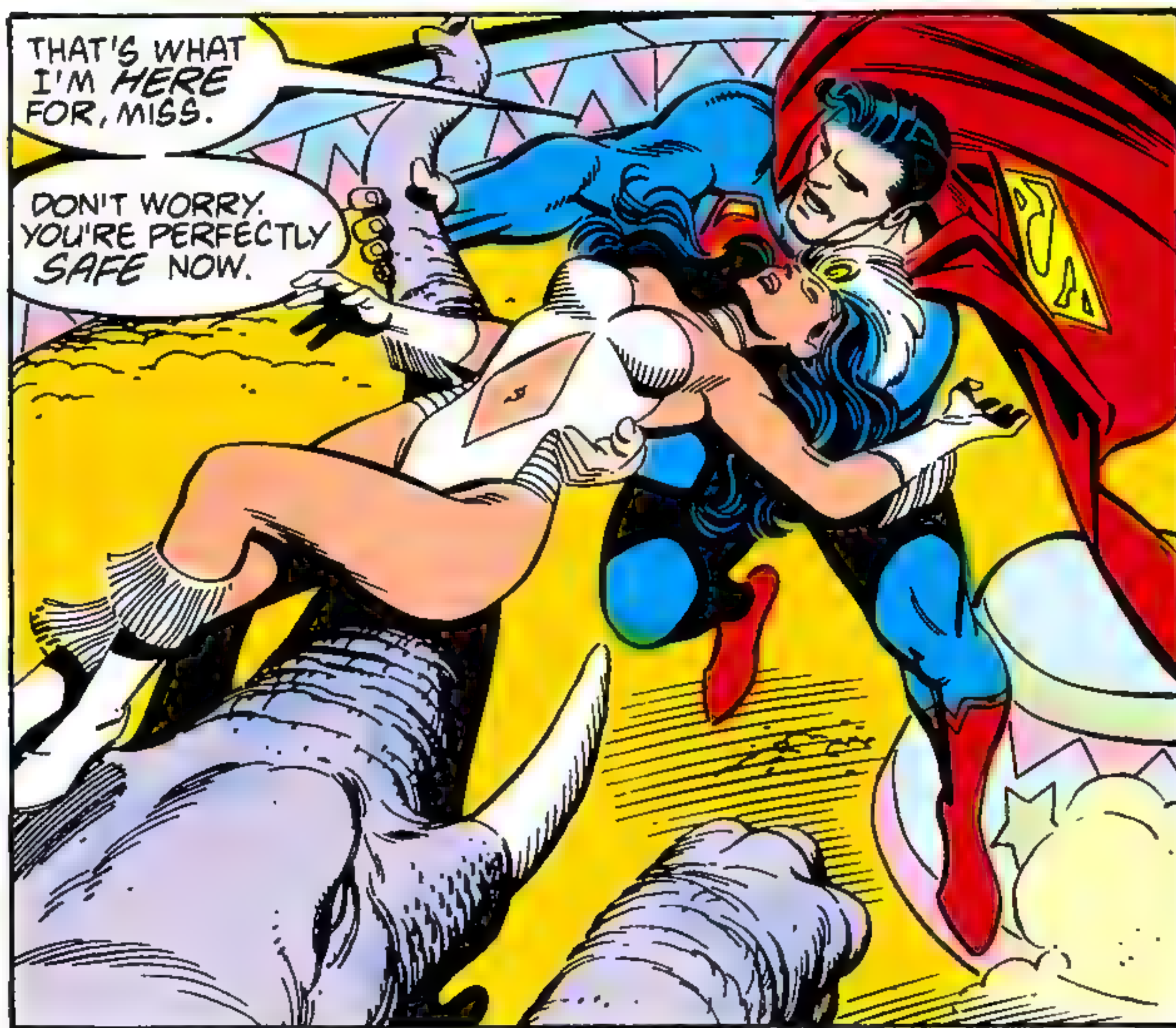
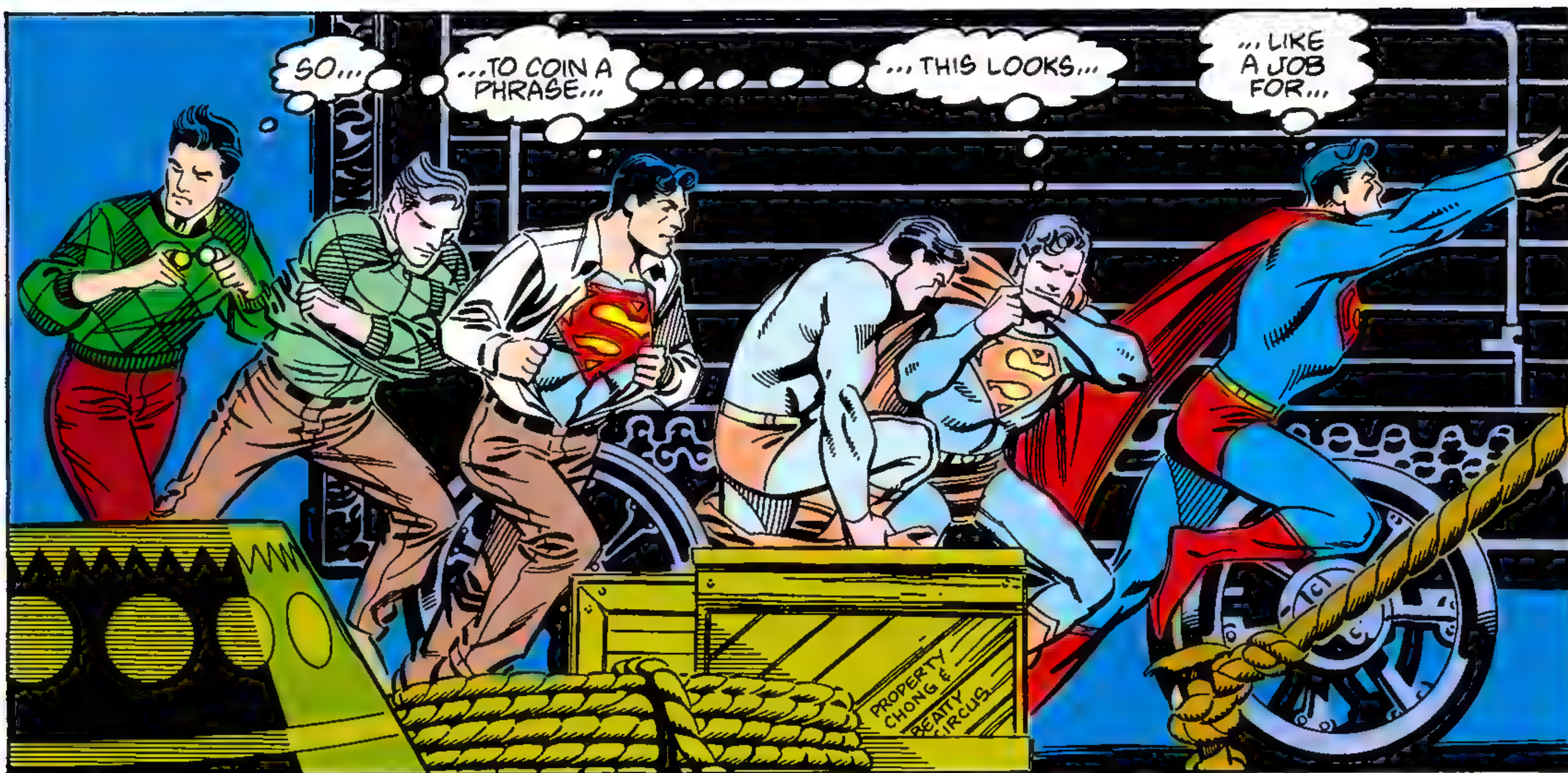
G-3457

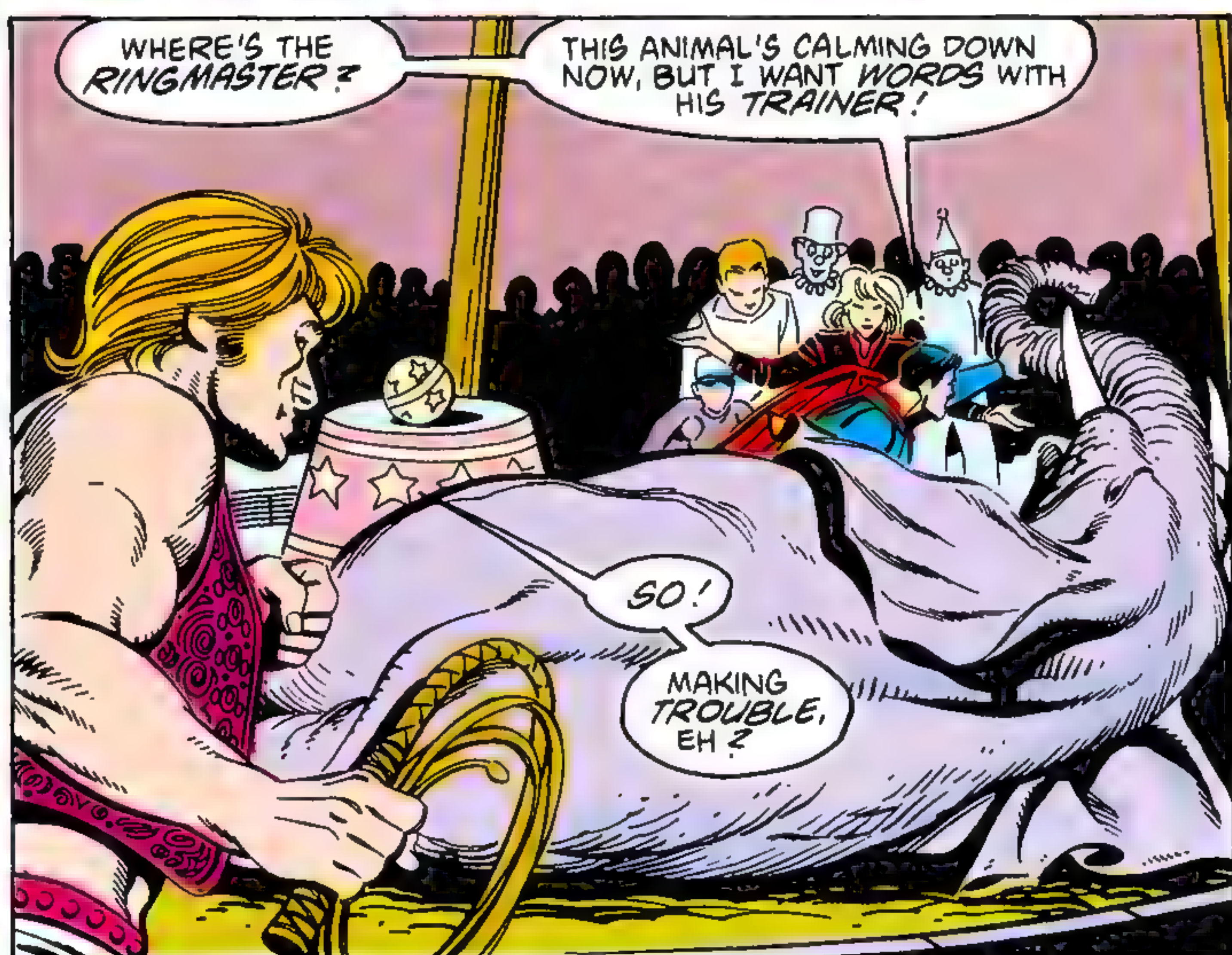
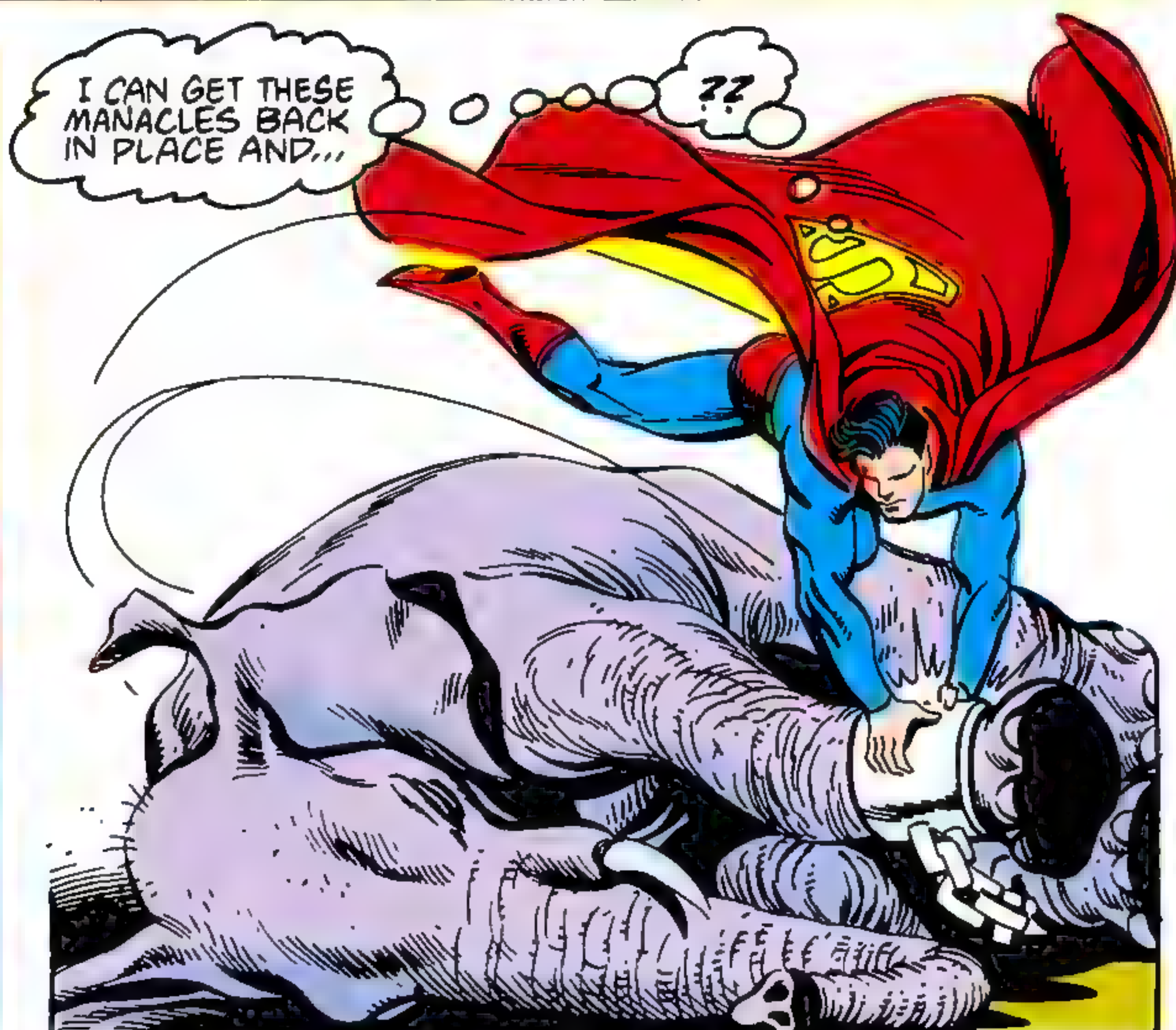
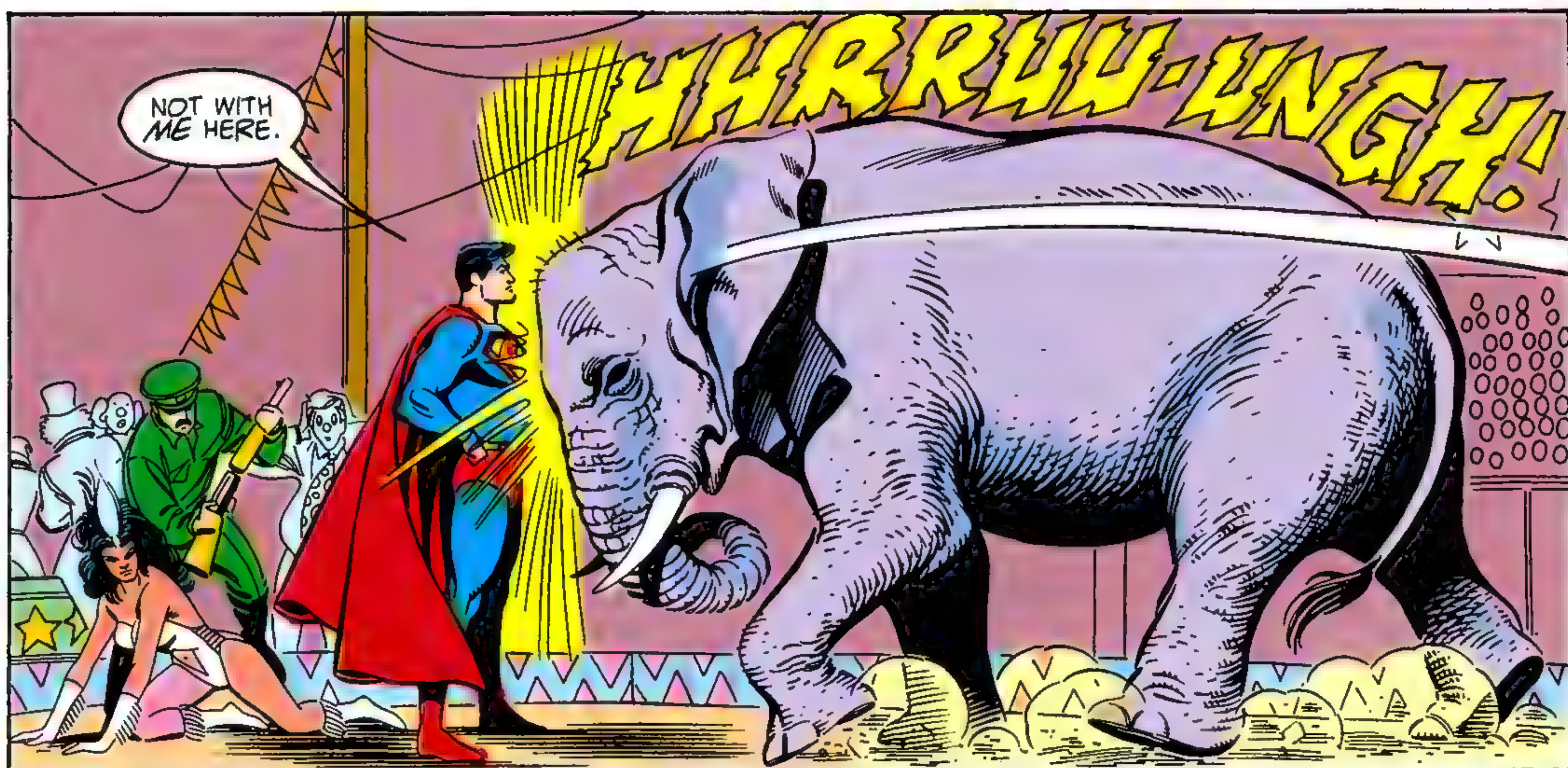
THE ADVENTURES OF
SUPERMAN®

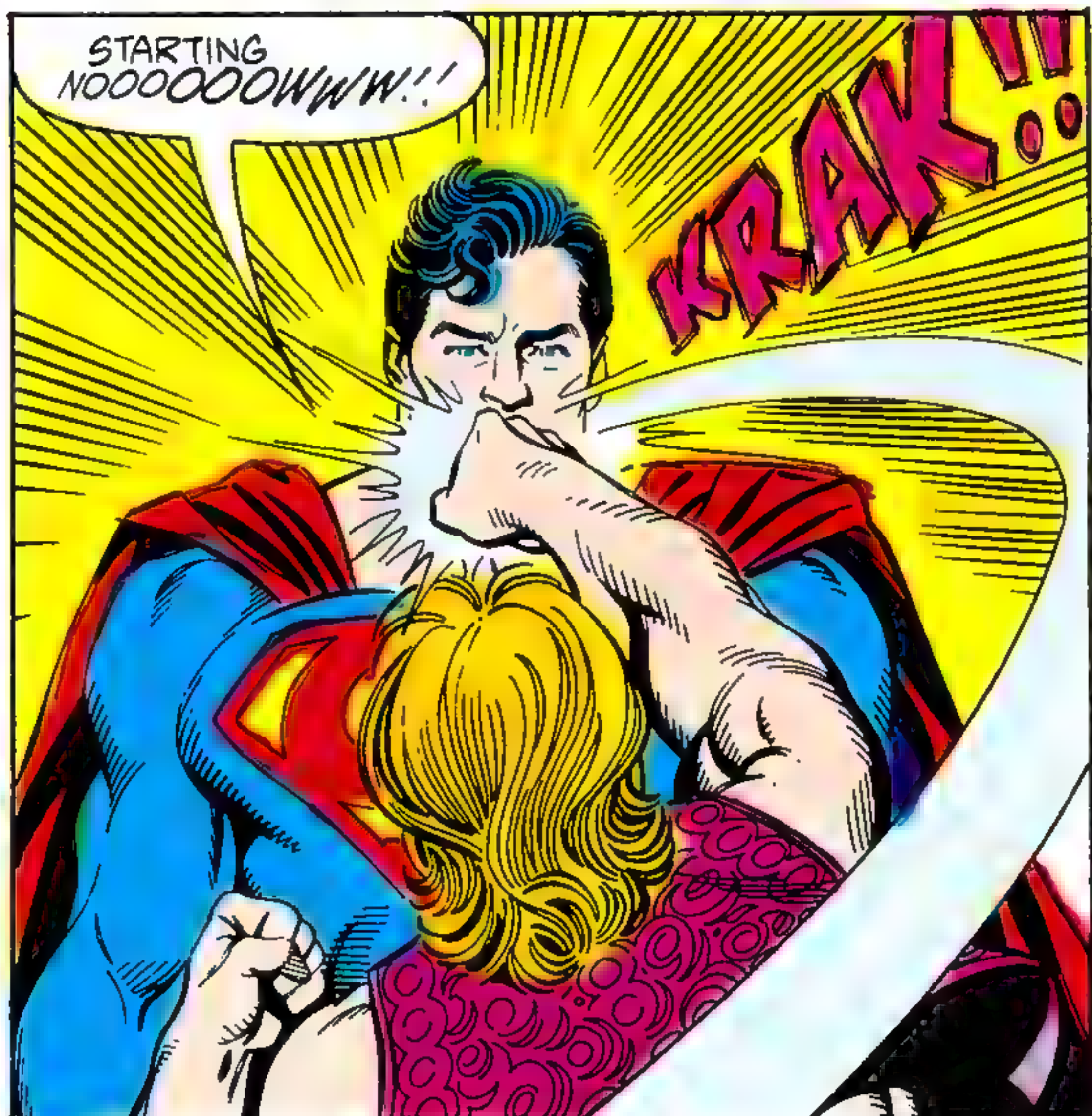
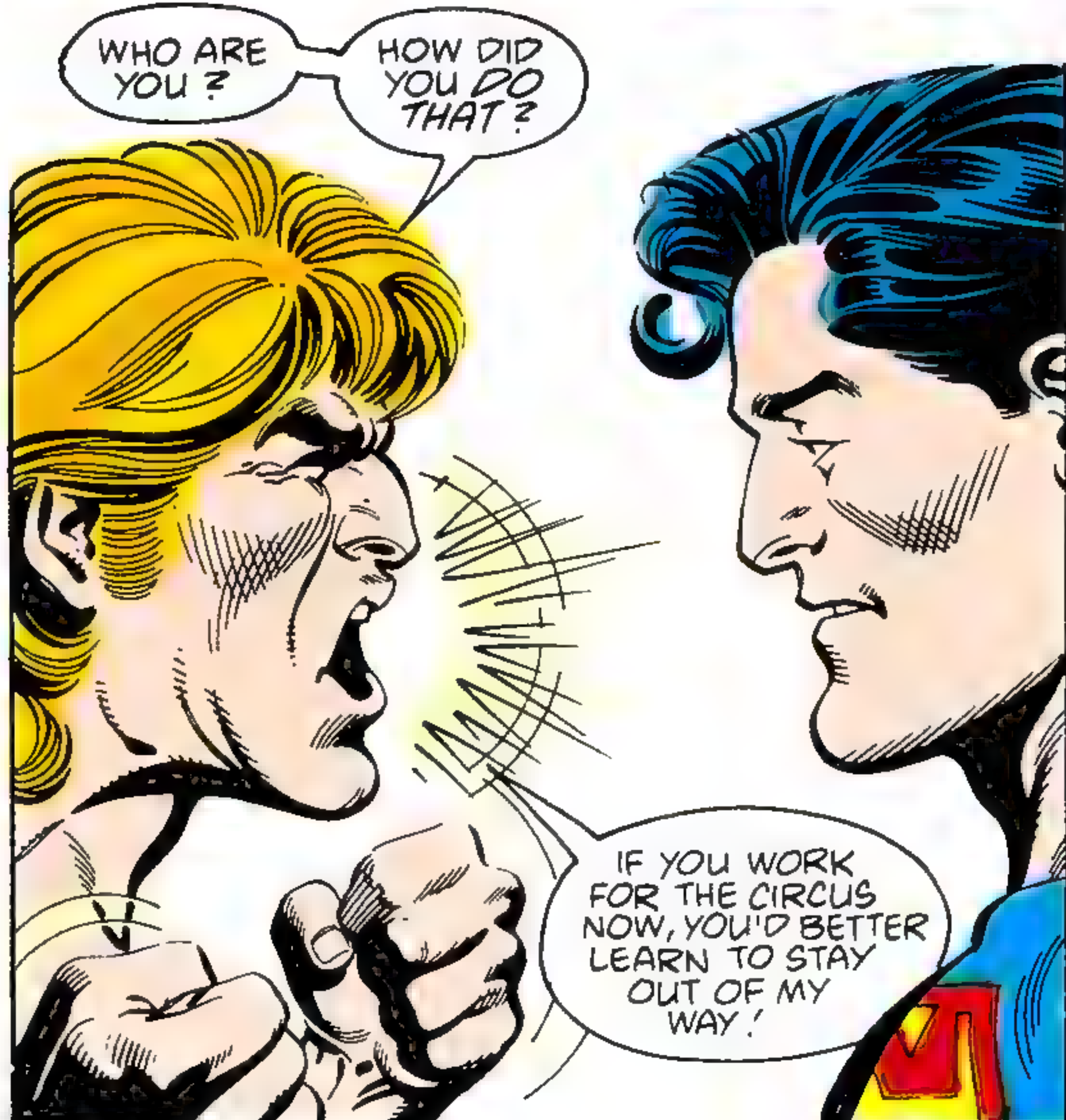
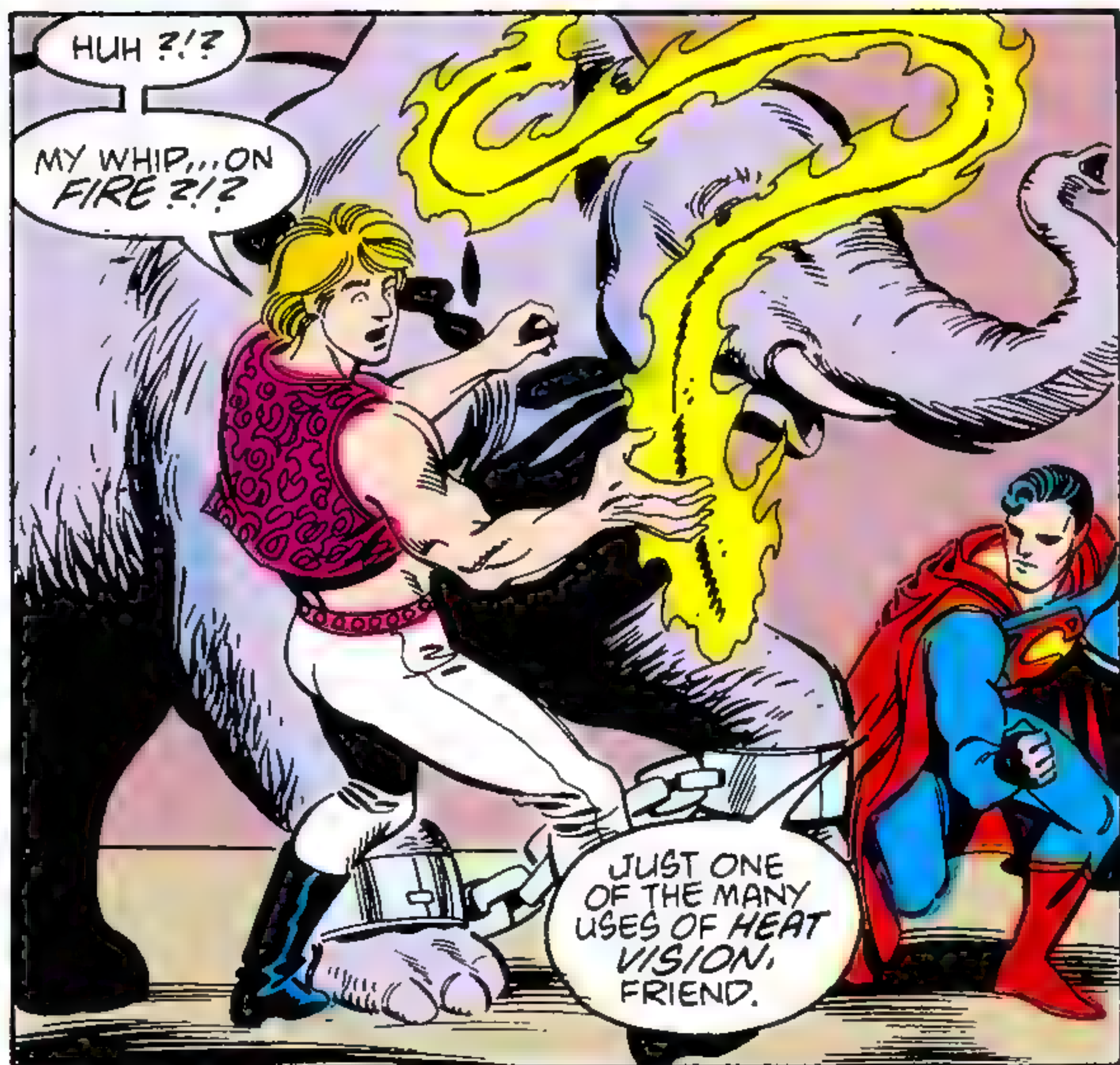
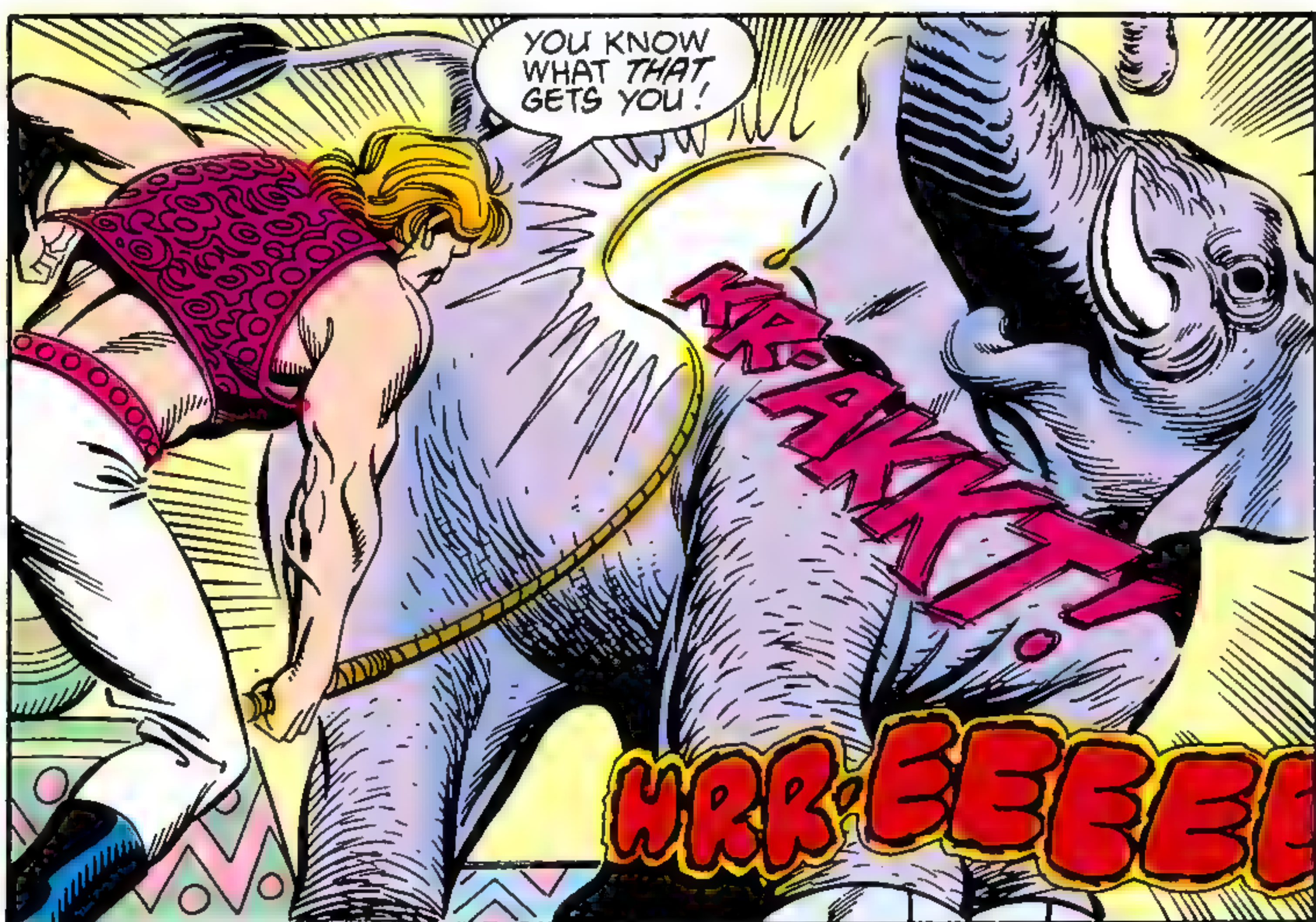
Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

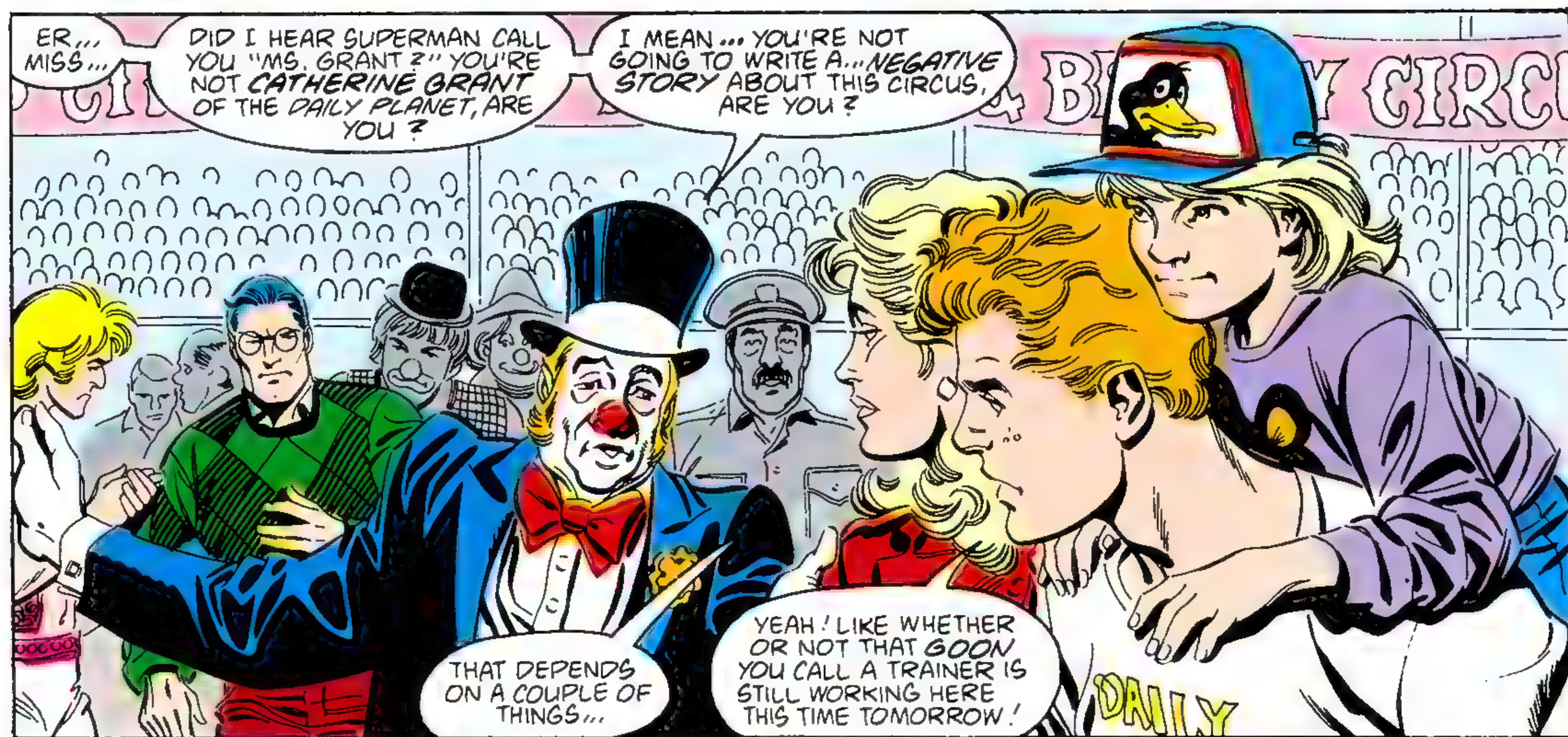
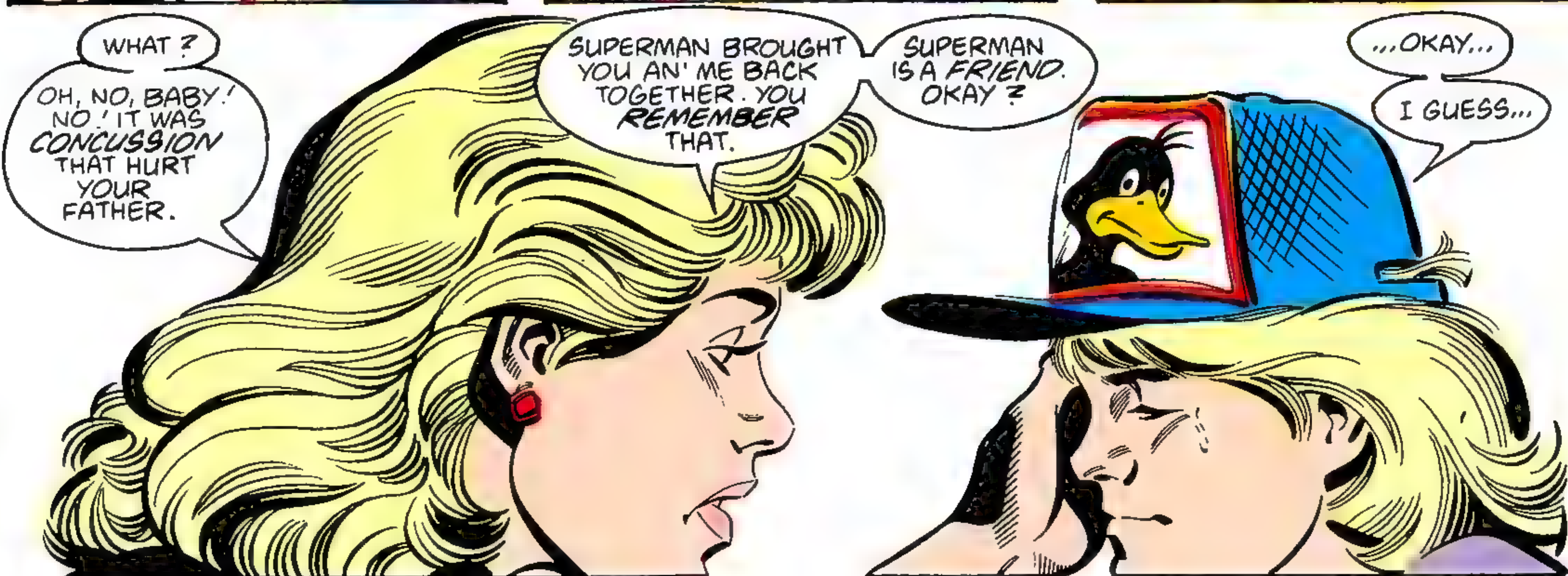
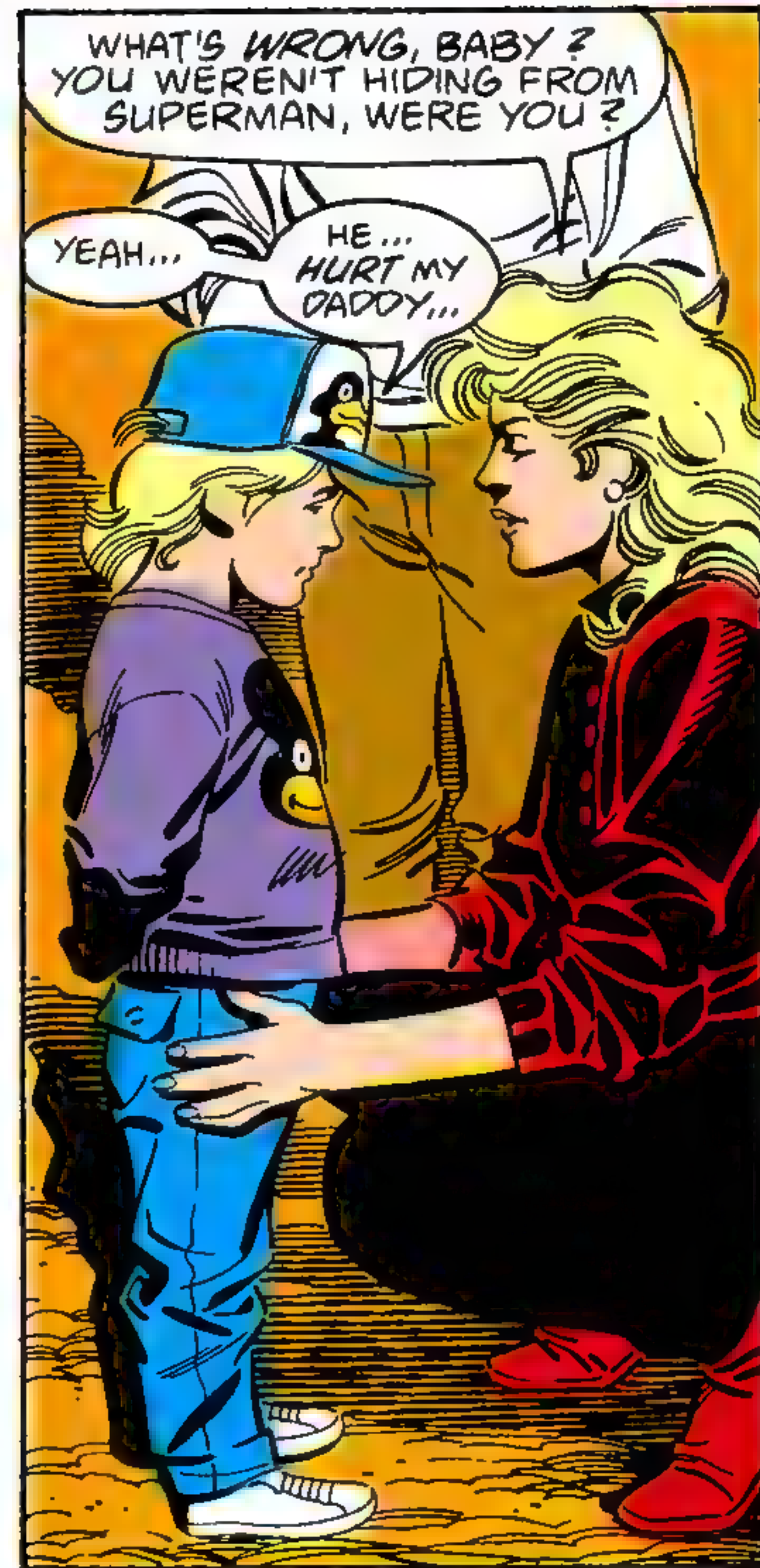
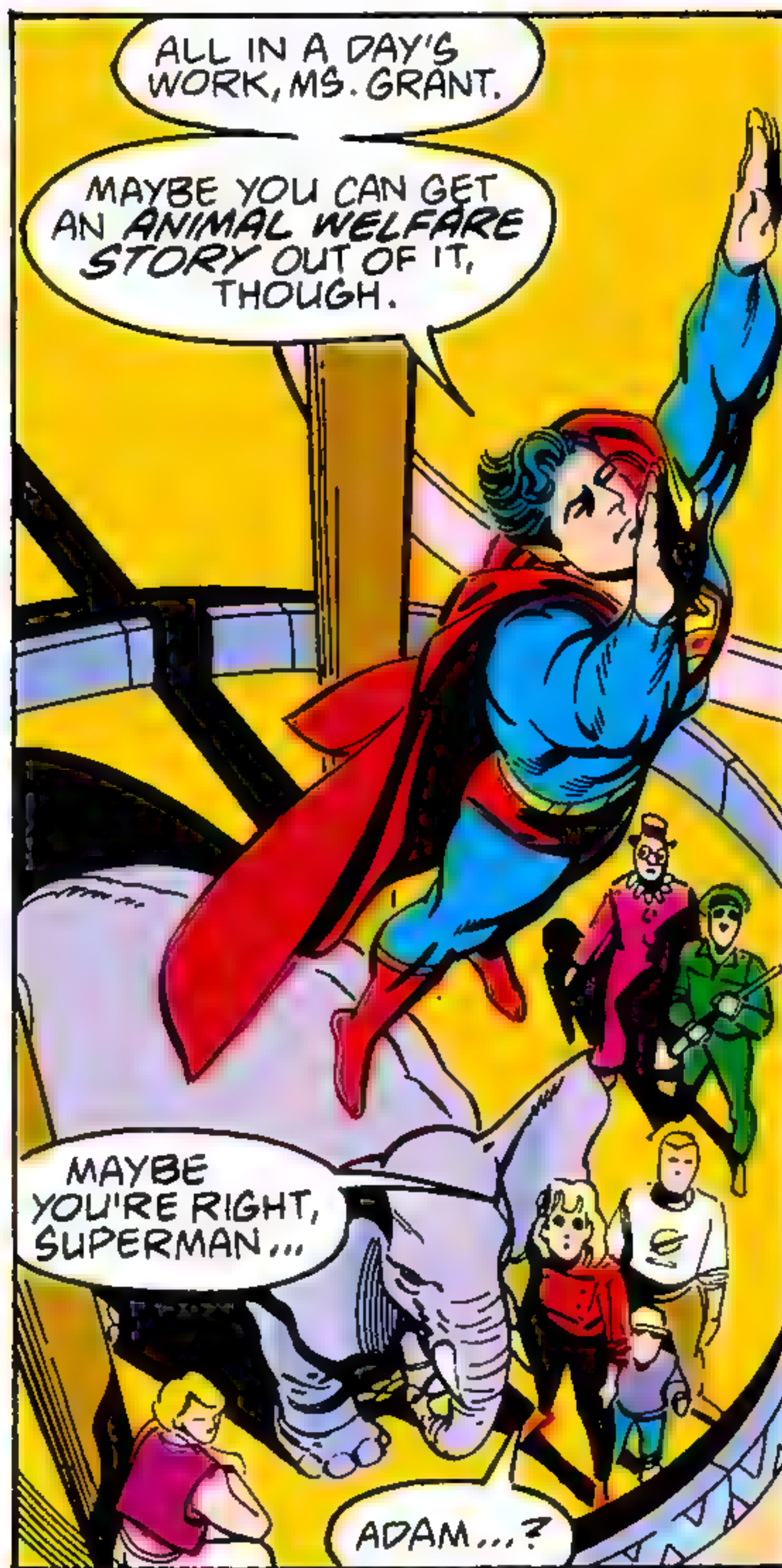
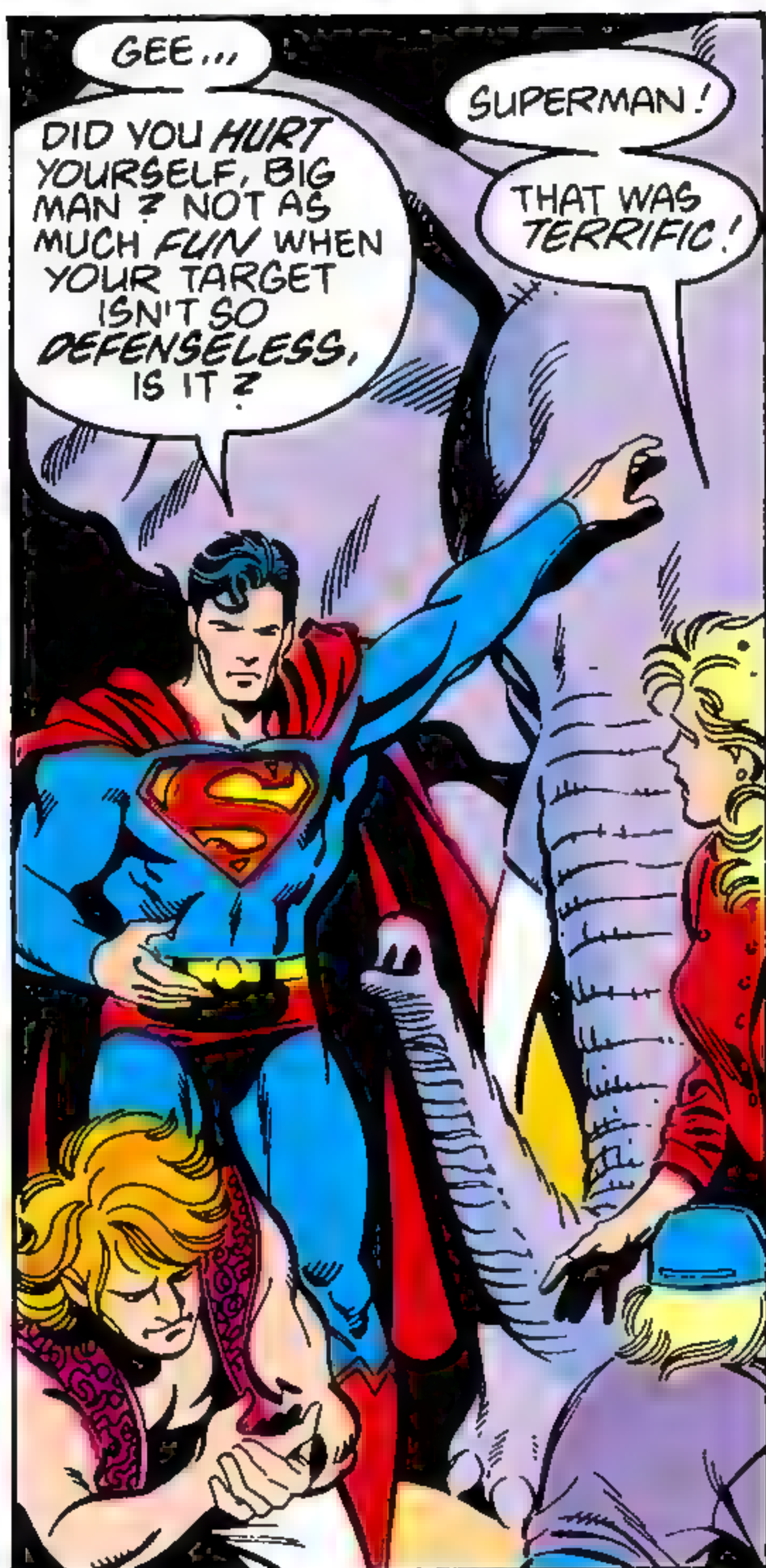
ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 438 (USPS 529-340) Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, DC Comics Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1981, New York, NY 10185. Annual subscription rate \$9.00. Outside U.S.A. \$11.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright © 1987 DC Comics Inc. All rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A. DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company 

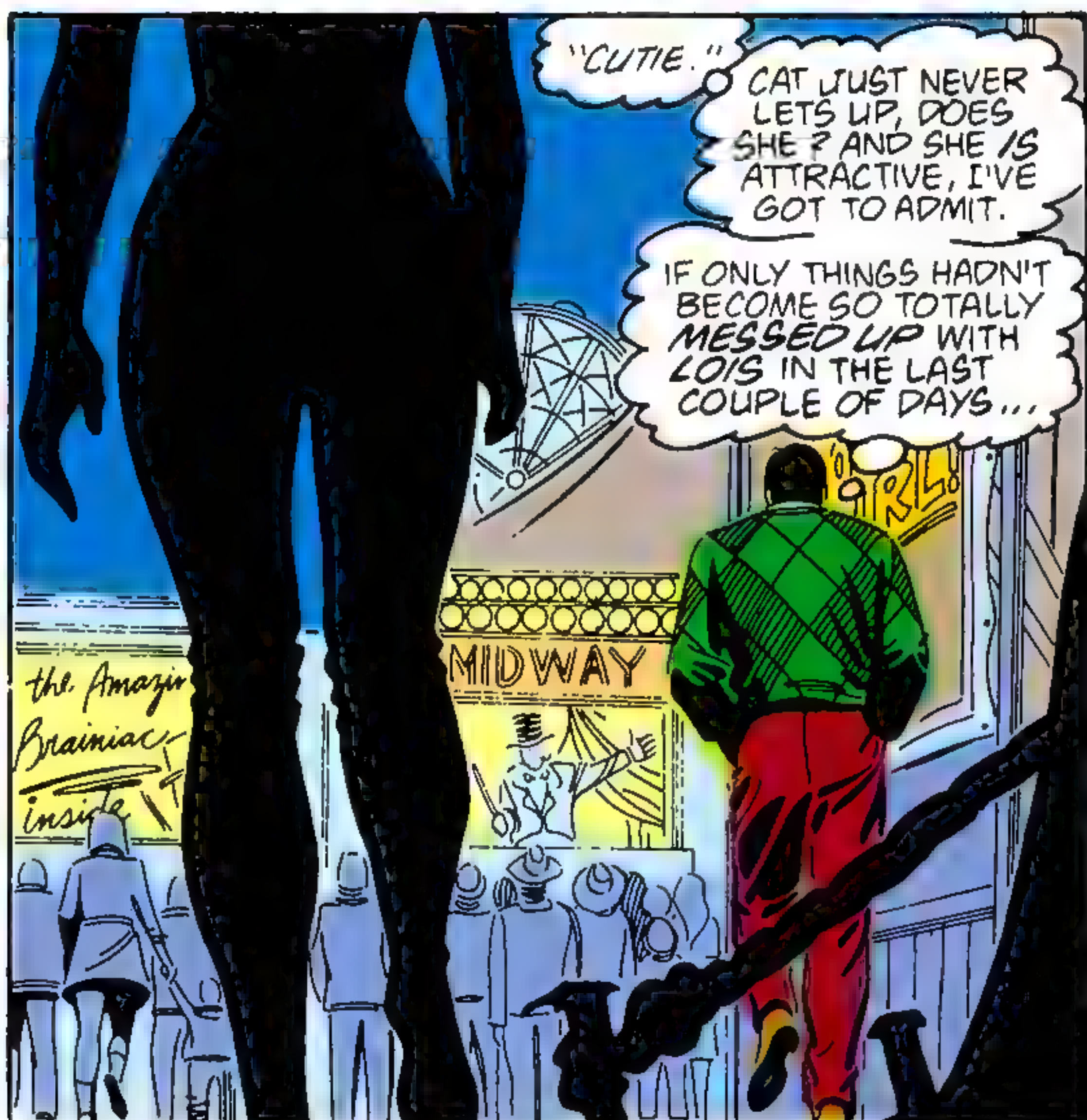
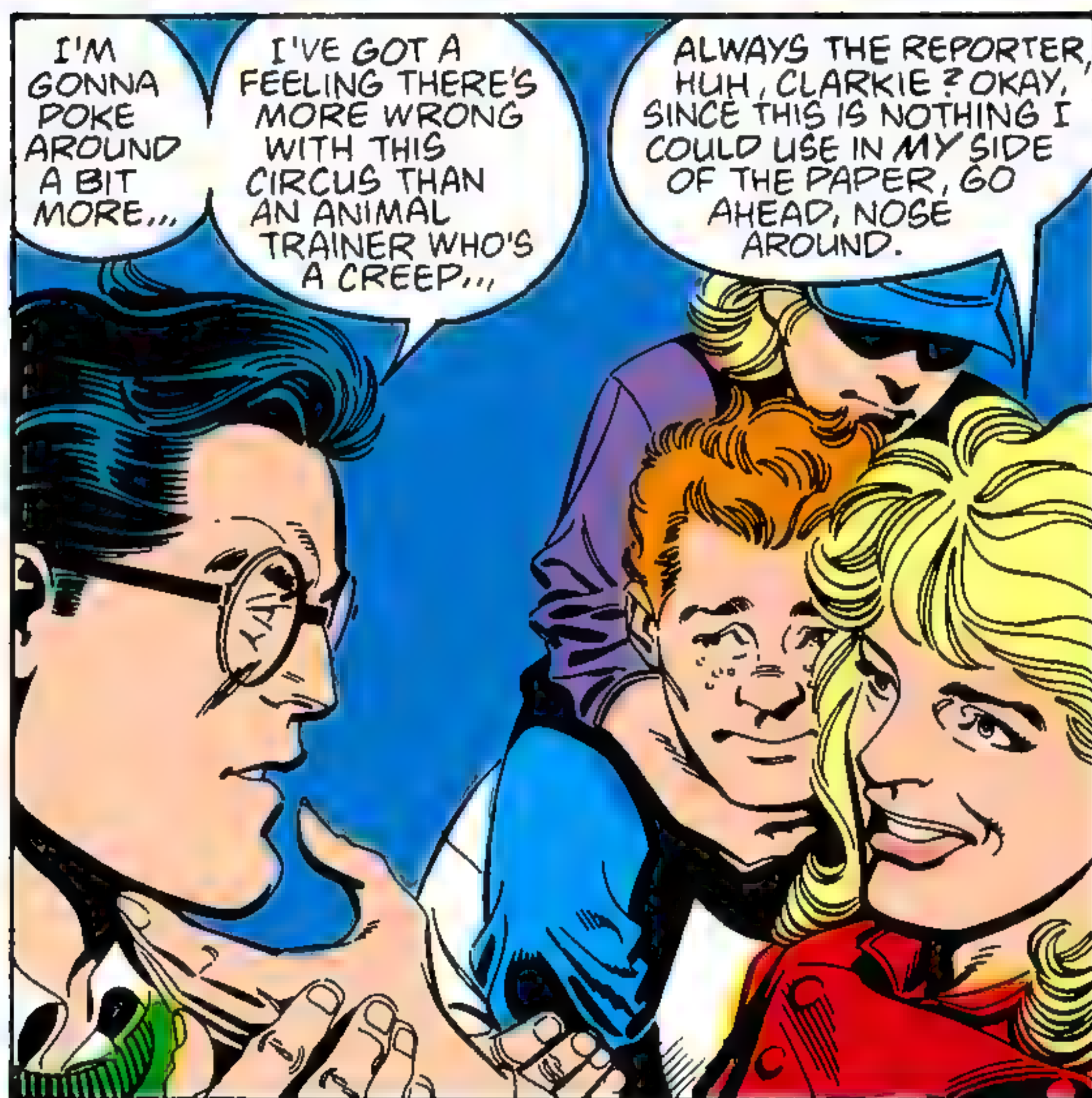










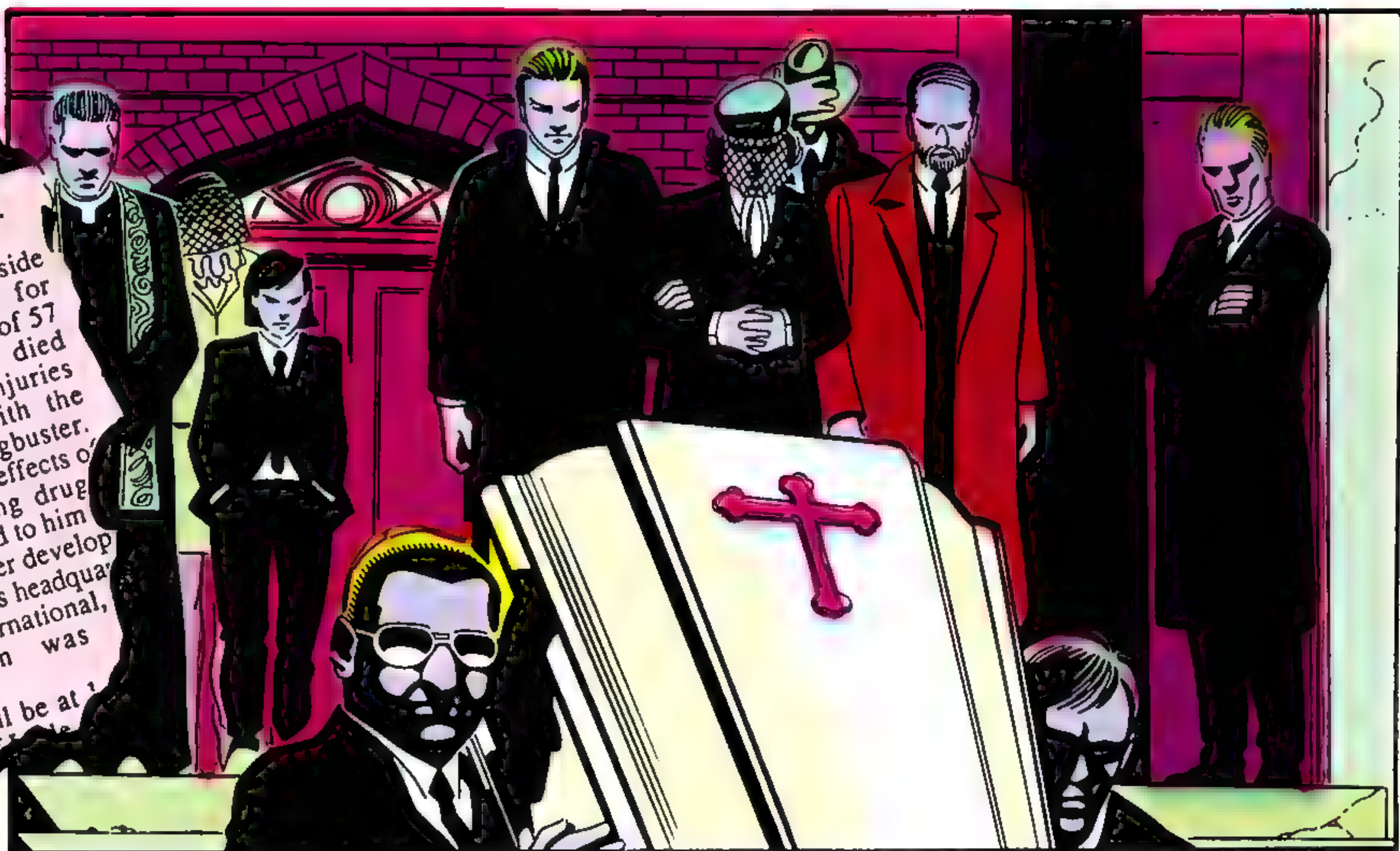
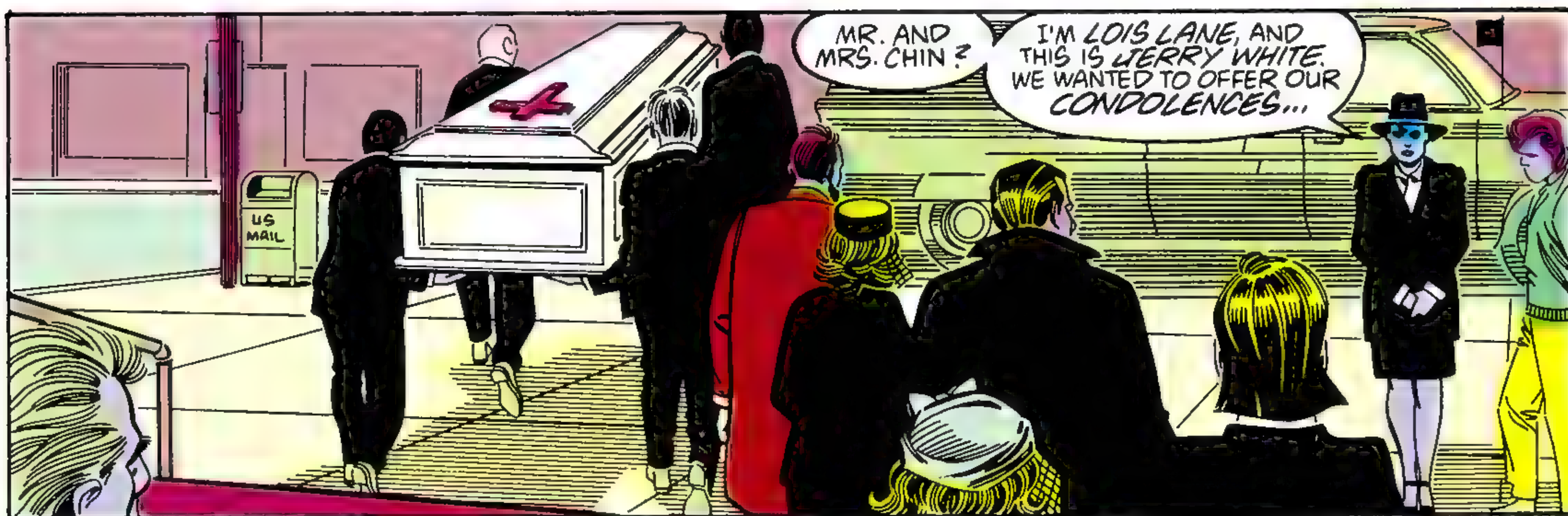


Page 38, The Daily Planet

OBITUARIES

CHIN, HENRY LAWRENCE

Grenville Park — A graveside service will be held today for Henry Lawrence Chin, 22, of 57 Parkland Avenue, who died Friday as a result of injuries sustained in a fight with the superhero known as Gangbuster. Mr. Chin was under the effects of mind and body altering drugs apparently administered to him as part of a program under development at the Metropolis headquarters of LexCorp International, which Mr. Chin was an employee. The service will be at 10:00 AM at Our Lady of the Sorrows Church.

MR. AND MRS. CHIN?

I'M LOIS LANE, AND THIS IS JERRY WHITE. WE WANTED TO OFFER OUR CONDOLENCES...



LOIS LANE ???

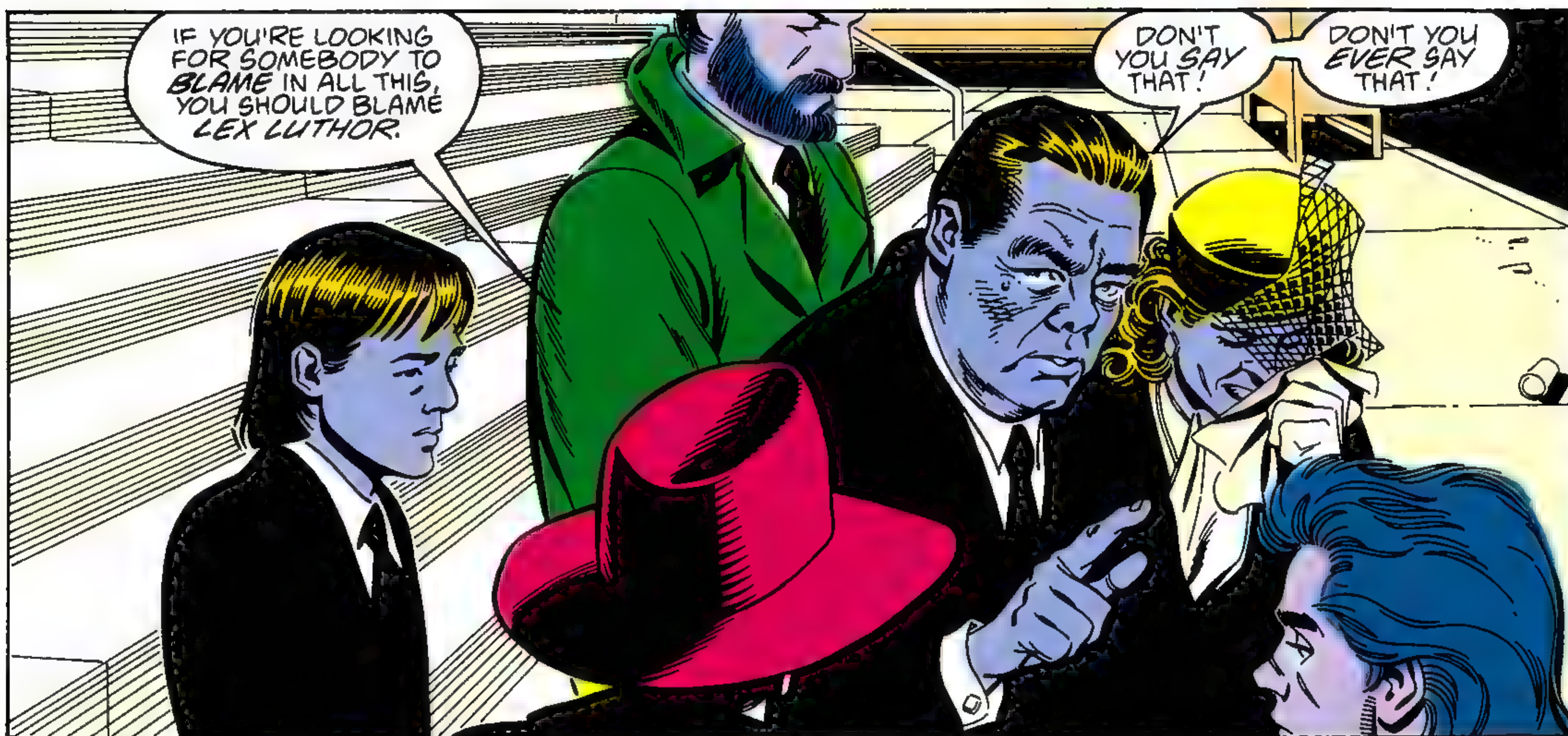
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE? IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU OUR SON IS DEAD!!

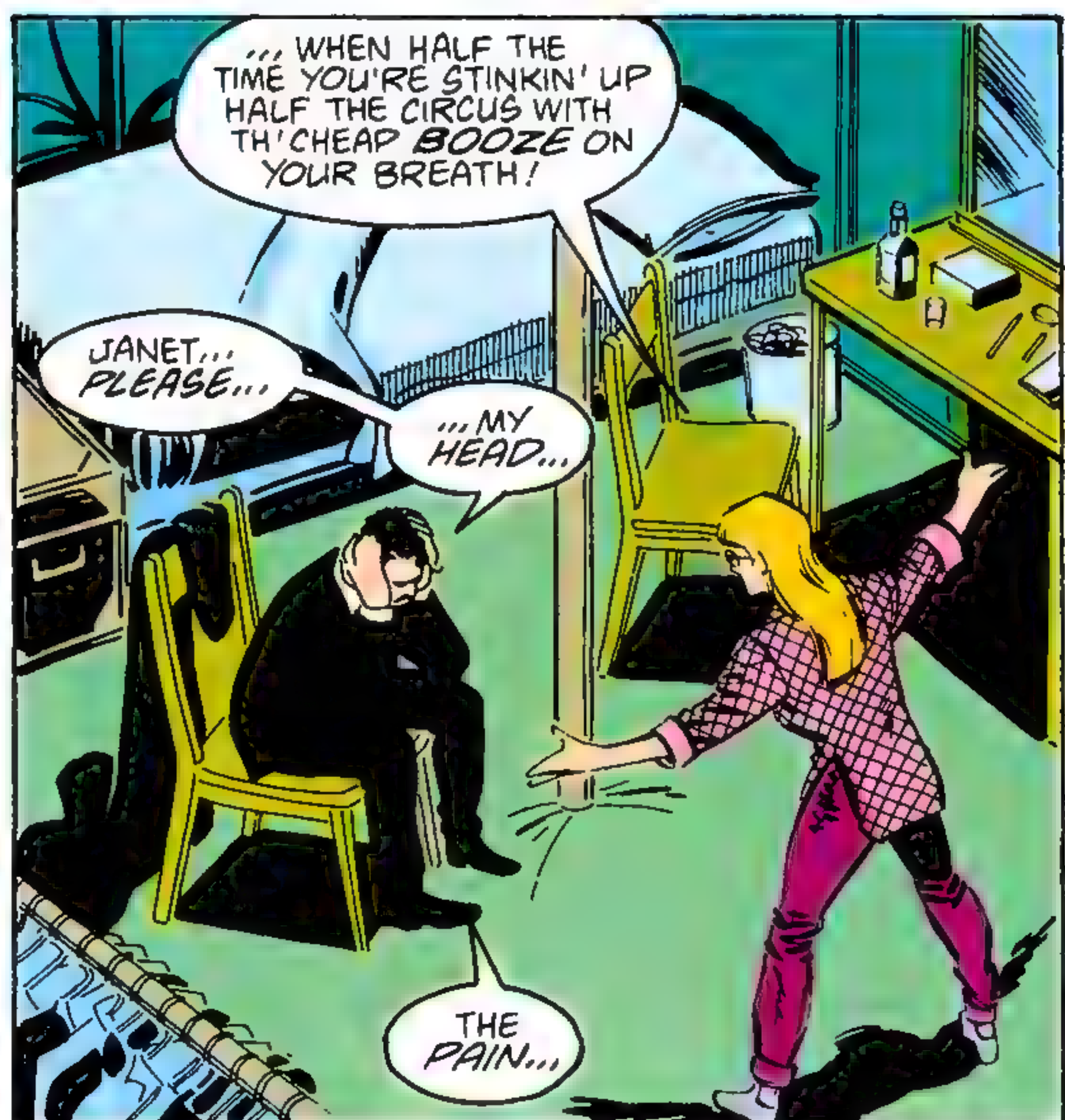
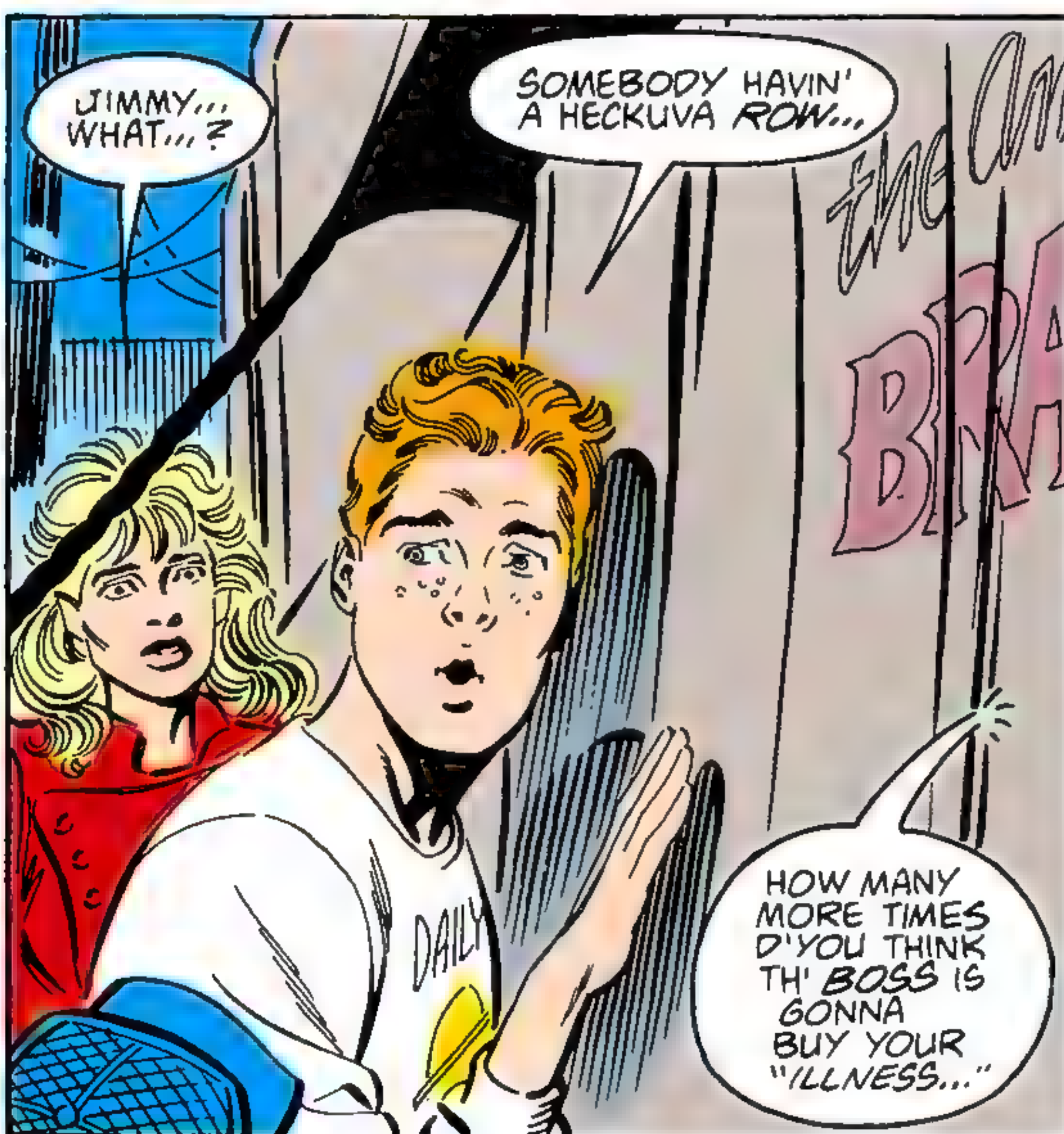
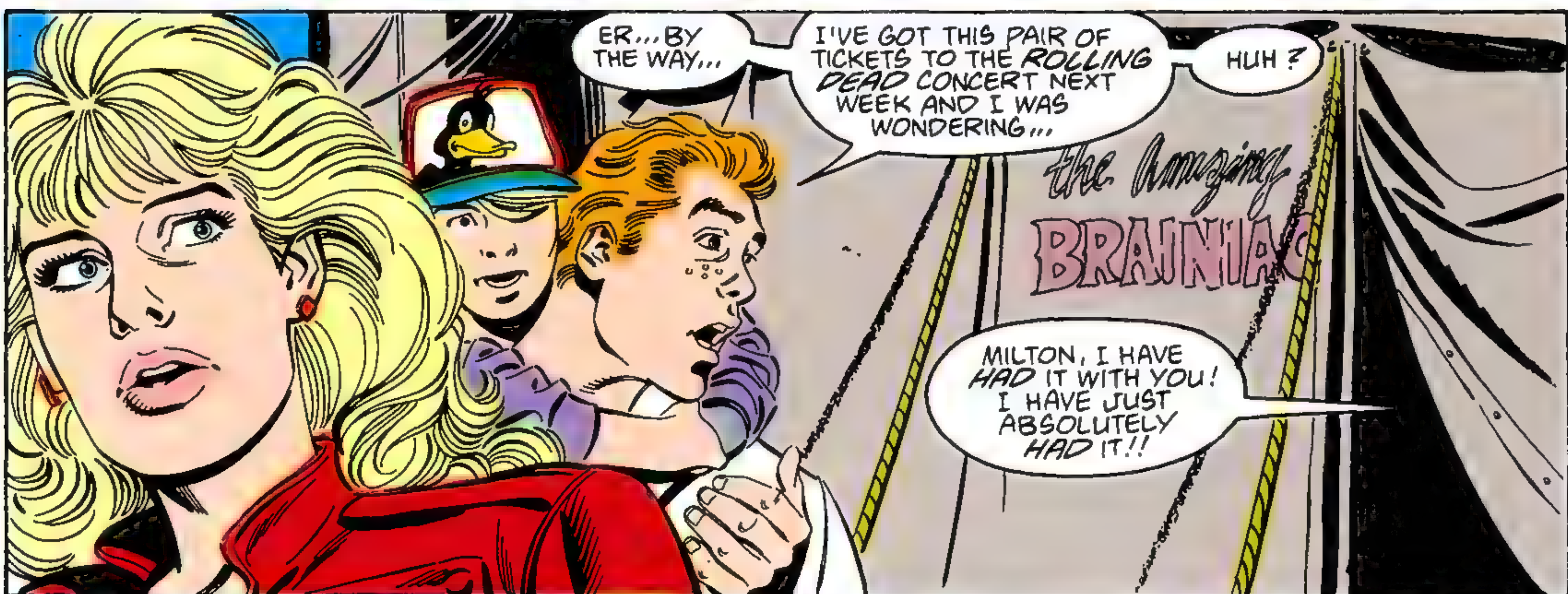
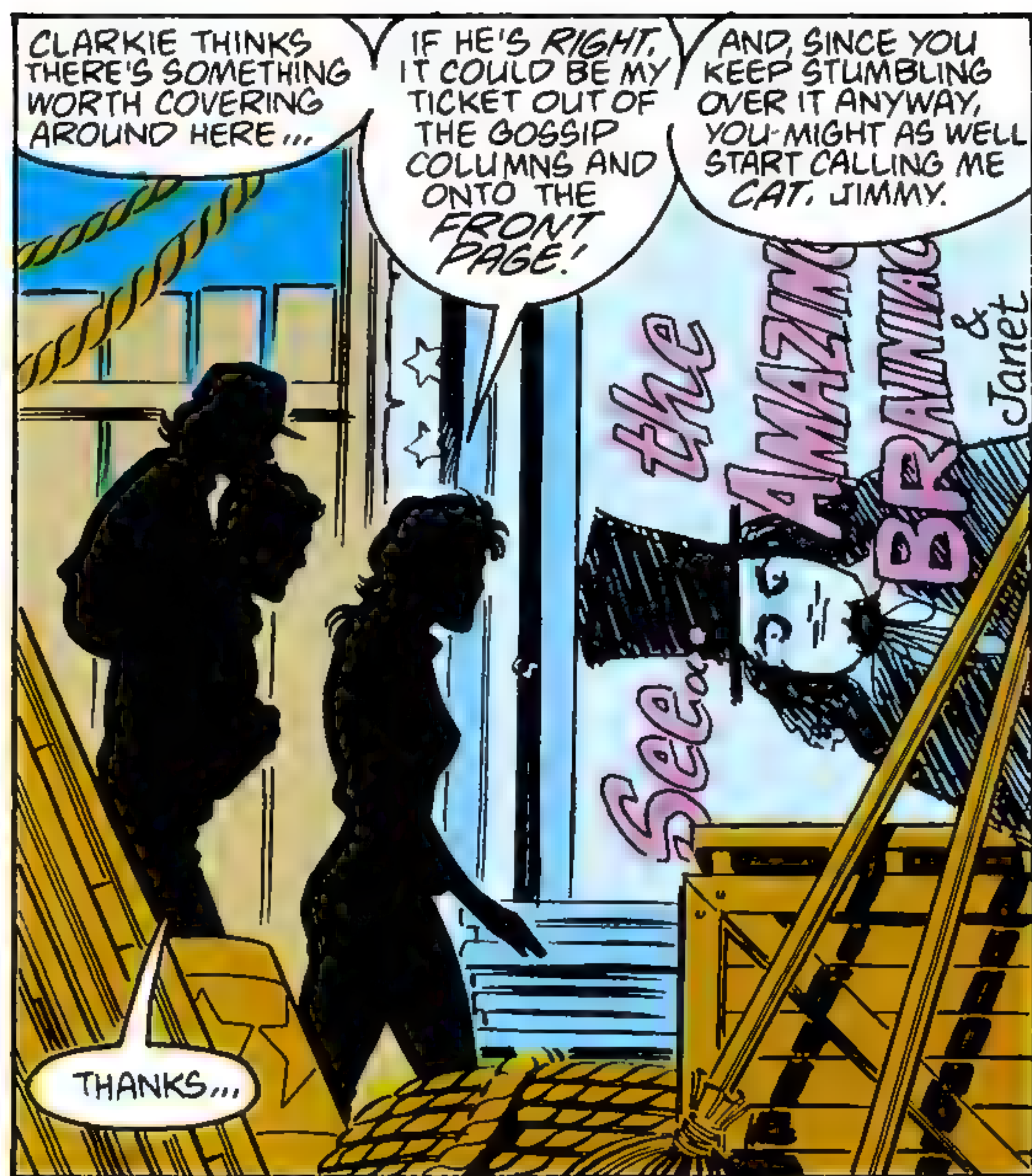
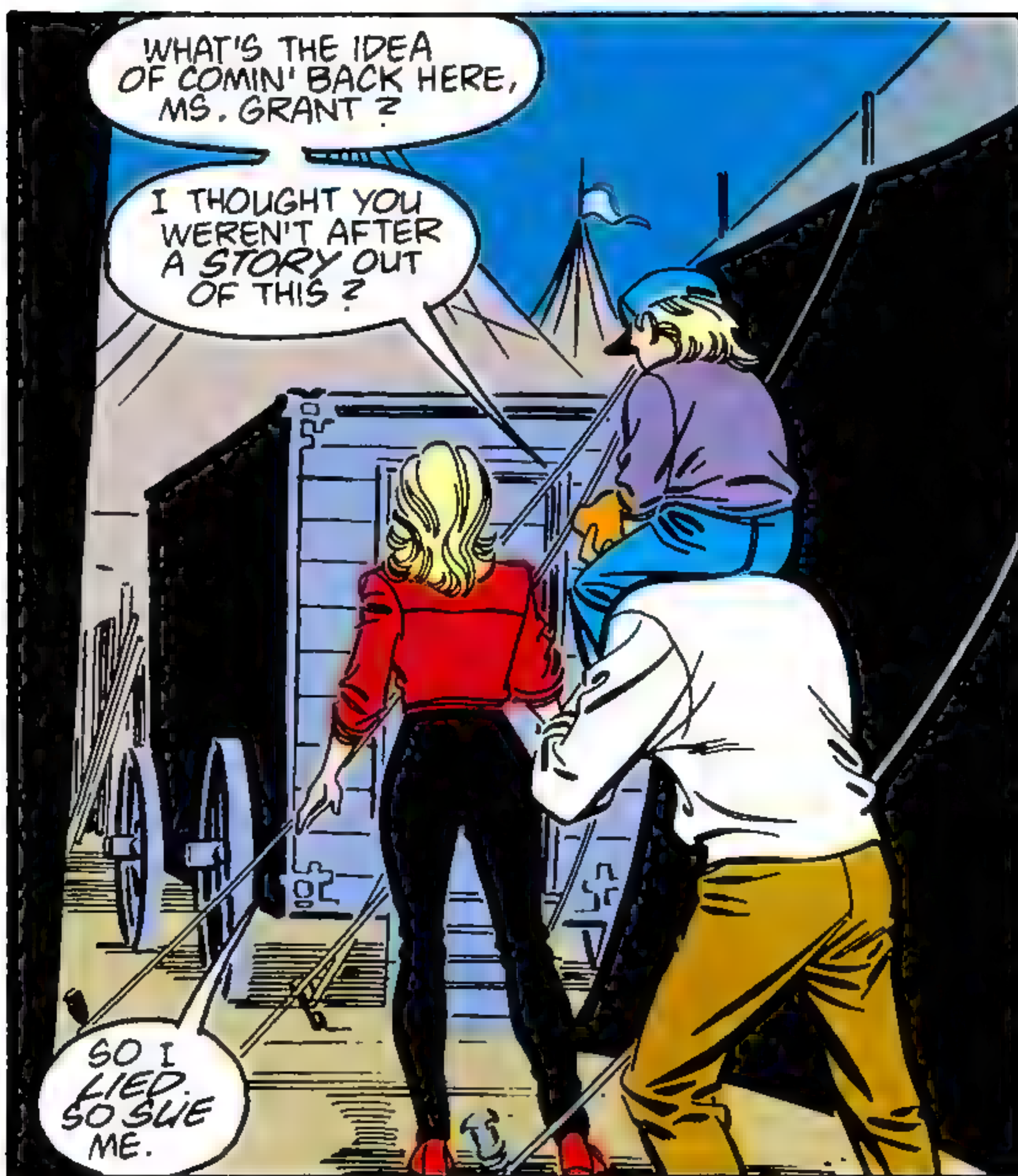
THAT'S HARDLY FAIR, MR. CHIN.

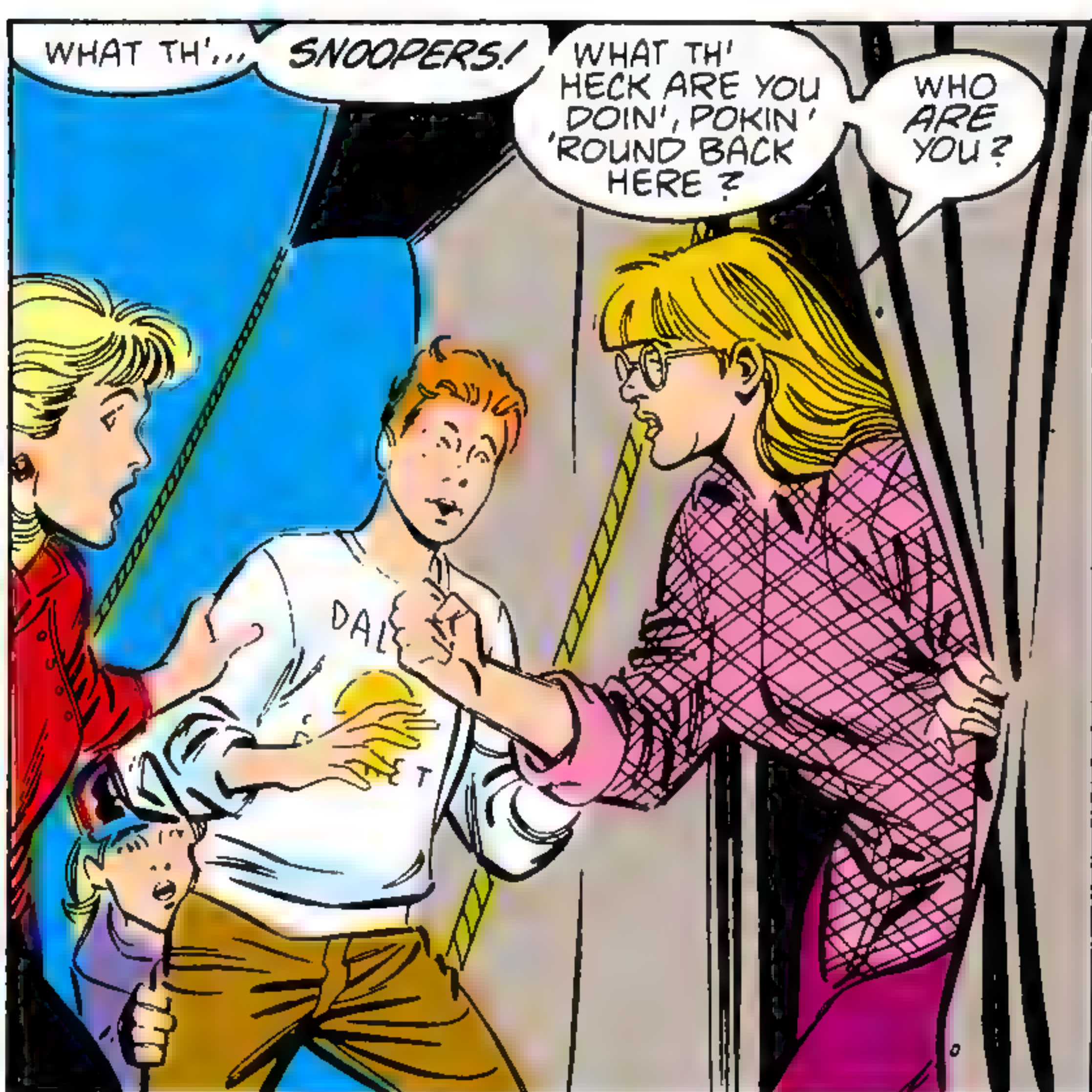
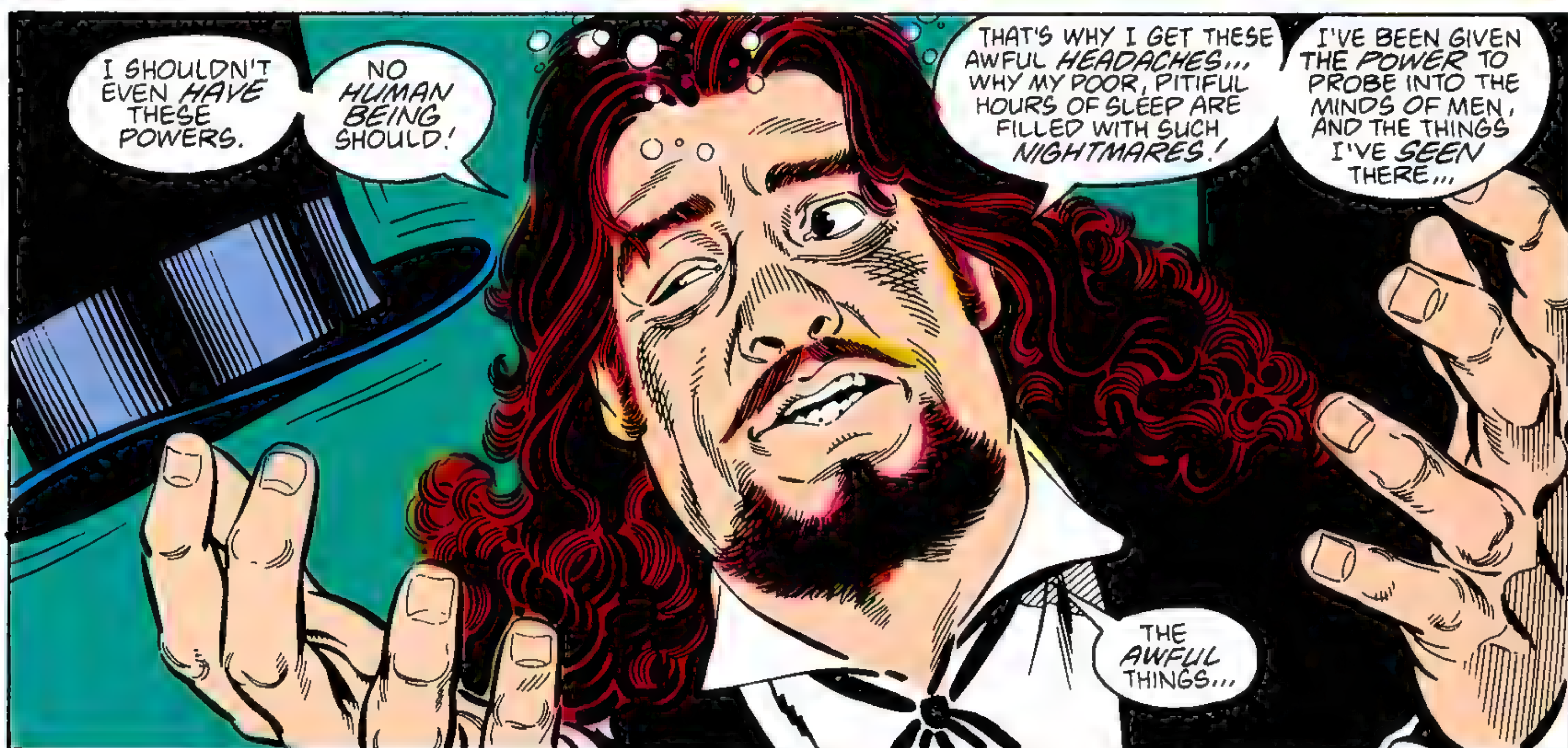
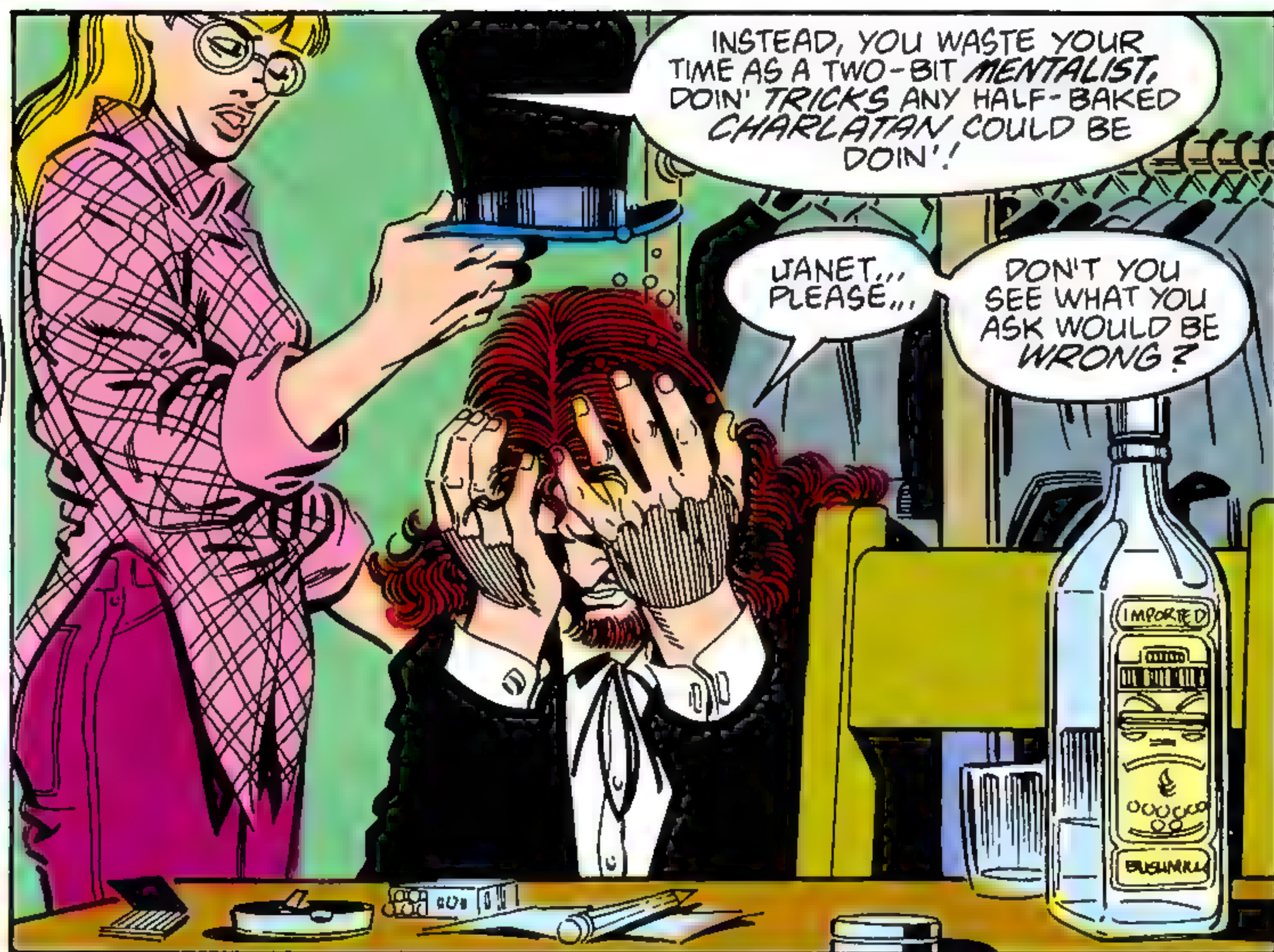


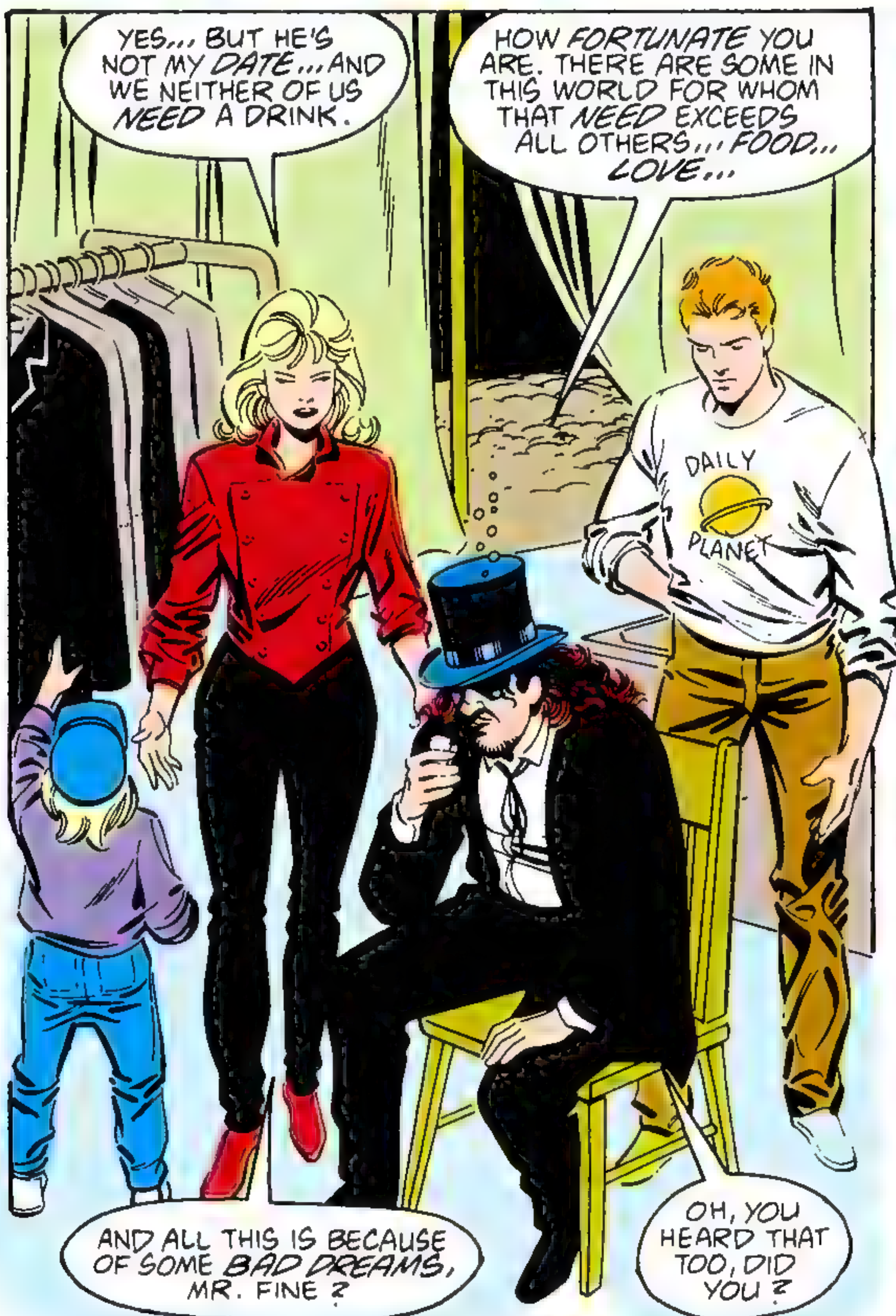
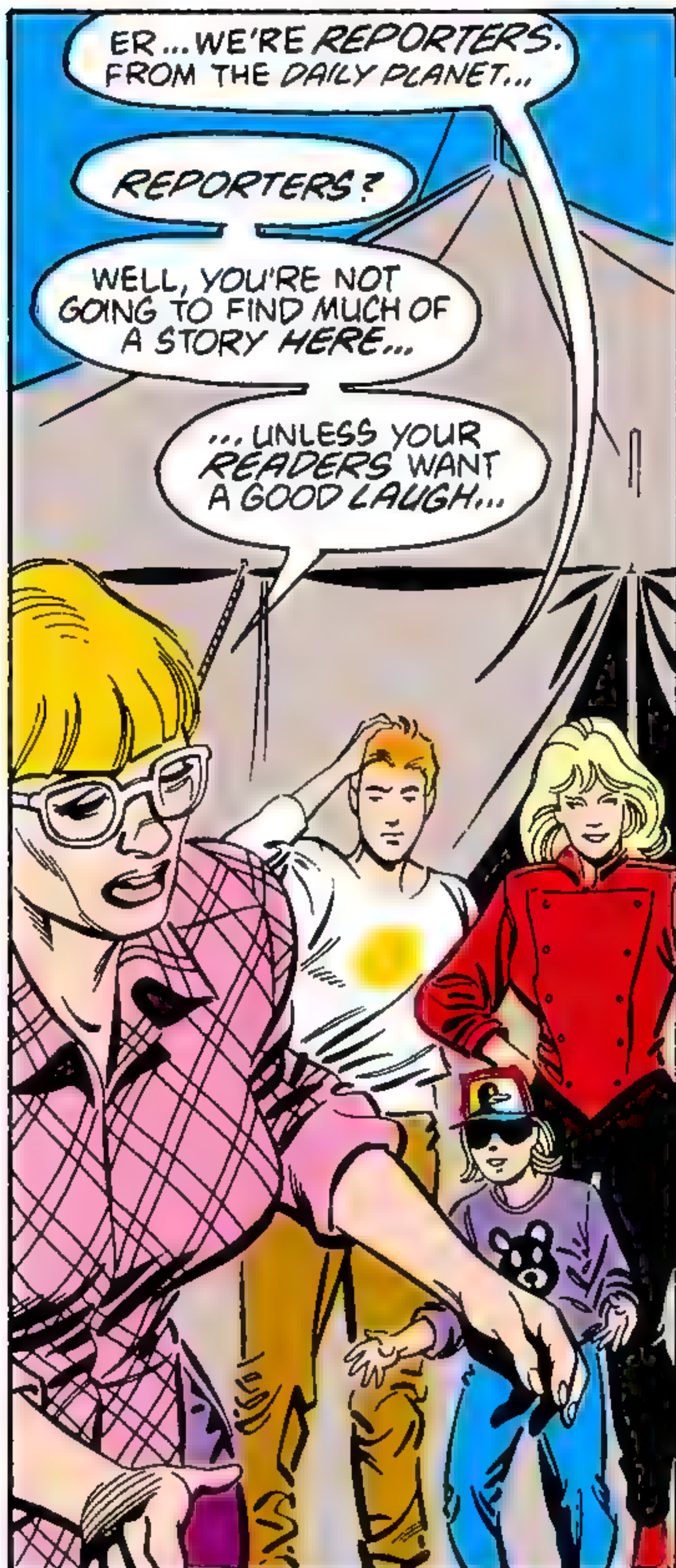
IT'S TRUE YOUR SON CAME AFTER ME, AS BAIT TO LURE SUPERMAN INTO BATTLE...

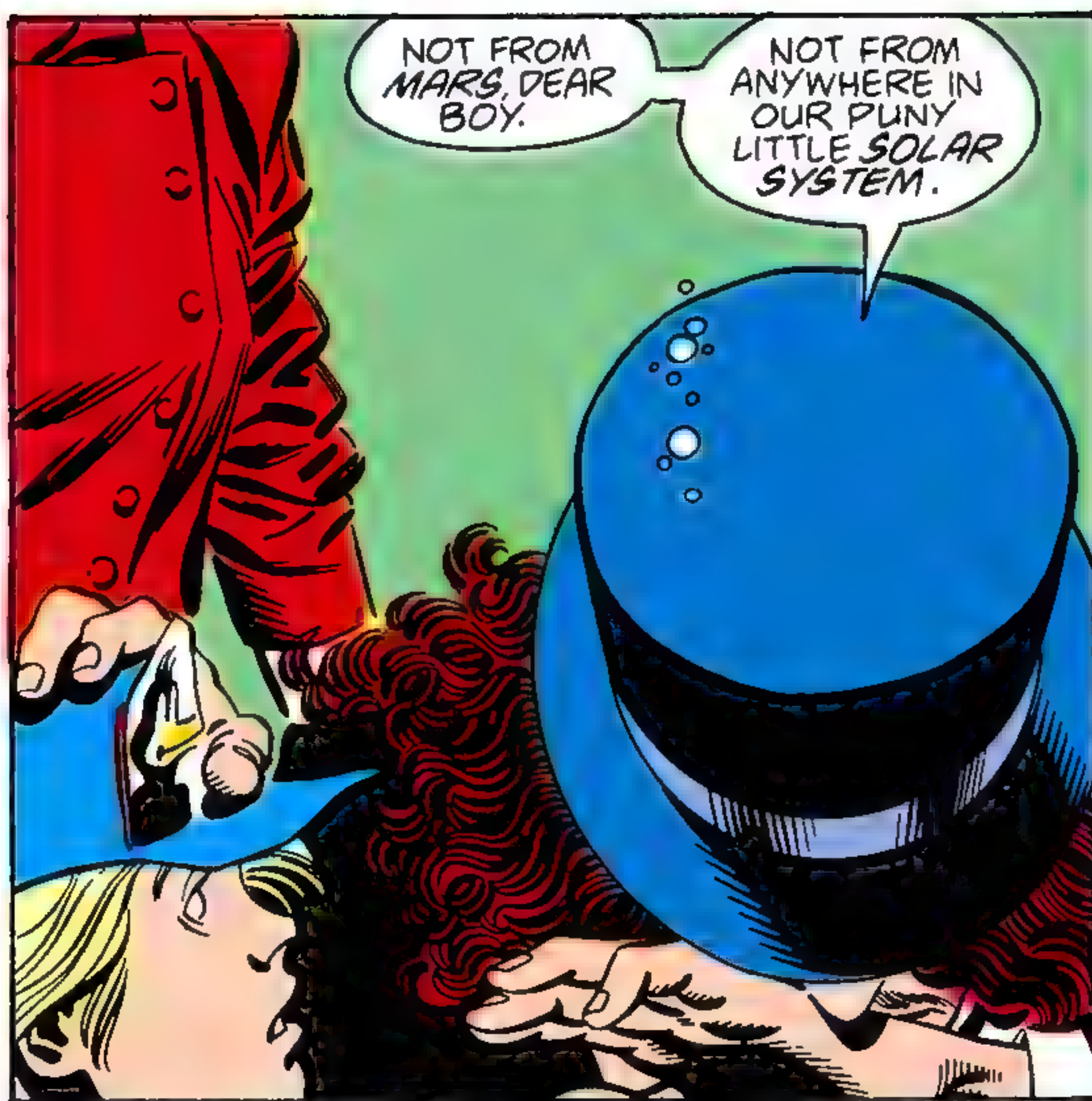
BUT HE'S DEAD NOW BECAUSE OF WHAT THEY DID TO HIM AT LEX CORP. THE DRUGS THAT PUMPED HIM UP, EXPANDED HIS HEART BEYOND HUMAN ENDURANCE.











NOT FROM MARS, DEAR BOY.

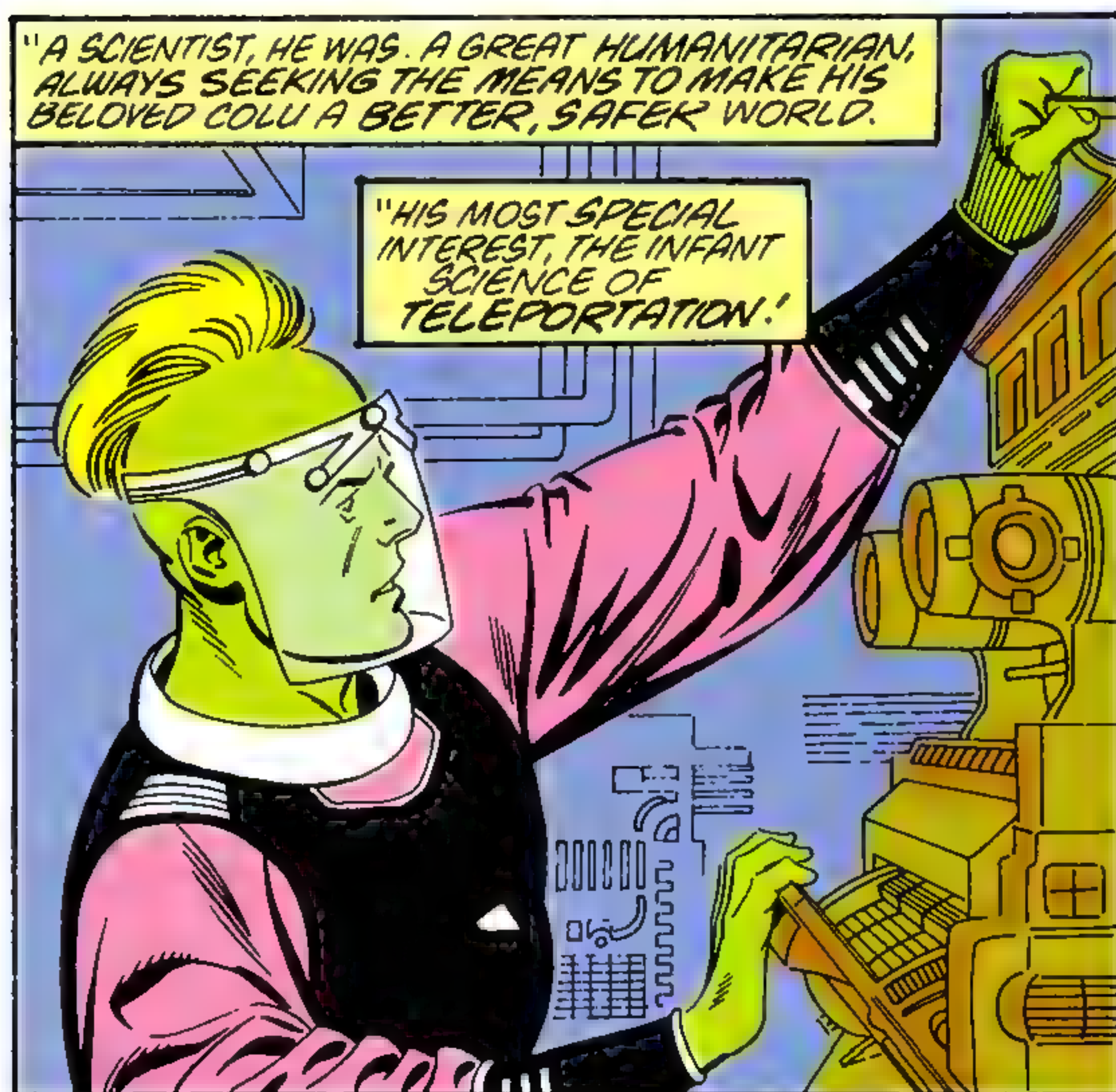
NOT FROM ANYWHERE IN OUR PUNY LITTLE SOLAR SYSTEM.



FROM A PLANET CALLED COLU...

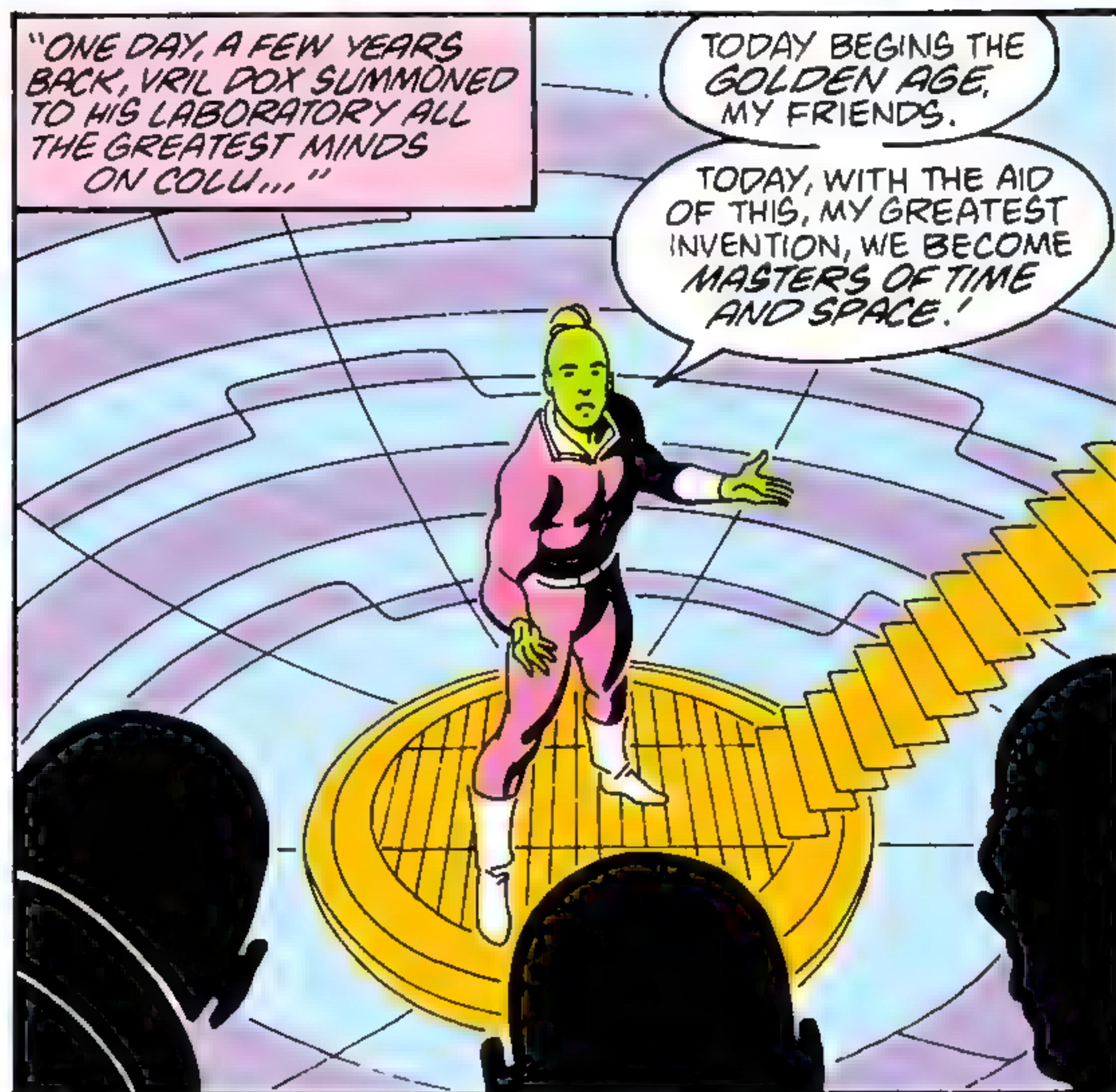
A WORLD THAT ORBITS A GREEN STAR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF OUR GALAXY.

"AND ON THAT PLANET, UNTIL VERY RECENTLY, THERE LIVED A BEING, A MAN NAMED VRIL DOX."



"A SCIENTIST, HE WAS. A GREAT HUMANITARIAN, ALWAYS SEEKING THE MEANS TO MAKE HIS BELOVED COLU A BETTER, SAFER WORLD."

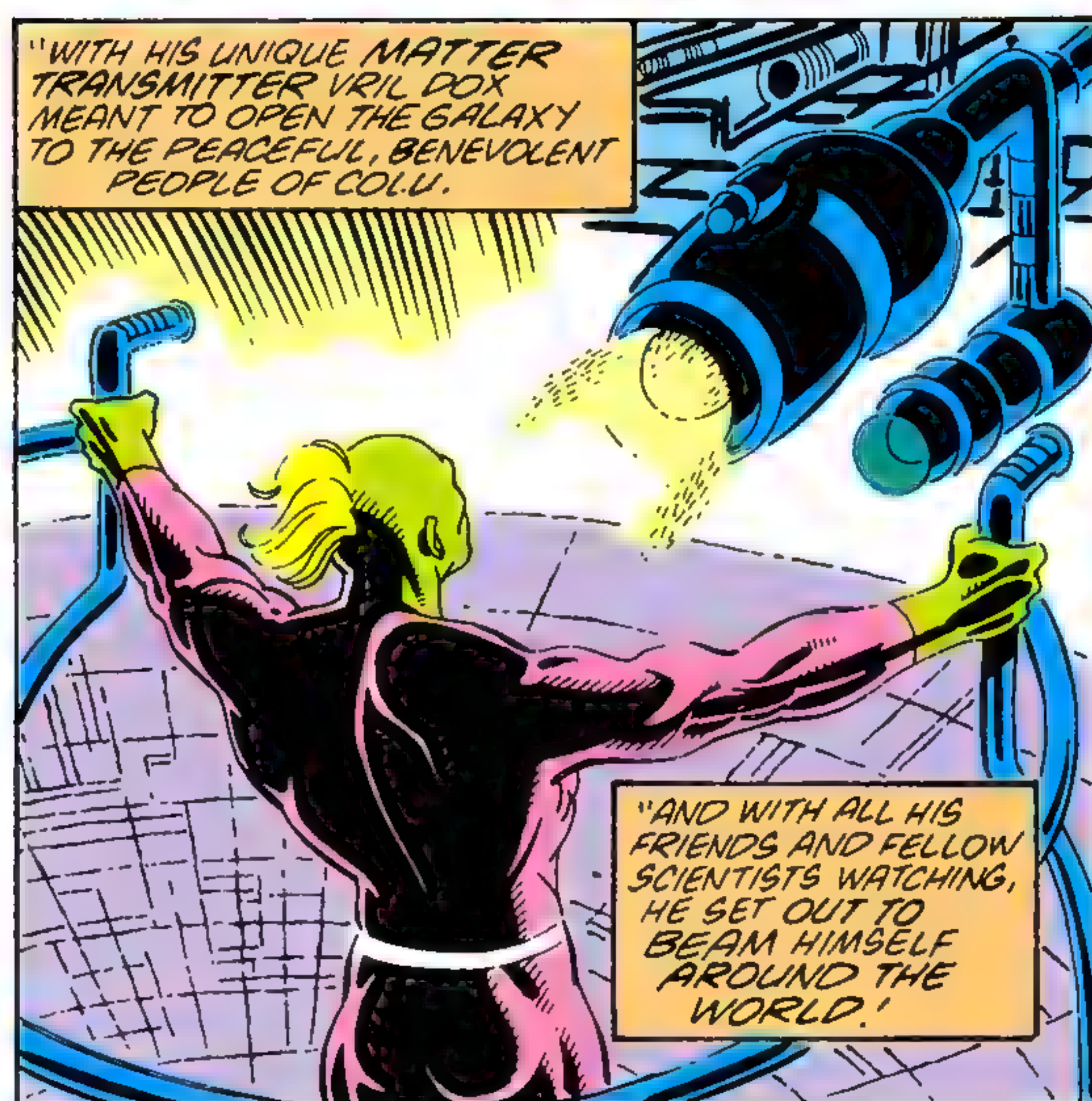
"HIS MOST SPECIAL INTEREST, THE INFANT SCIENCE OF TELEPORTATION."



"ONE DAY, A FEW YEARS BACK, VRIL DOX SUMMONED TO HIS LABORATORY ALL THE GREATEST MINDS ON COLU..."

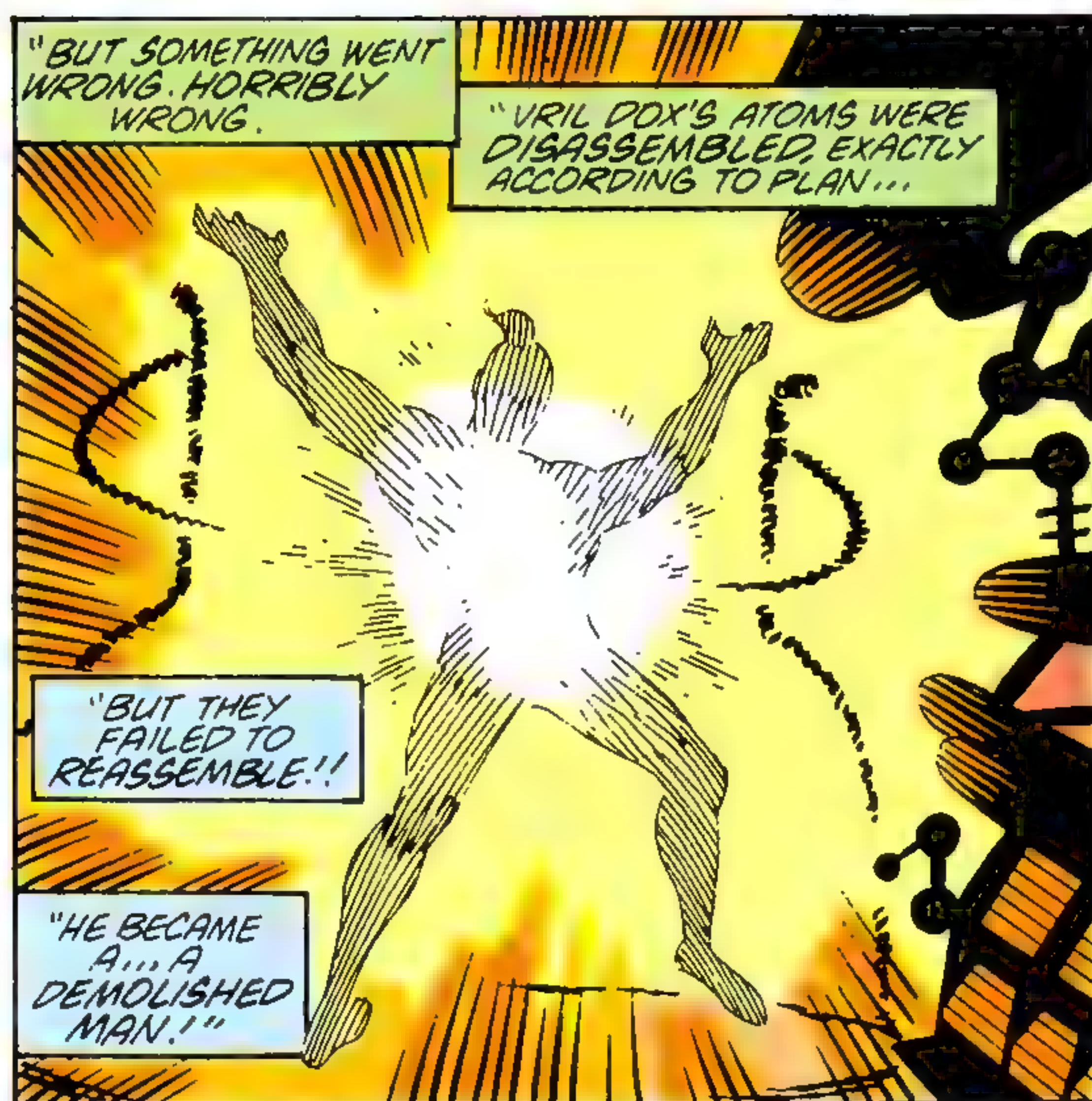
TODAY BEGINS THE GOLDEN AGE, MY FRIENDS.

TODAY, WITH THE AID OF THIS, MY GREATEST INVENTION, WE BECOME MASTERS OF TIME AND SPACE."



"WITH HIS UNIQUE MATTER TRANSMITTER VRIL DOX MEANT TO OPEN THE GALAXY TO THE PEACEFUL, BENEVOLENT PEOPLE OF COLU."

"AND WITH ALL HIS FRIENDS AND FELLOW SCIENTISTS WATCHING, HE SET OUT TO BEAM HIMSELF AROUND THE WORLD."

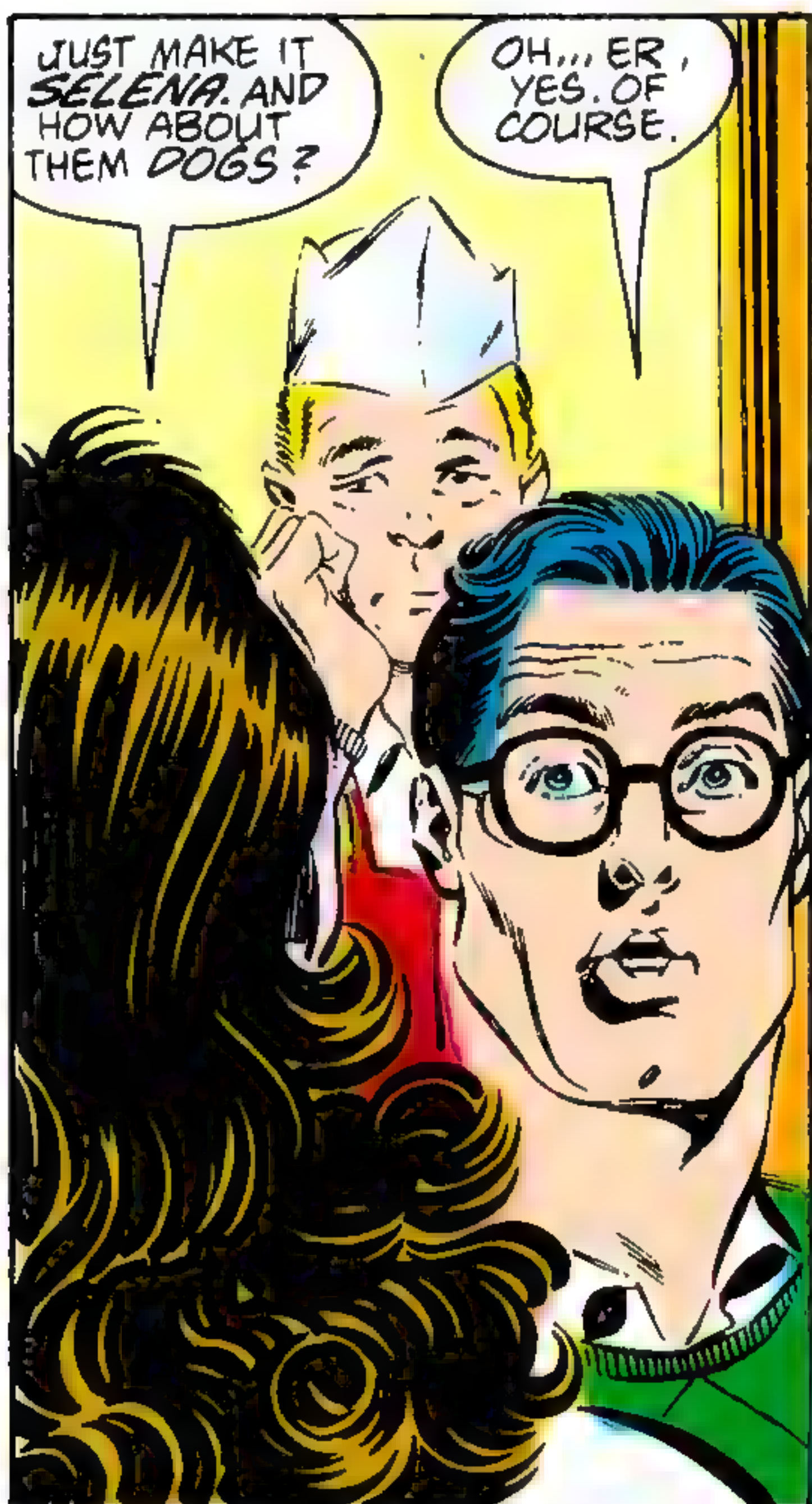
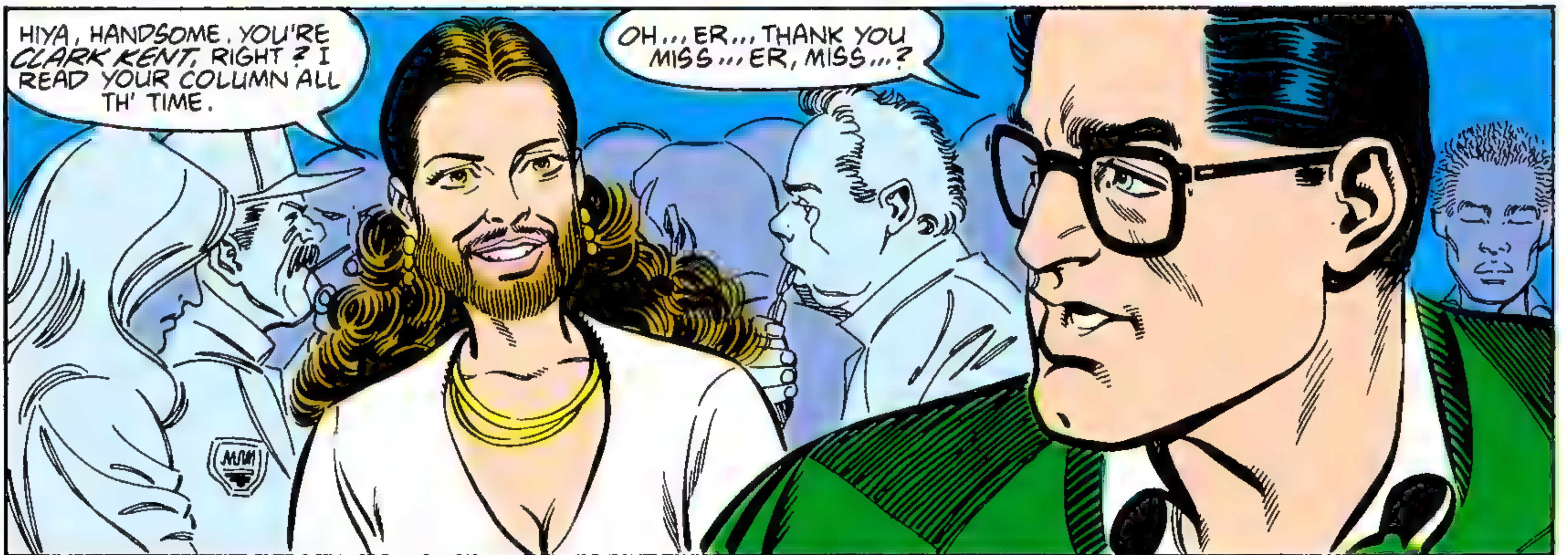
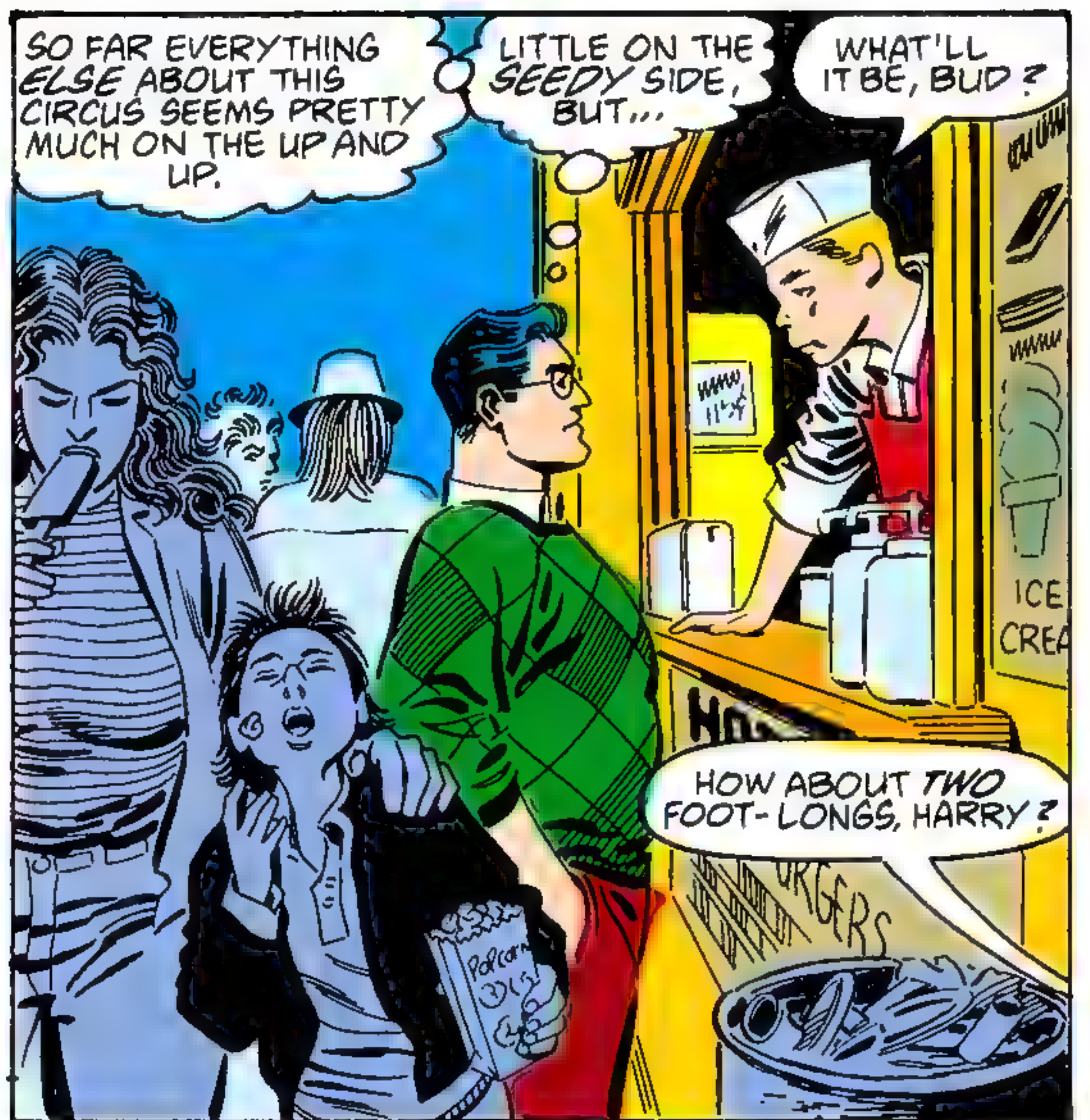


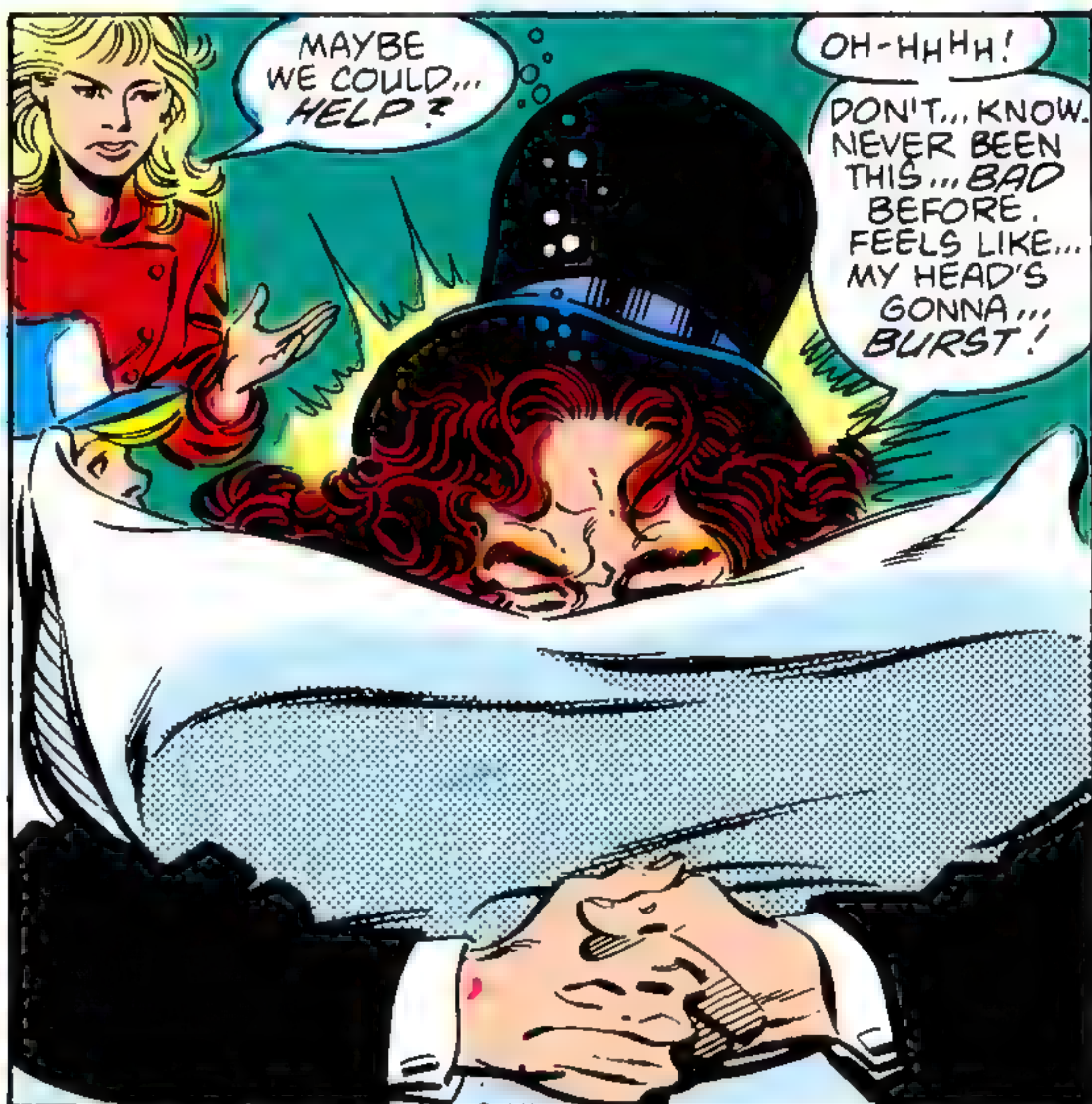
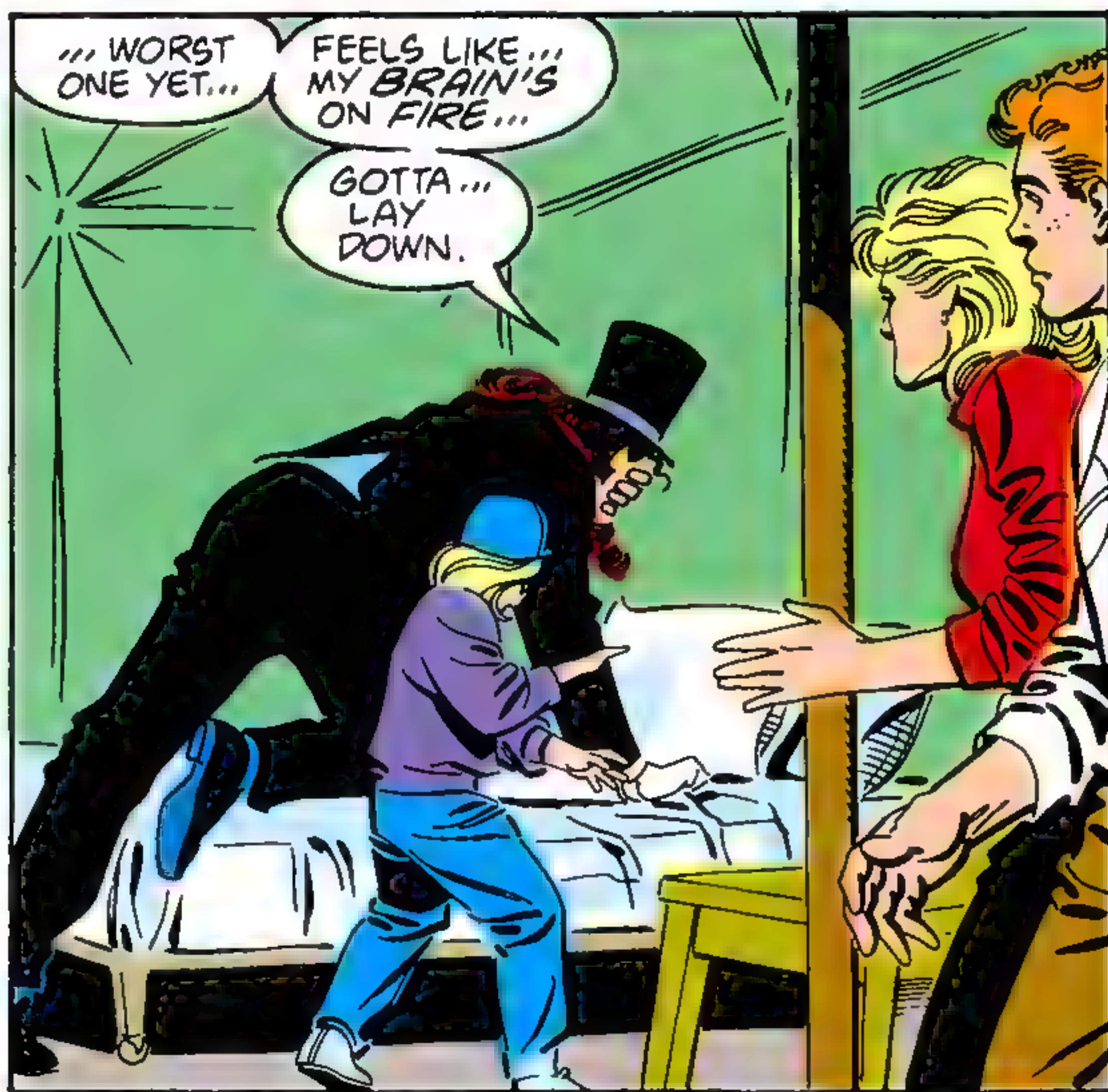
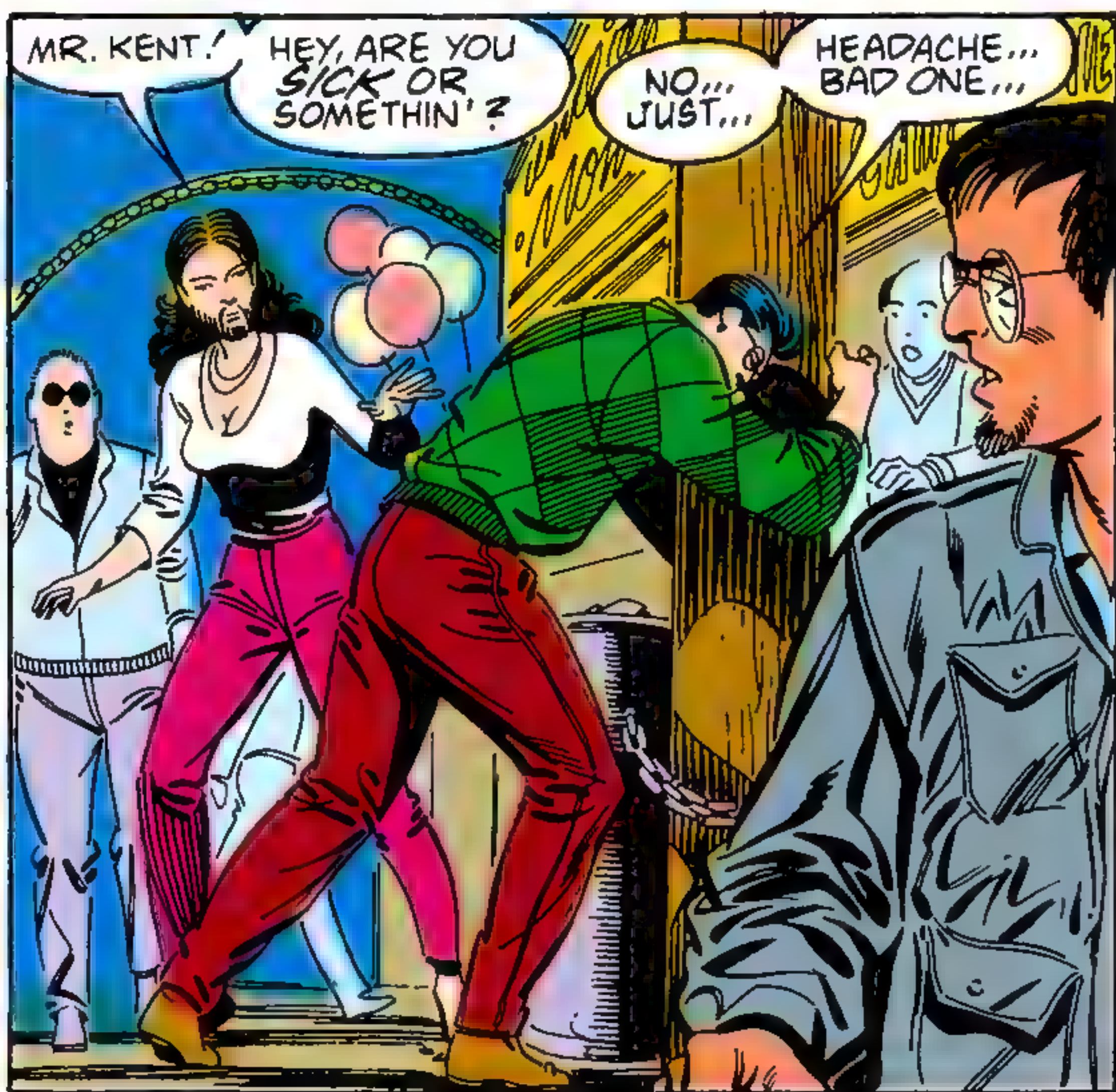
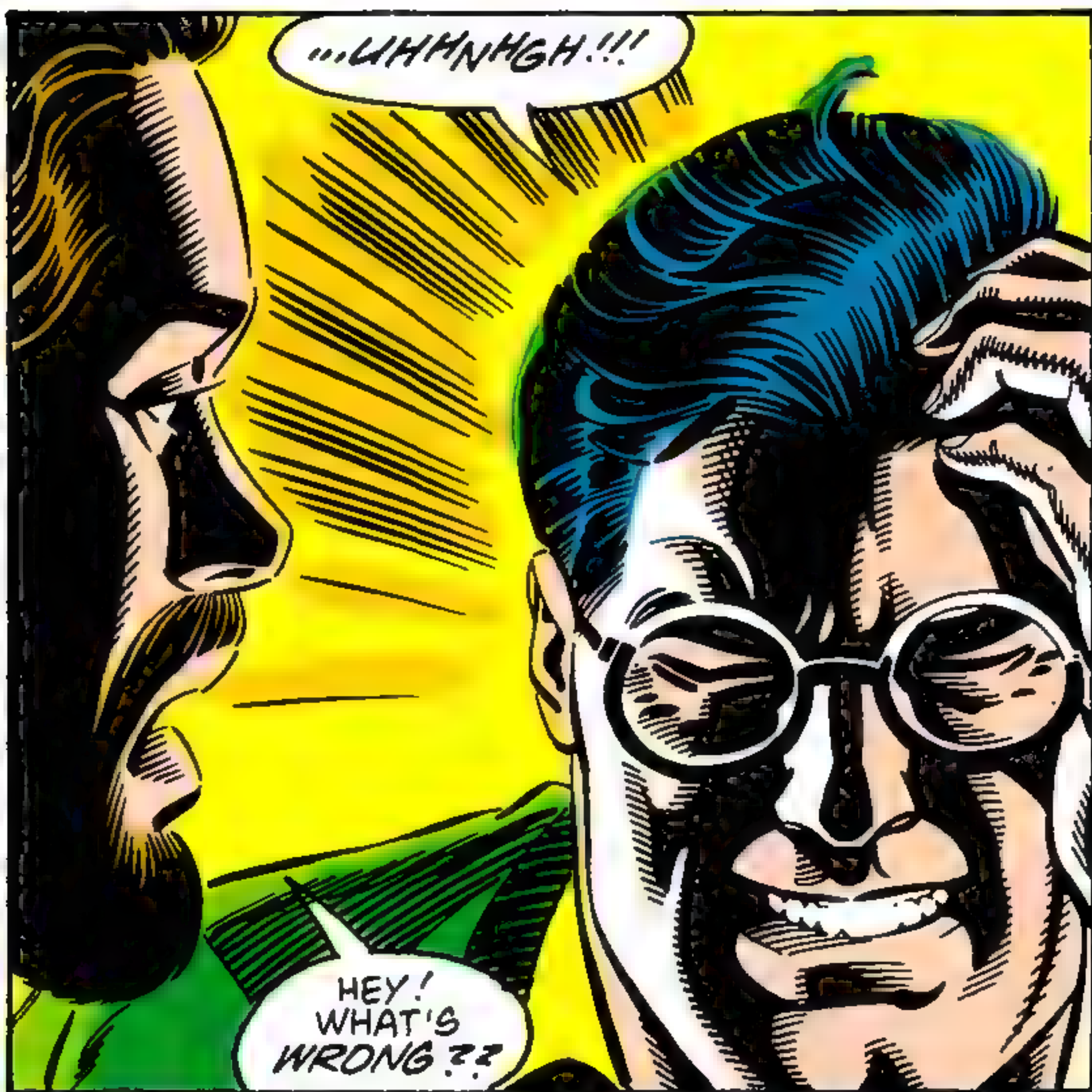
"BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG. HORRIBLY WRONG."

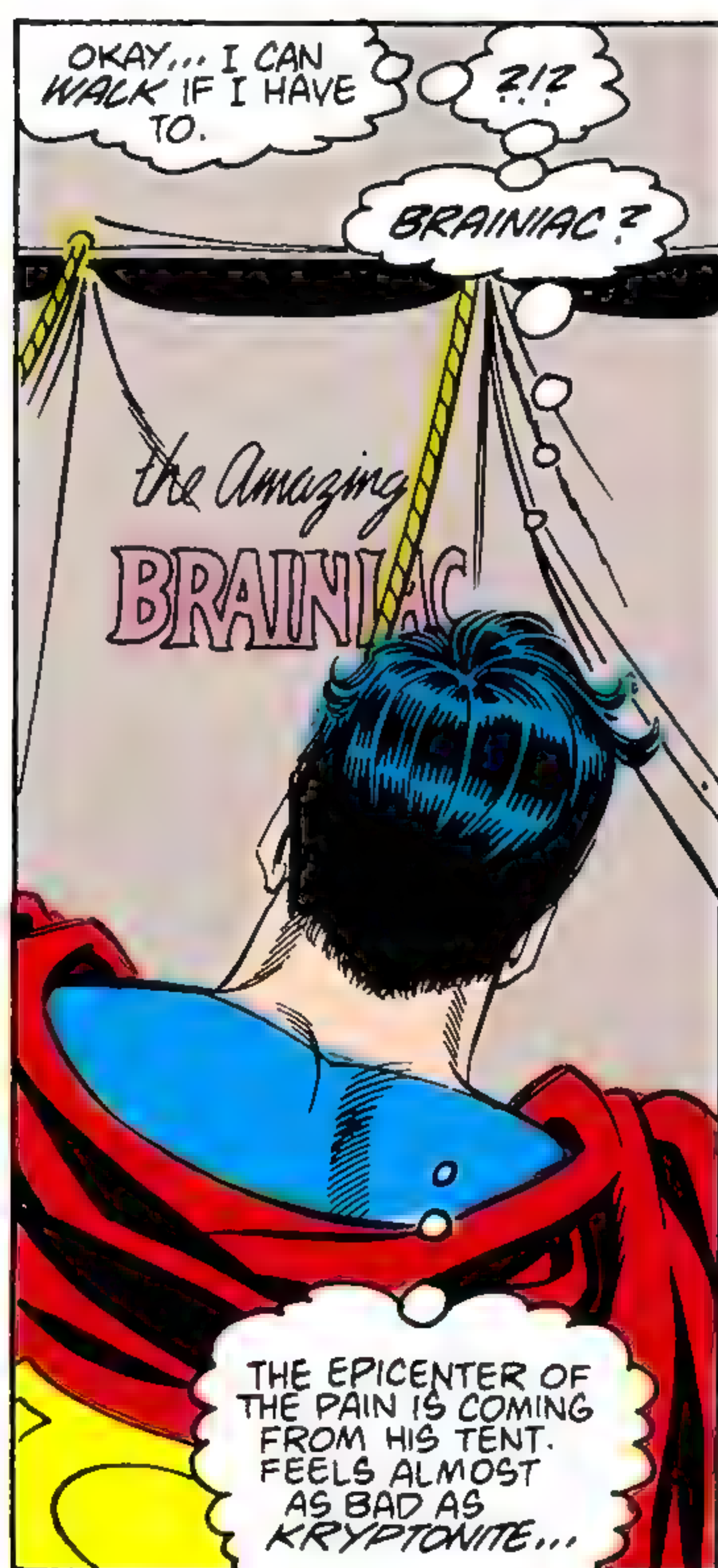
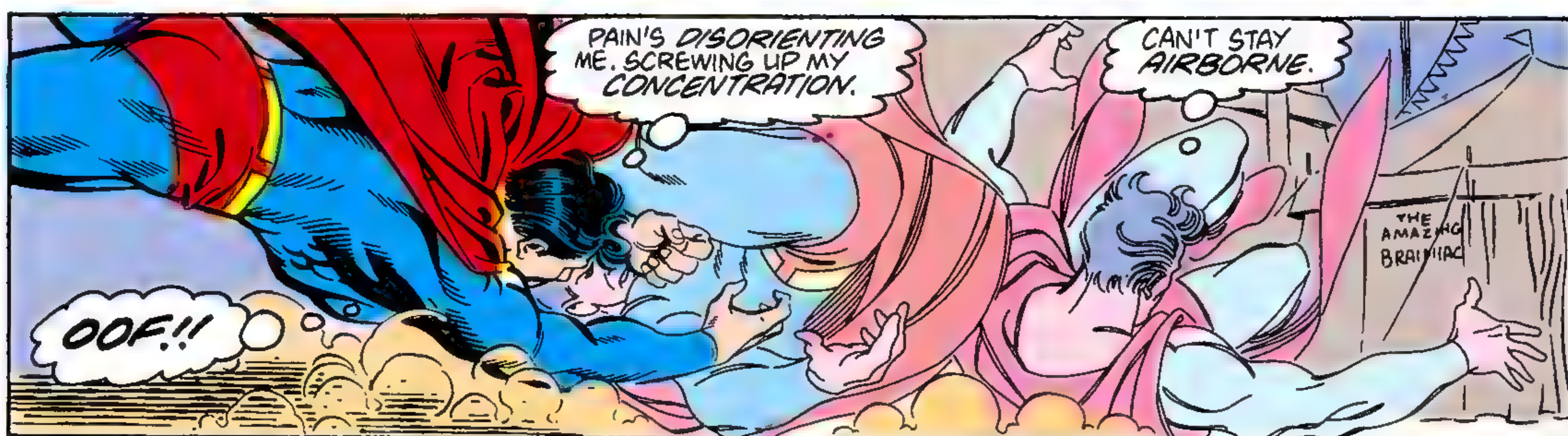
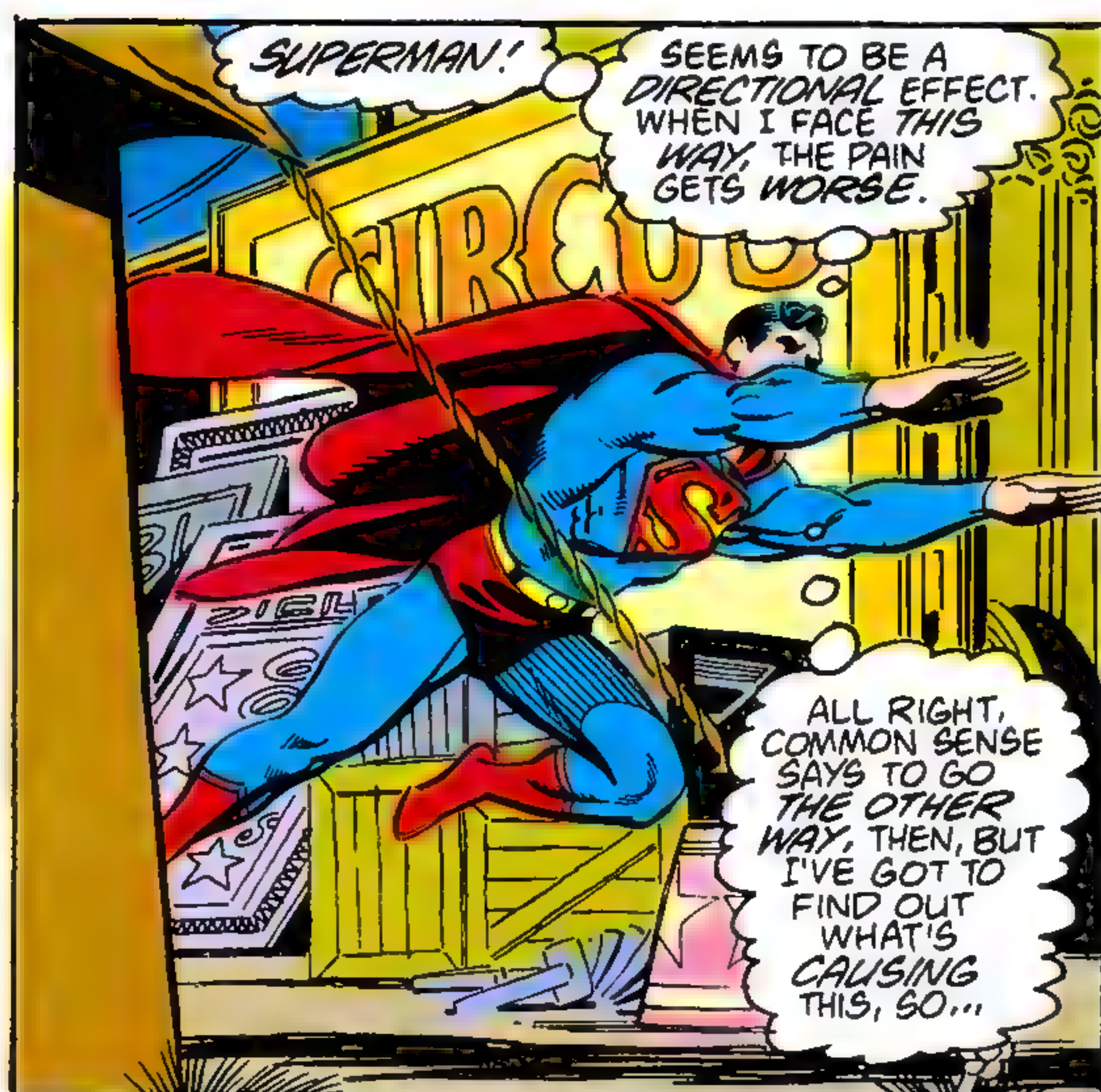
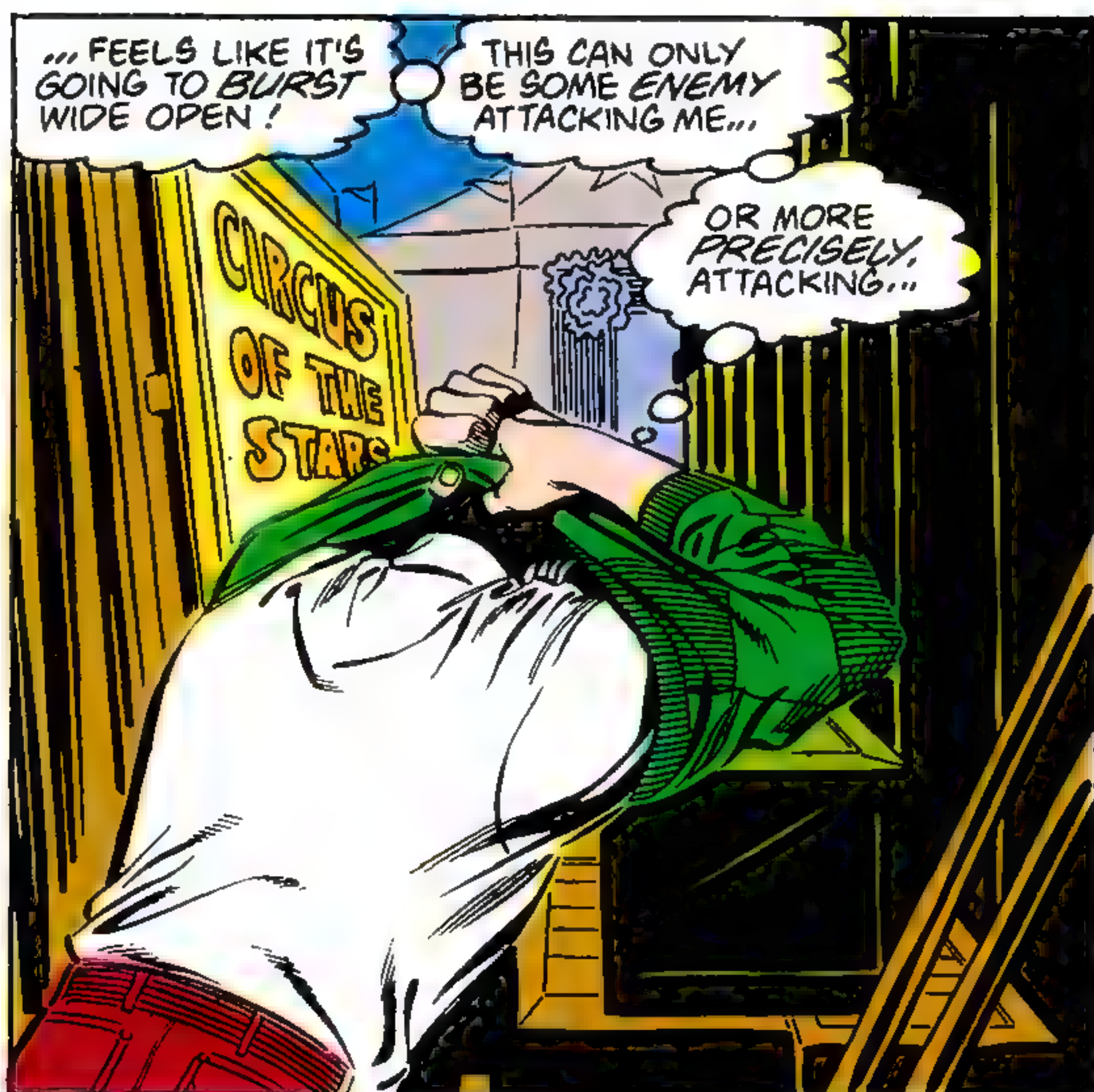
"VRIL DOX'S ATOMS WERE DISASSEMBLED, EXACTLY ACCORDING TO PLAN..."

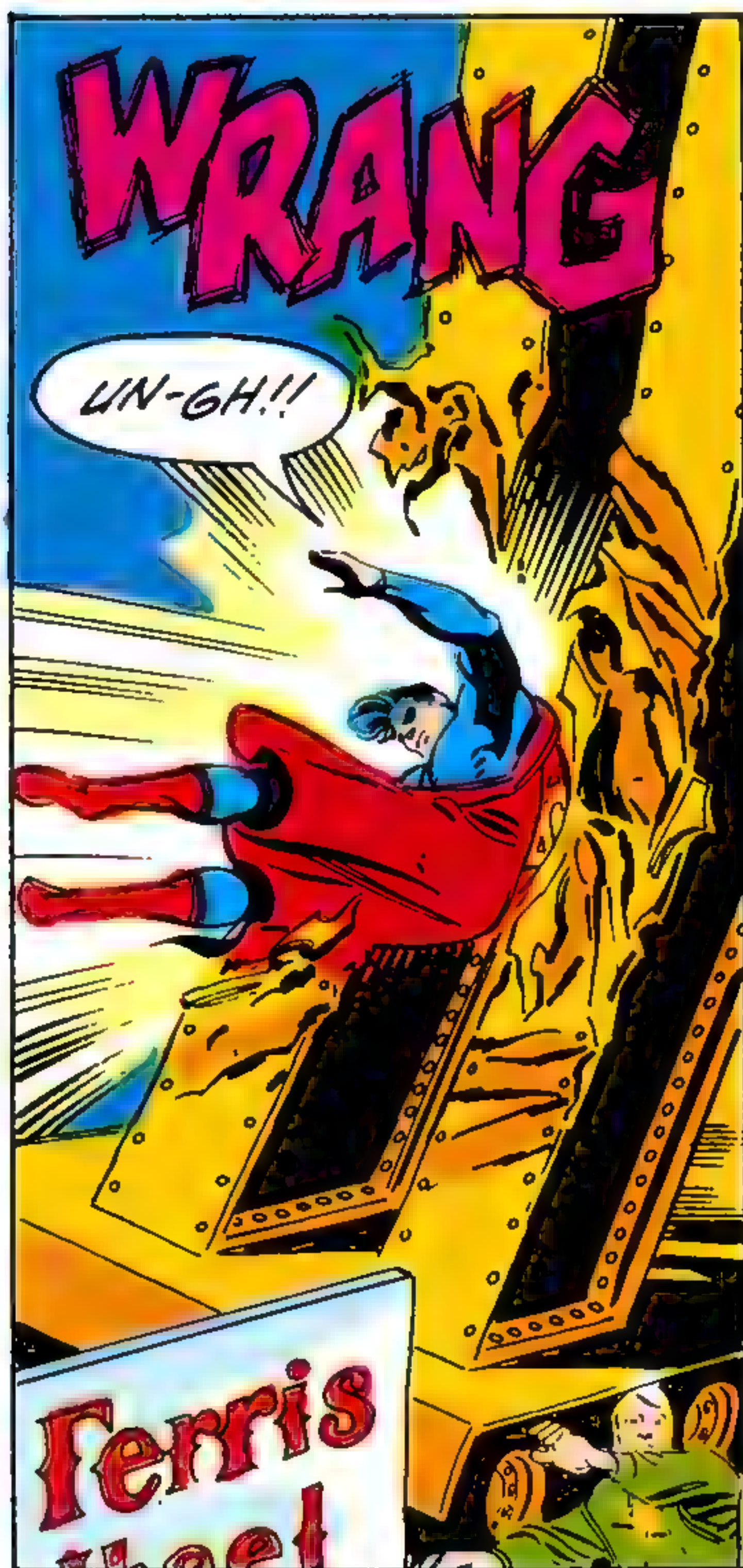
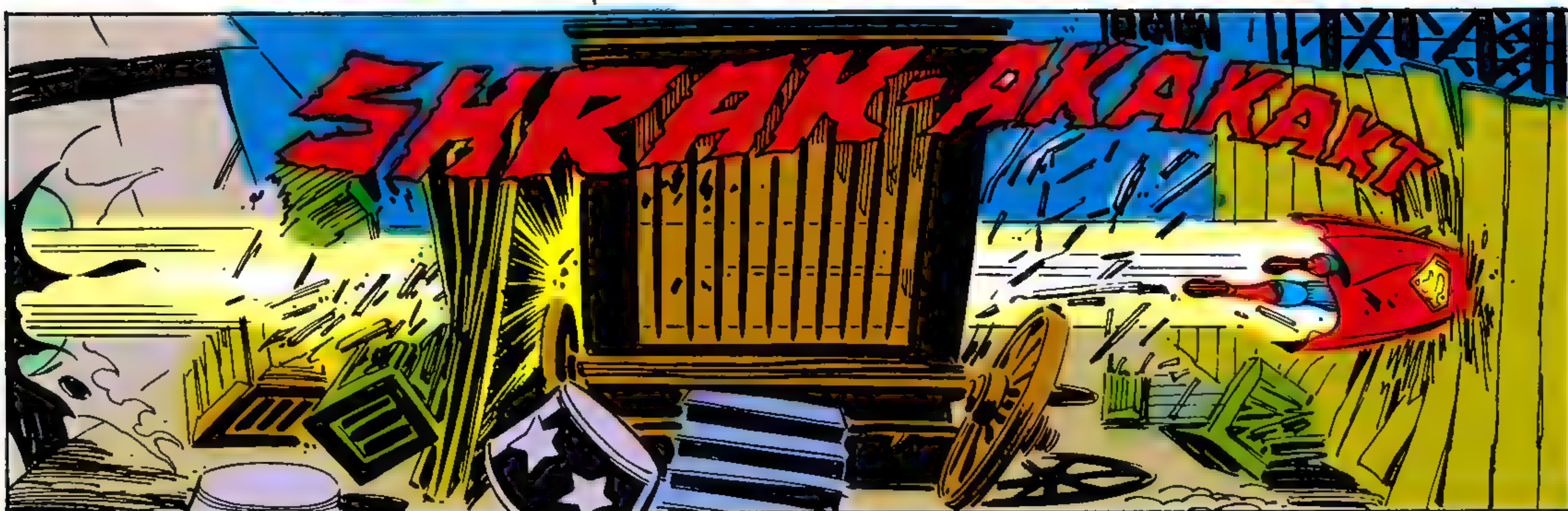
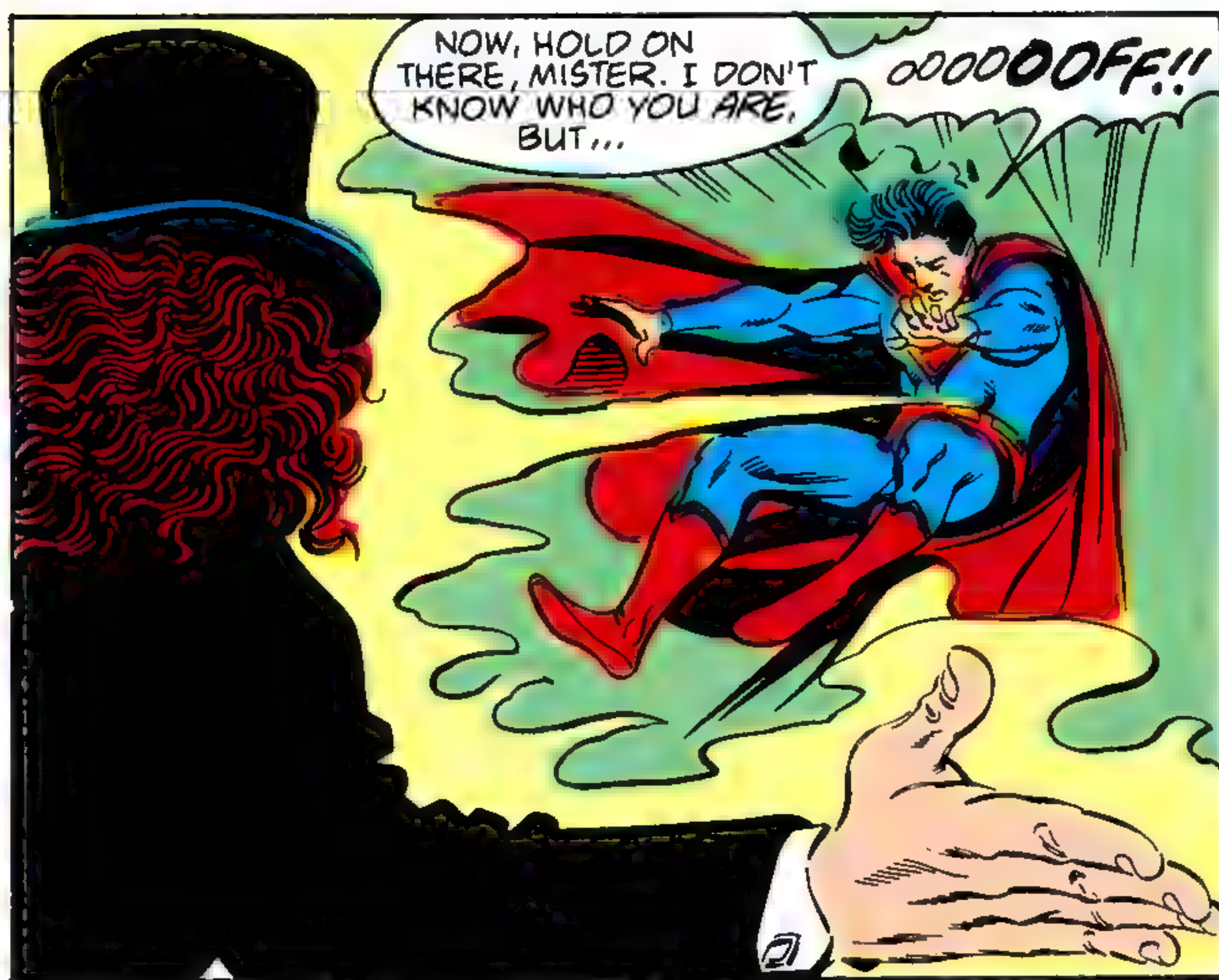
"BUT THEY FAILED TO REASSEMBLE!!"

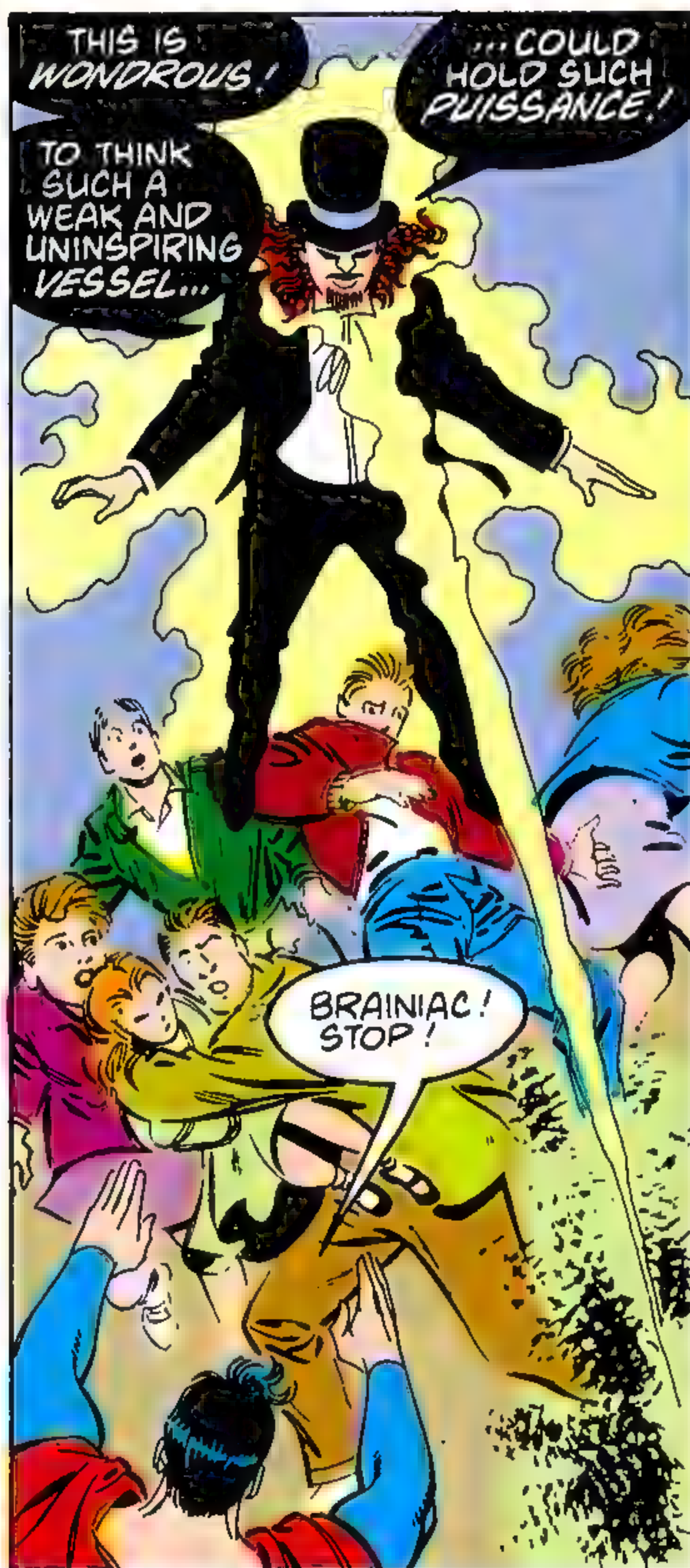
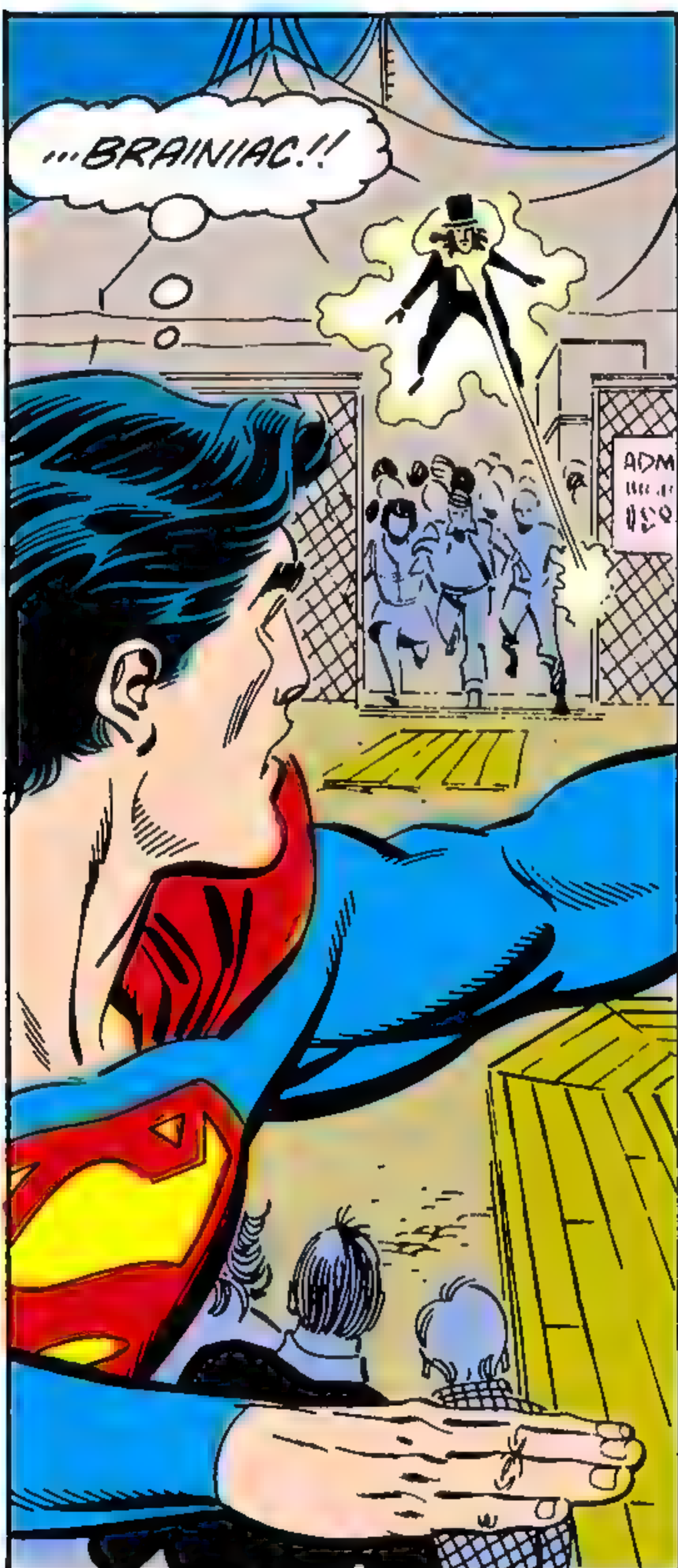
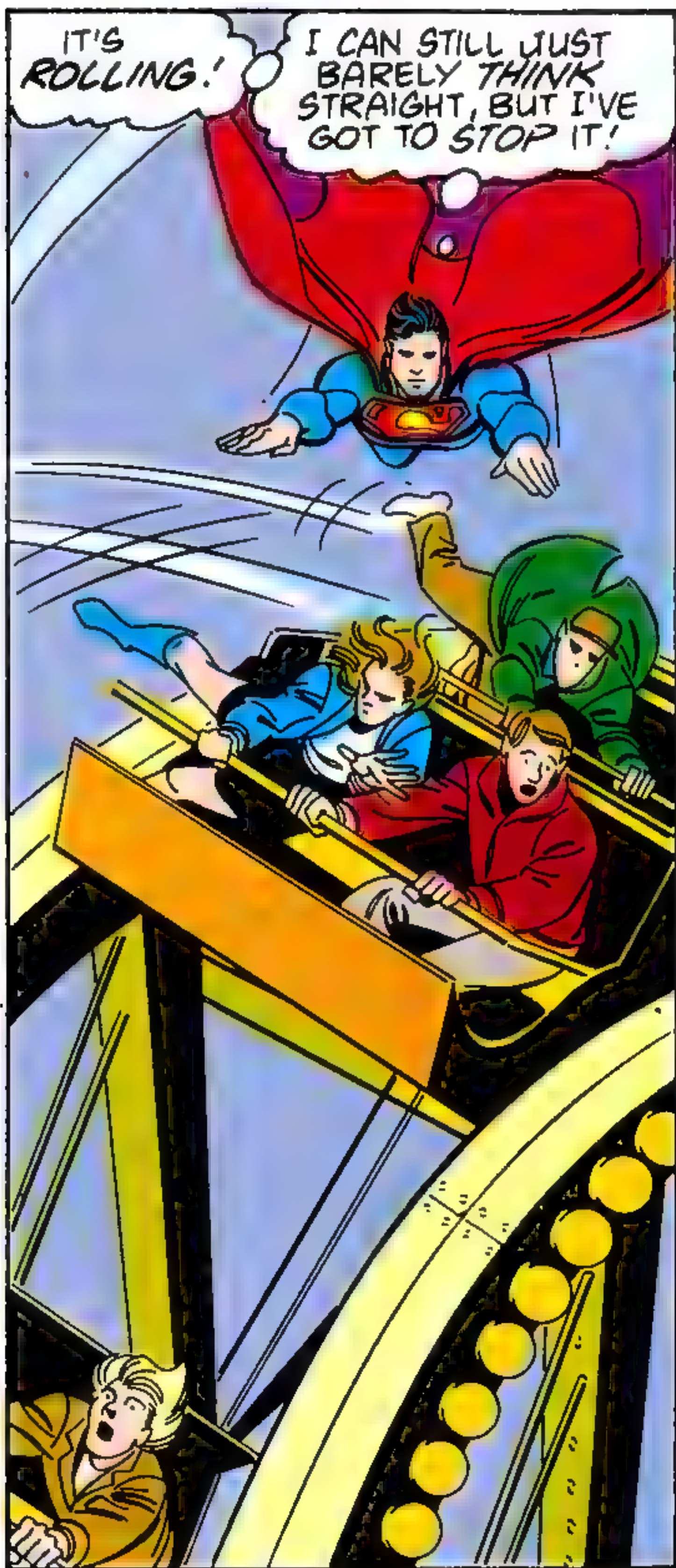
"HE BECAME A... A DEMOLISHED MAN!"

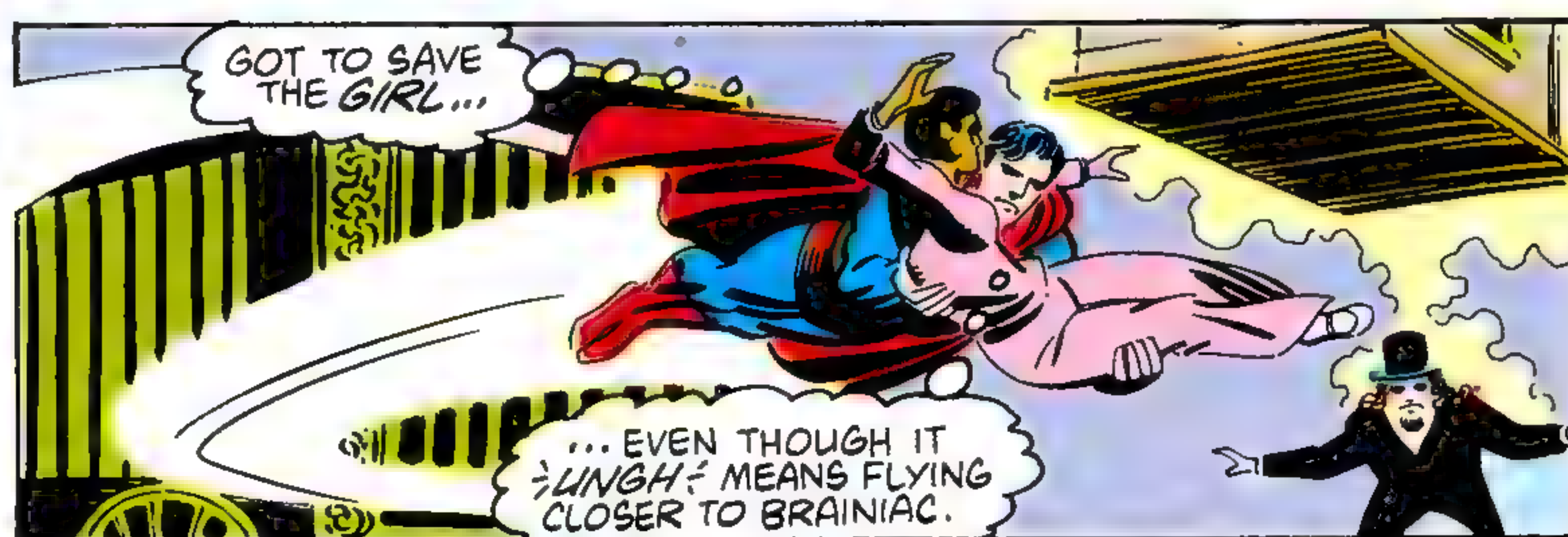
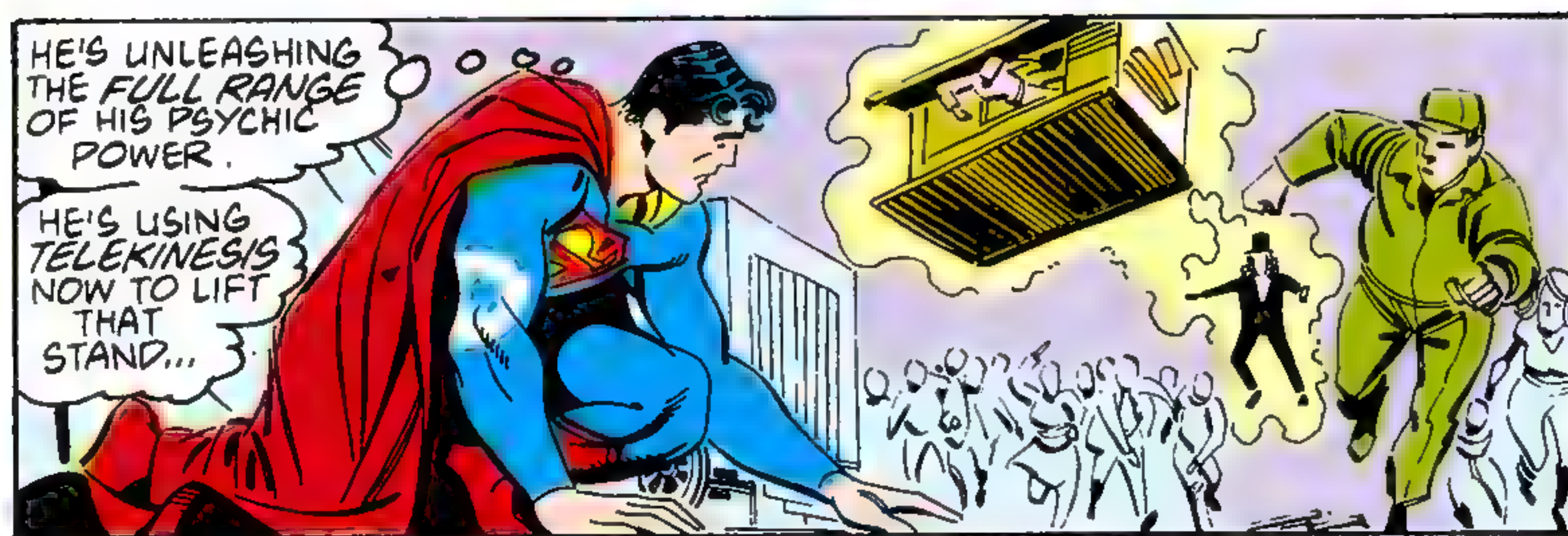
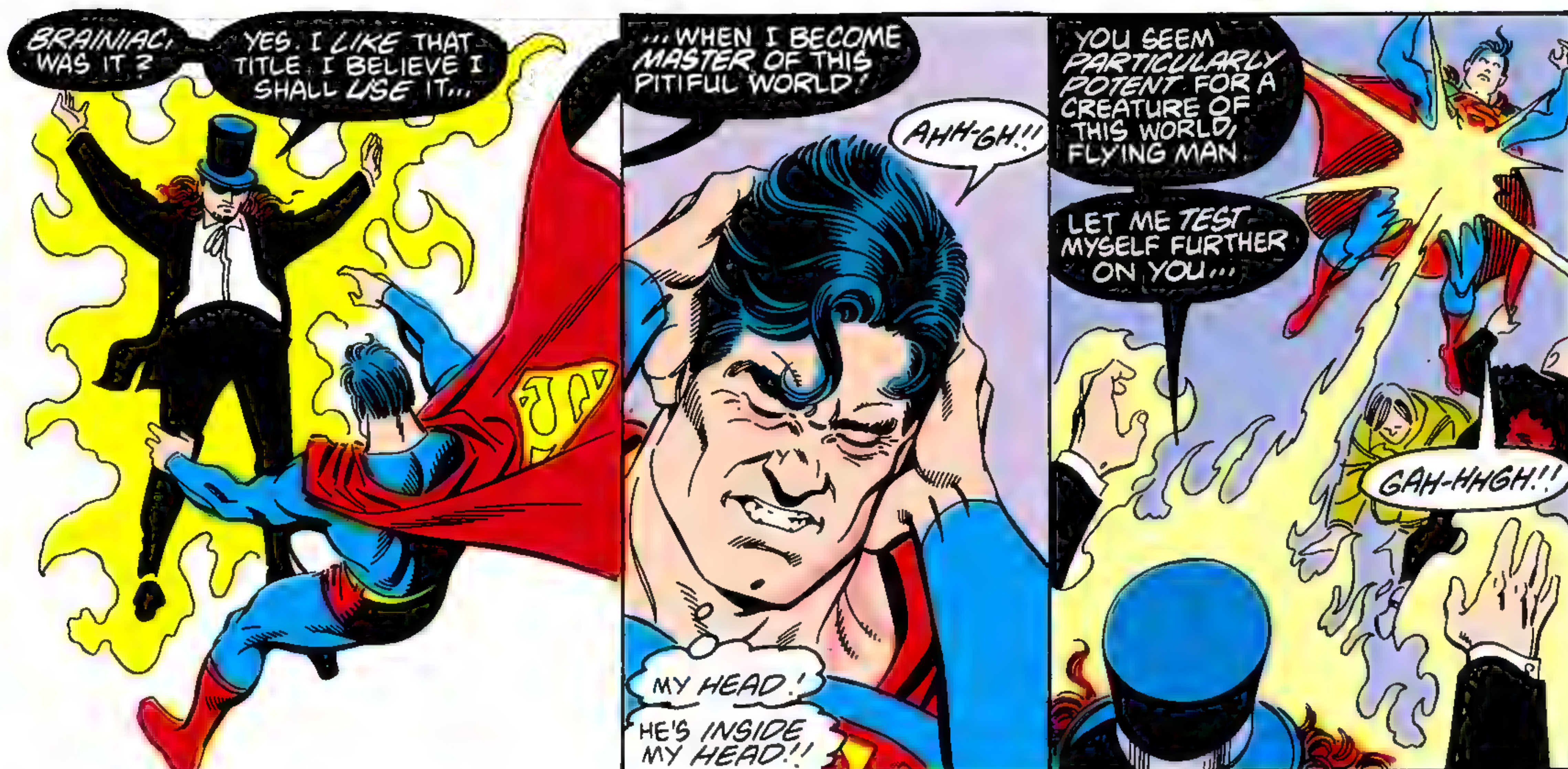


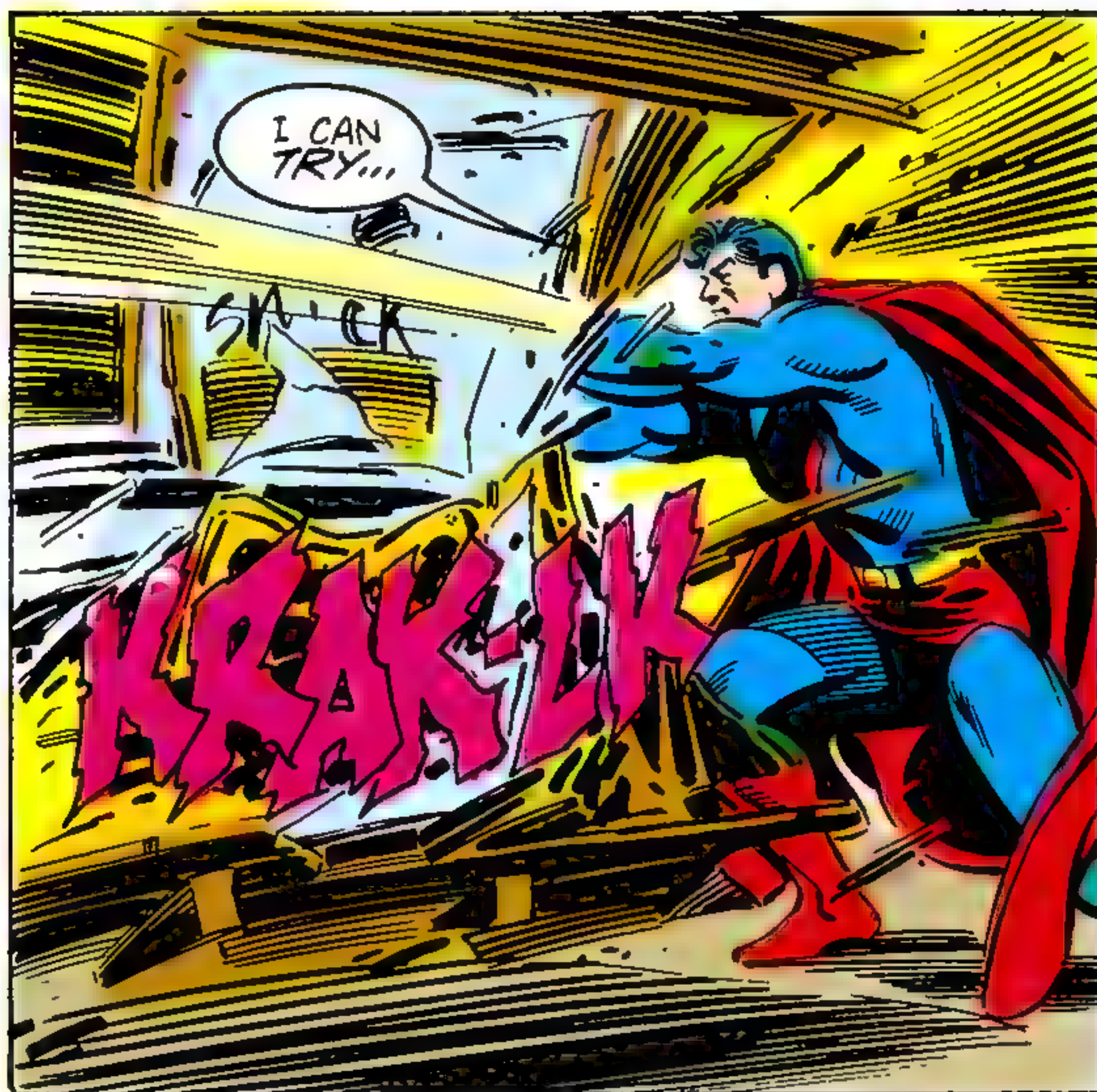


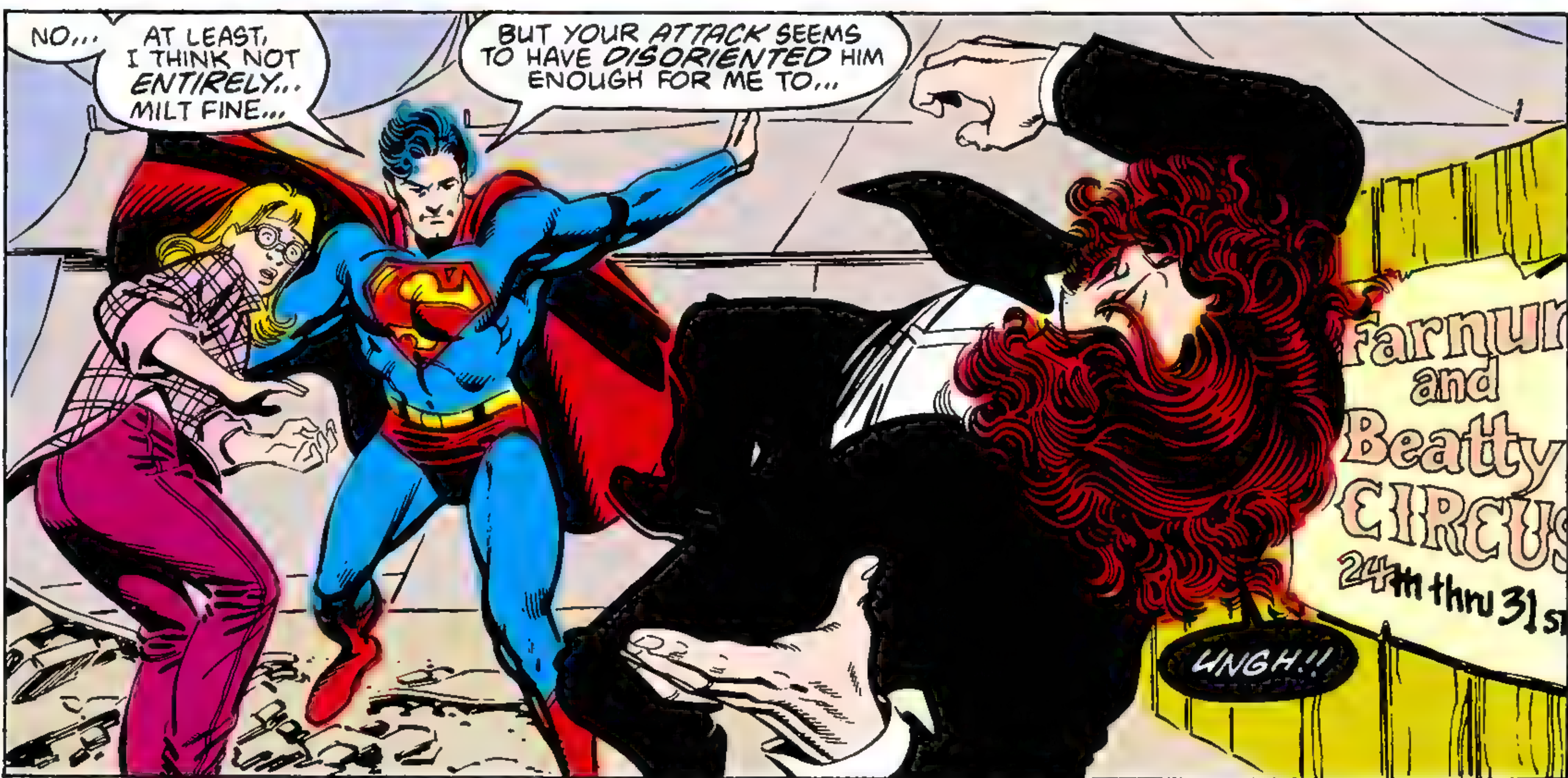
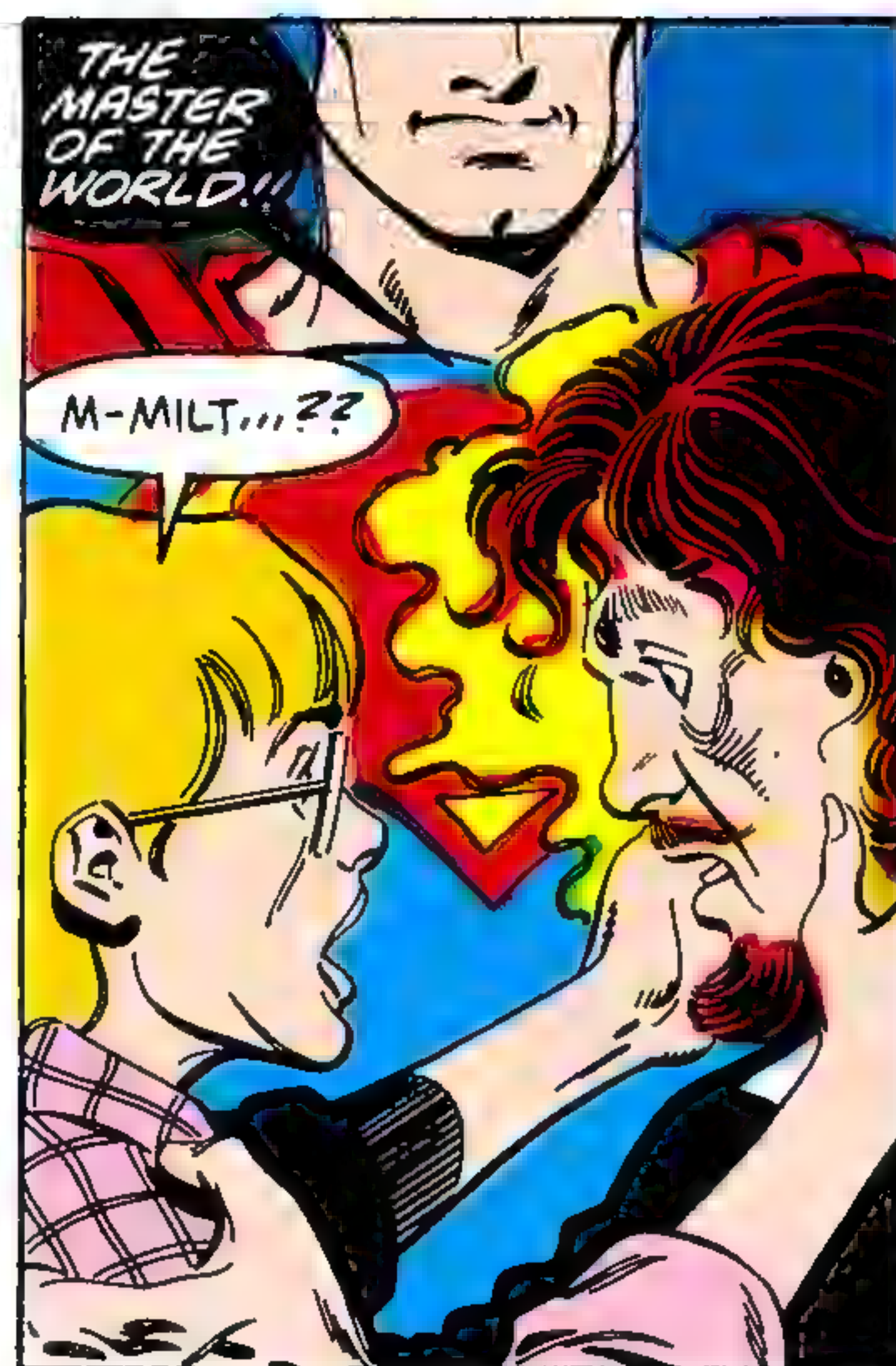
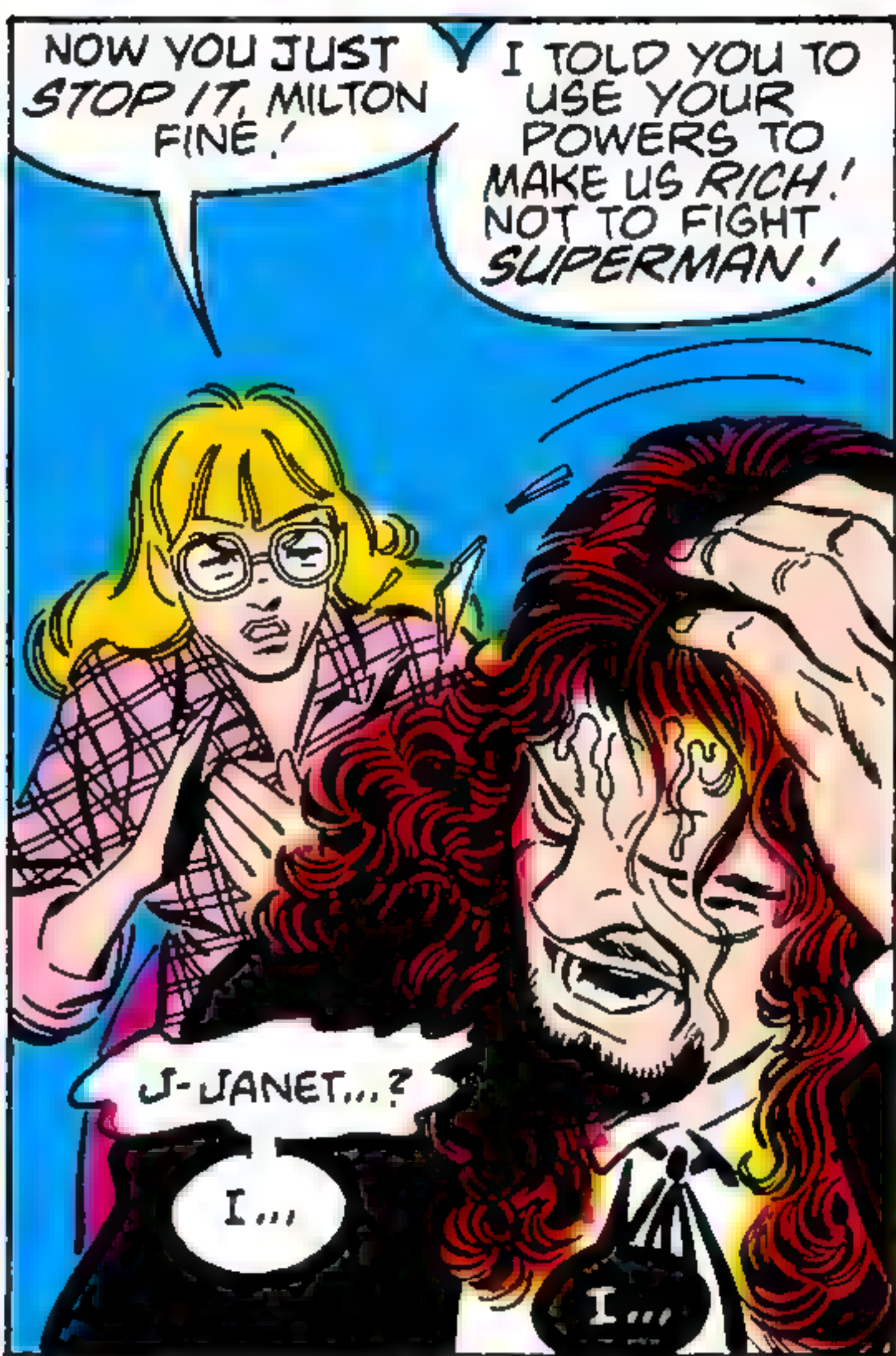
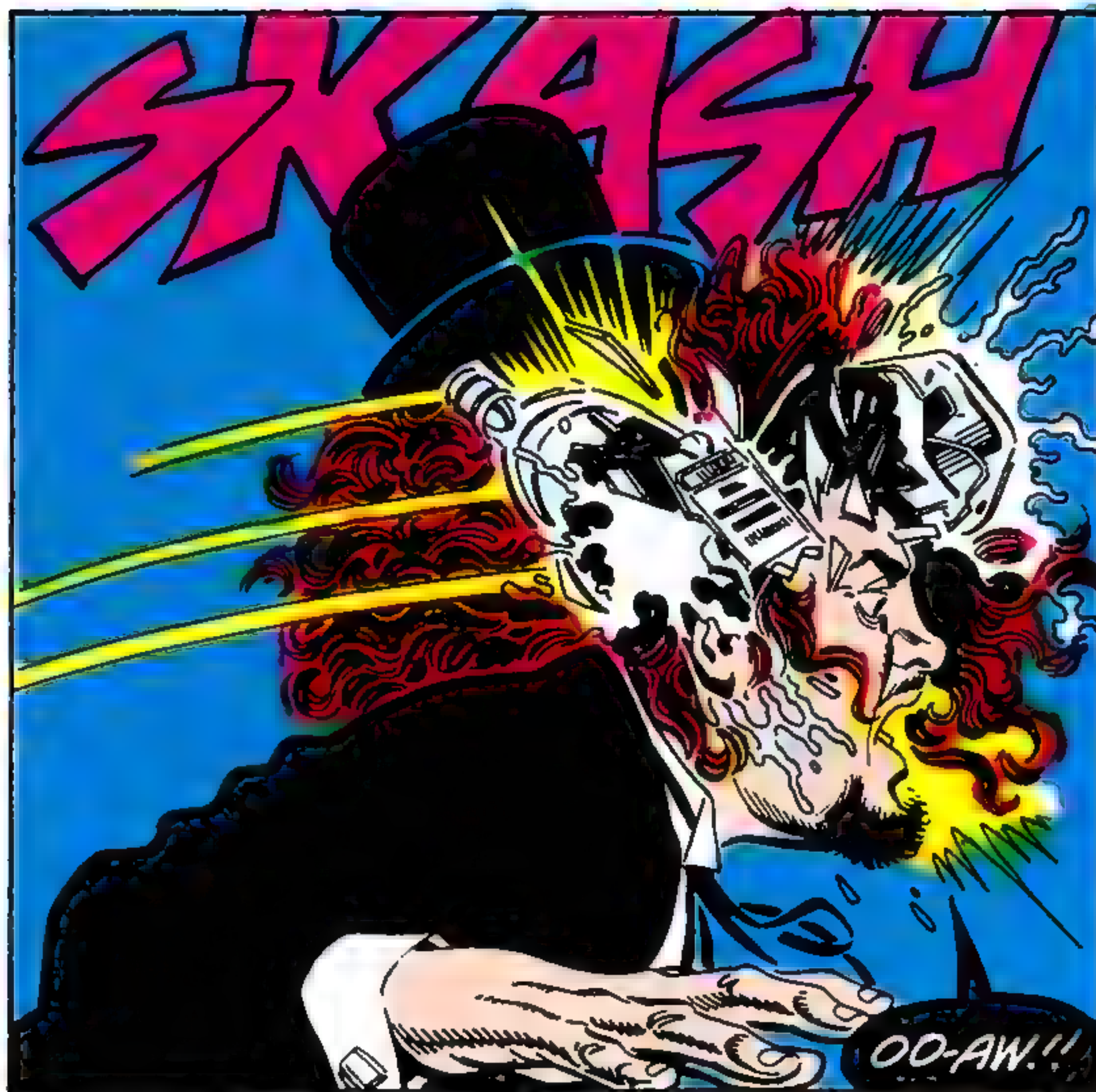


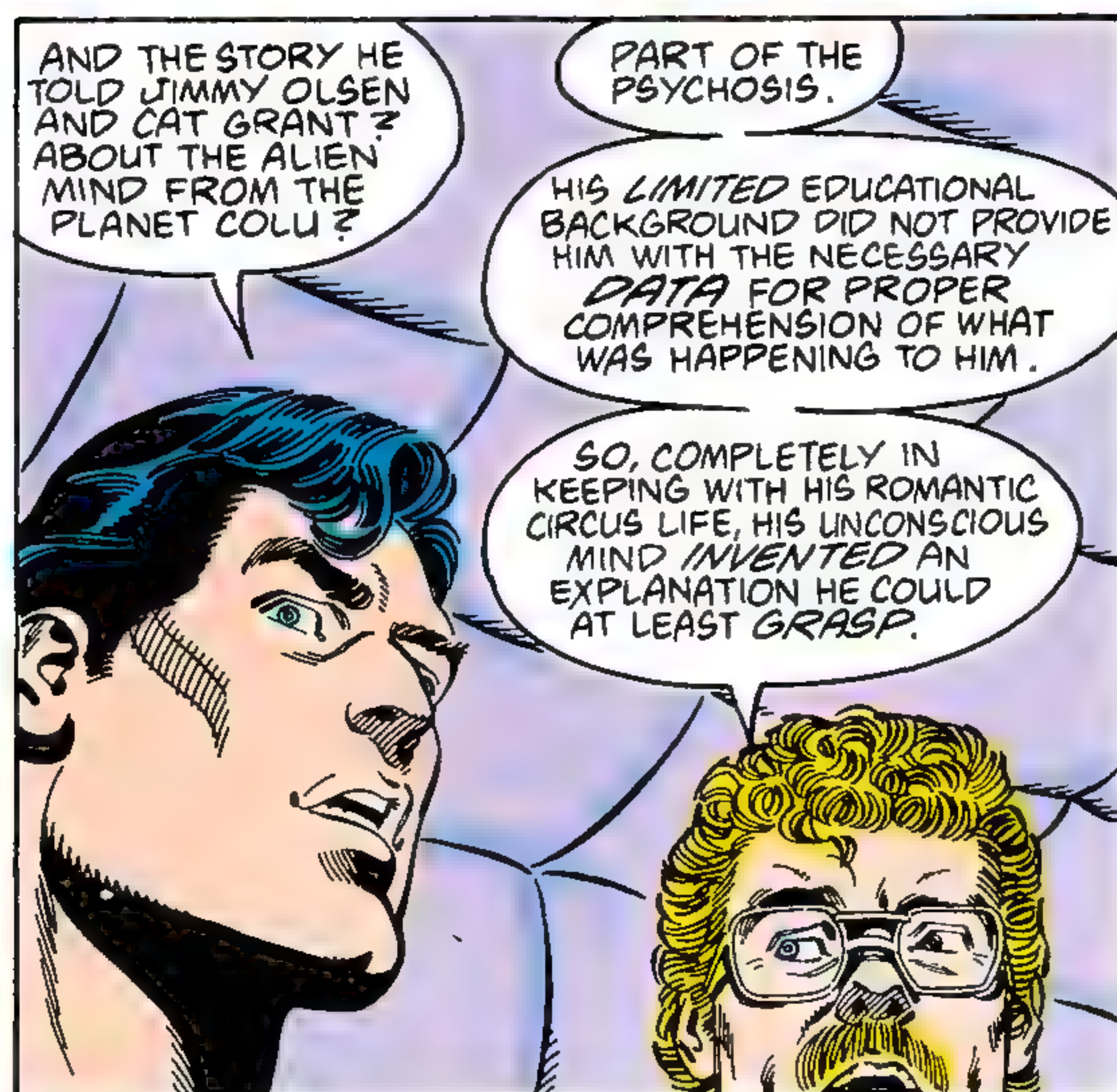
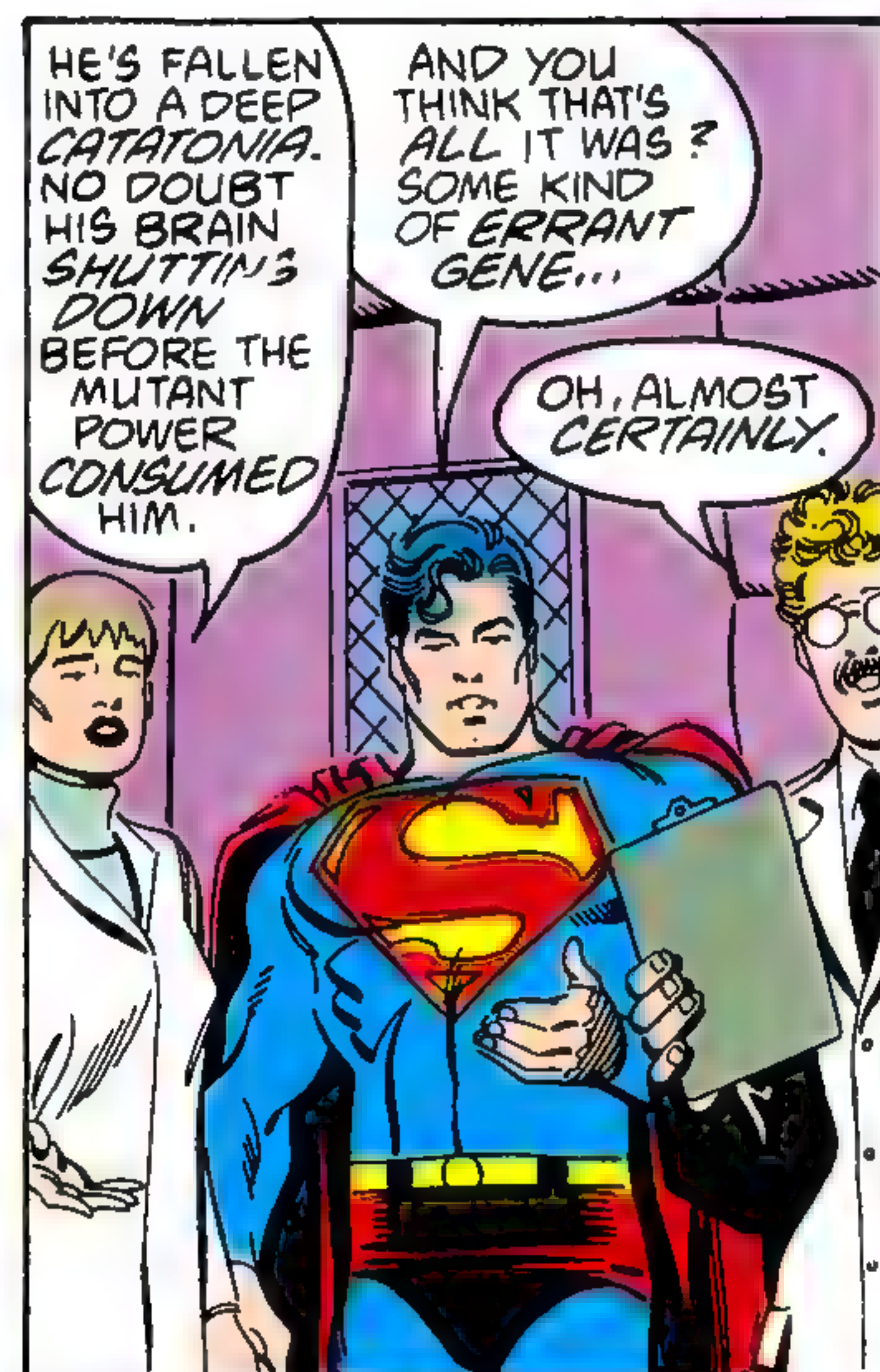
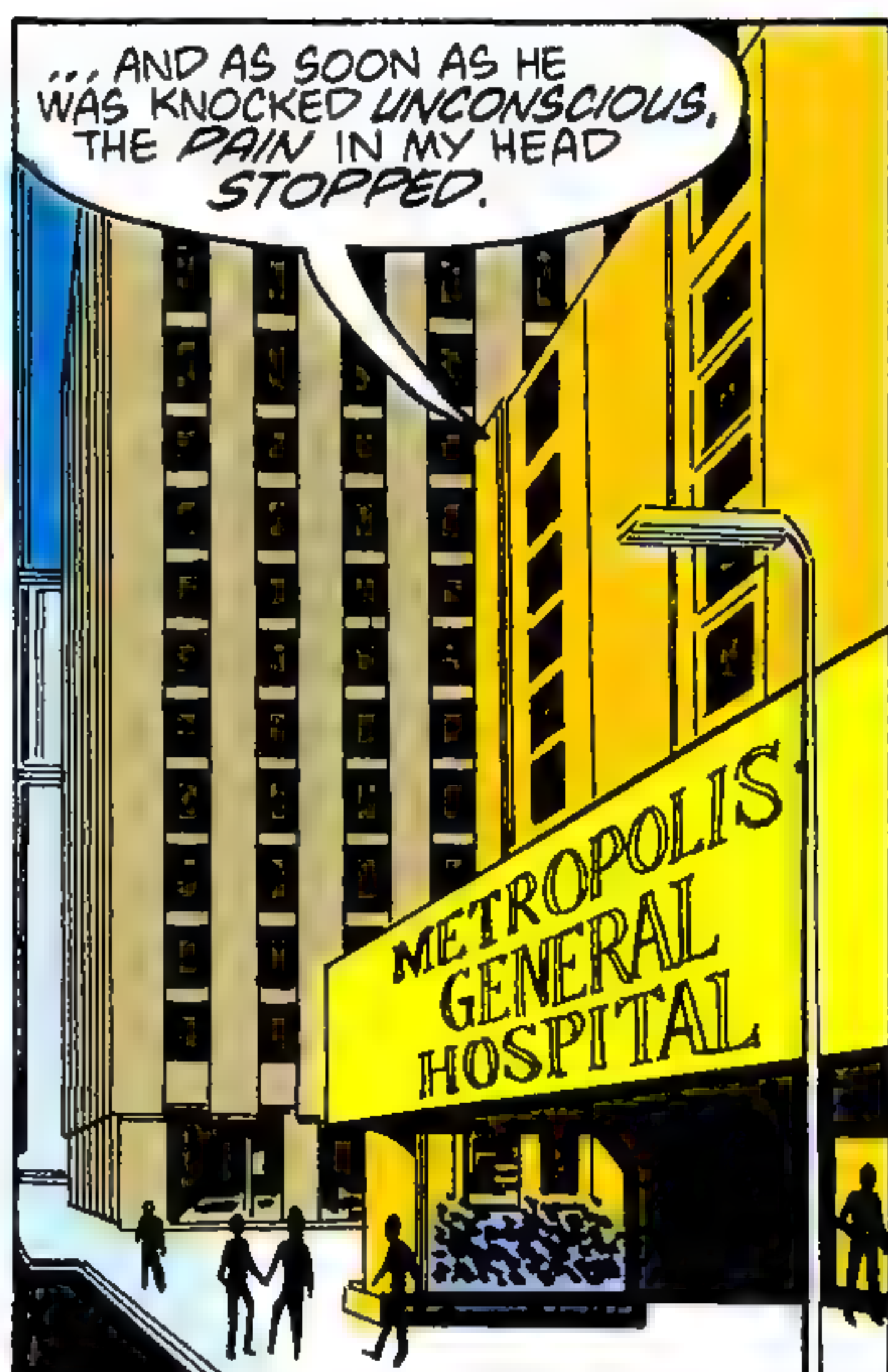






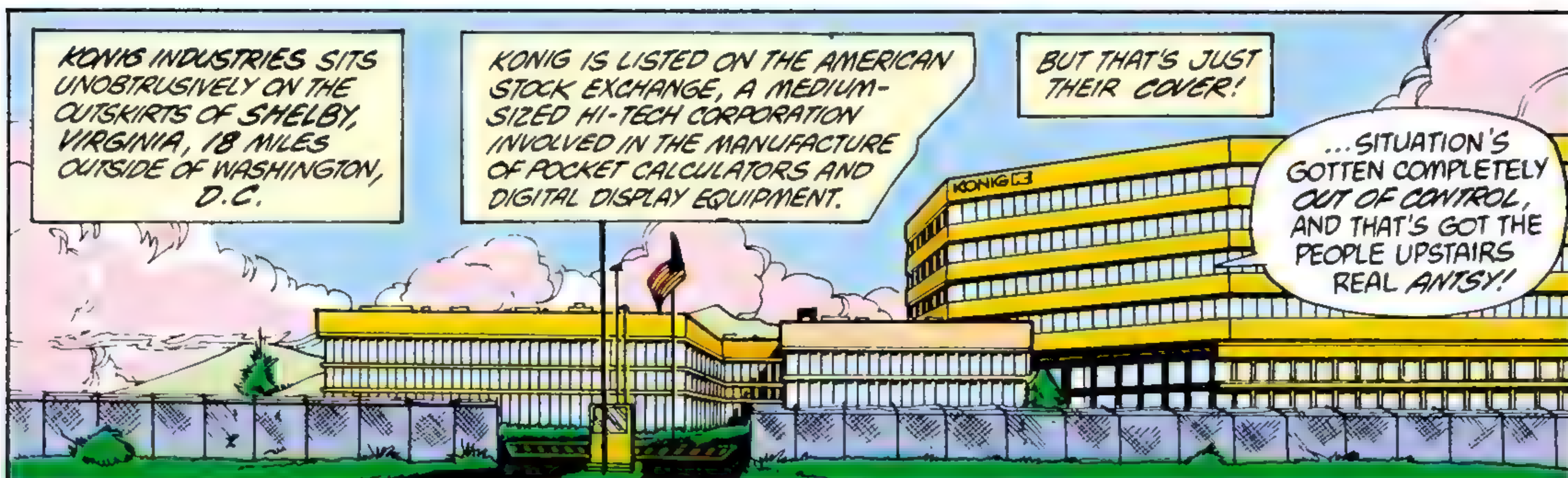






JOHN BYRNE
WRITER
JERRY ORDWAY
PENCILLER
JOHN BEATTY
INKER
ALBERT T. DE GUZMAN
LETTERER
ANTHONY TOLLIN
COLORIST
MICHAEL CARLIN
EDITOR

NEXT
IN
ACTION #598
COMICS
"CODENAME:
Checkmate"
SUPERMAN'S ADVENTURE IN QURAC BEGINS TO CATCH UP TO HIM!



KONIG INDUSTRIES SITS UNOBTUSIVELY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SHELBY, VIRGINIA, 18 MILES OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

KONIG IS LISTED ON THE AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE, A MEDIUM-SIZED HI-TECH CORPORATION INVOLVED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF POCKET CALCULATORS AND DIGITAL DISPLAY EQUIPMENT.

BUT THAT'S JUST THEIR COVER!

...SITUATION'S GOTTEN COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL, AND THAT'S GOT THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS REAL ANTSY!



THE COMPANY MANAGED TO GET A MOLE INSIDE THEIR ORGANIZATION, BUT HE'S BEEN OUT OF CONTACT SINCE LAST WEEK. THEY FIGURE HIS COVER WAS BLOWN.

AN' THEN BLOWN AWAY, HUH?

THAT'S USUALLY THE WAY IT WORKS, HARVEY.

SO WE HAVEN'T ANY REAL IDEA WHAT THEY'RE PLANNING, HARRY?



PUT THE PHOTO UP ON THE SCREEN, WILLYA, B.J.? THANKS.

ALL WE'VE GOT THAT'S SOLID IS THAT THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING BIG IN MIND... AND IT'S GOING TO BE HEADED UP BY THIS MAN-- KHAREEMALI.

THAT'S A MAJOR PROBLEM. AS QURAC'S MINISTER OF DEFENSE, HE'S TRAVELLING UNDER DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY AND THAT MAKES HIM HARD TO TOUCH.



WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, HARRY? WE MOVE OUR PEOPLE IN THERE AND... PHFFT! HE'S GONE BEFORE HE MAKES HIS MOVE!

NO GOOD. THE MAN'S GOING TO BE IN METROPOLIS TO ADDRESS THE UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE. BESIDES, WE NEED TO KILL THE OPERATION, NOT JUST THE MAN.



METROPOLIS?

I BELIEVE WE ALREADY HAVE A SOLUTION IN PLACE THERE...!

WELCOME TO... CHECKMATE!

Checkmate!

TM

THIS
STINKS!

USED TO BE THERE WAS SO MUCH
SATISFACTION DOING WHAT I DO--
HAVING THE POWERS AND ABILITY TO
HELP PEOPLE OUT OF JUST ABOUT
ANYTHING.

BUT LATELY...
LATELY I'M LUCKY
IF I CAN EVEN
HELP MYSELF.

JOHN BYRNE & PAUL KUPPERBERG

penciller / co-plotters / scripter

TY TEMPLETON

inker

JOHN COSTANZA, PETRA SCOTese, MIKE CARLIN

letterer

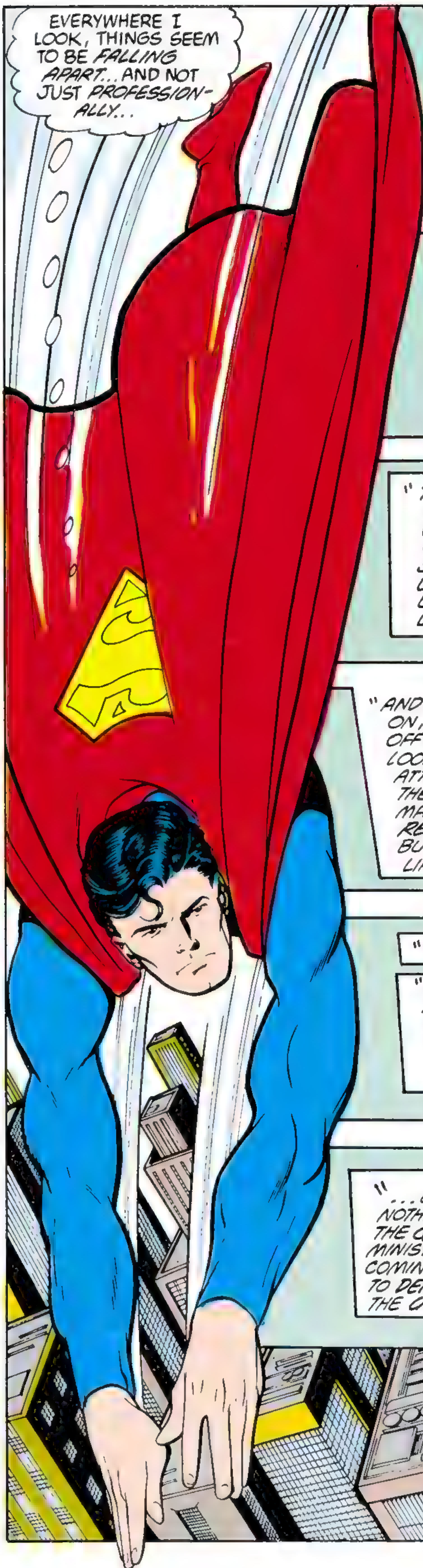
colorist

editor

SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

CHECKMATE! created by PAUL KUPPERBERG & JOHN BYRNE

ACTION COMICS 598 (USPS 004-480) Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ACTION COMICS, DC Comics, Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1981, New York, NY 10185. Annual subscription rate \$9.00. Outside U.S.A. \$11.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright © 1987 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A. DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company.

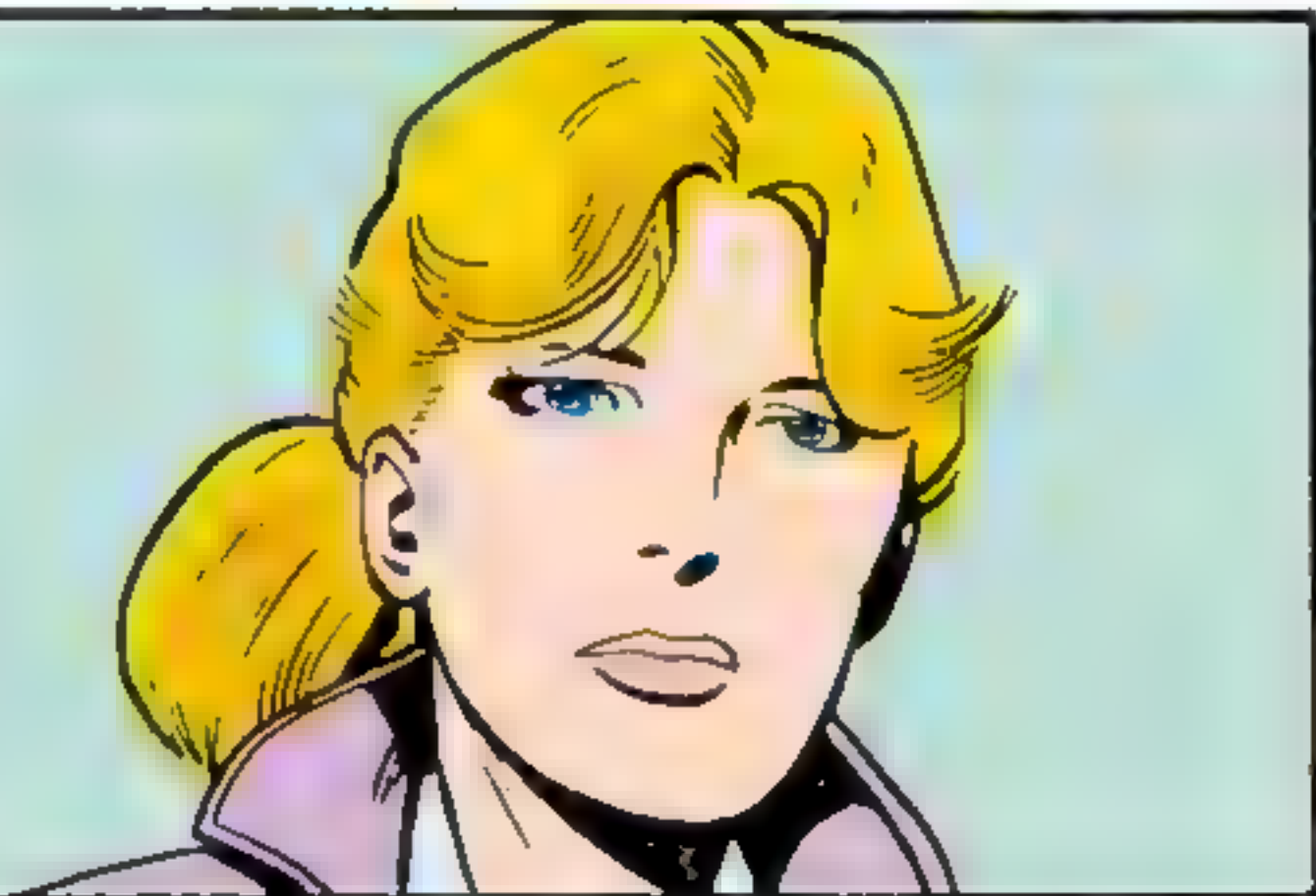


EVERYWHERE I LOOK, THINGS SEEM TO BE FALLING APART... AND NOT JUST PROFESSIONALLY...

" I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO ABOUT LOIS. SHE THINKS I'VE BEEN PLAYING GAMES WITH HER, UTILIZING MY 'FRIENDSHIP' WITH CLARK KENT TO BEAT HER OUT OF STORIES ABOUT SUPERMAN'S EXPLOITS...



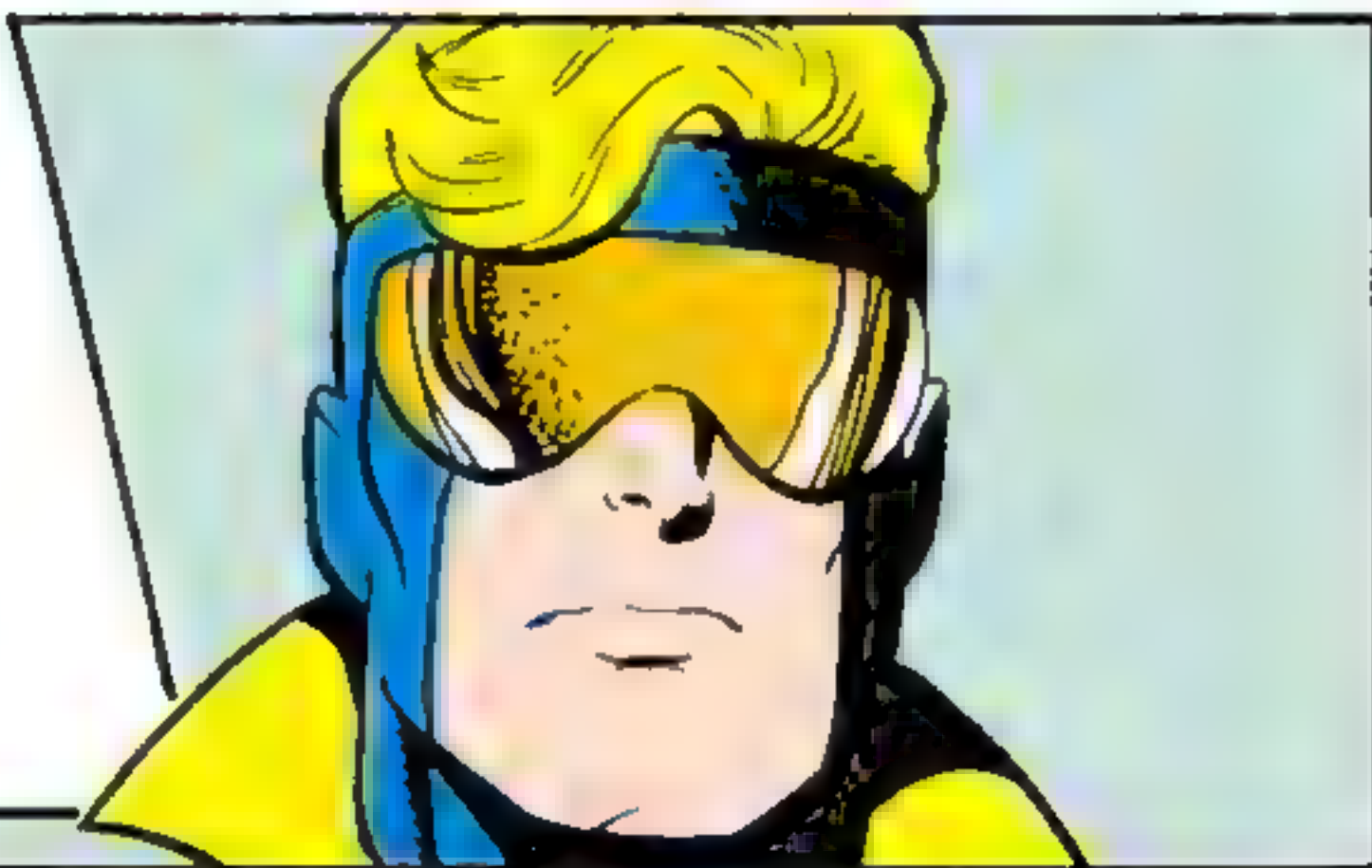
"... AND LANA... SUFFERING THROUGH BRAINWASHING AND LORD KNOWS WHAT ELSE AT THE HANDS OF THE MANHUNTERS... ALL BECAUSE SHE'S A FRIEND OF MINE.



" THEN THERE'S GANGBUSTER. WE BOTH THOUGHT HE WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING, GOING AFTER METROPOLIS' STREET GANGS... NEITHER OF US EVER BELIEVED HE'D WIND UP GETTING SAVAGELY BEATEN... LEFT CRIPPLED BY HIS INJURIES.



" AND WHILE ALL THAT WAS GOING ON, I STILL HAD TO FIGHT OFF BOOSTER GOLD WHO WAS LOOKING TO BRING ME IN AFTER I ATTACKED QURAC TO DESTROY THE TERRORIST BASES THEY MAINTAIN THERE. ONLY IT WASN'T REALLY GOLD AFTER ME-- BUT A ROBOT CREATED IN HIS LIKENESS BY LEX LUTHOR.



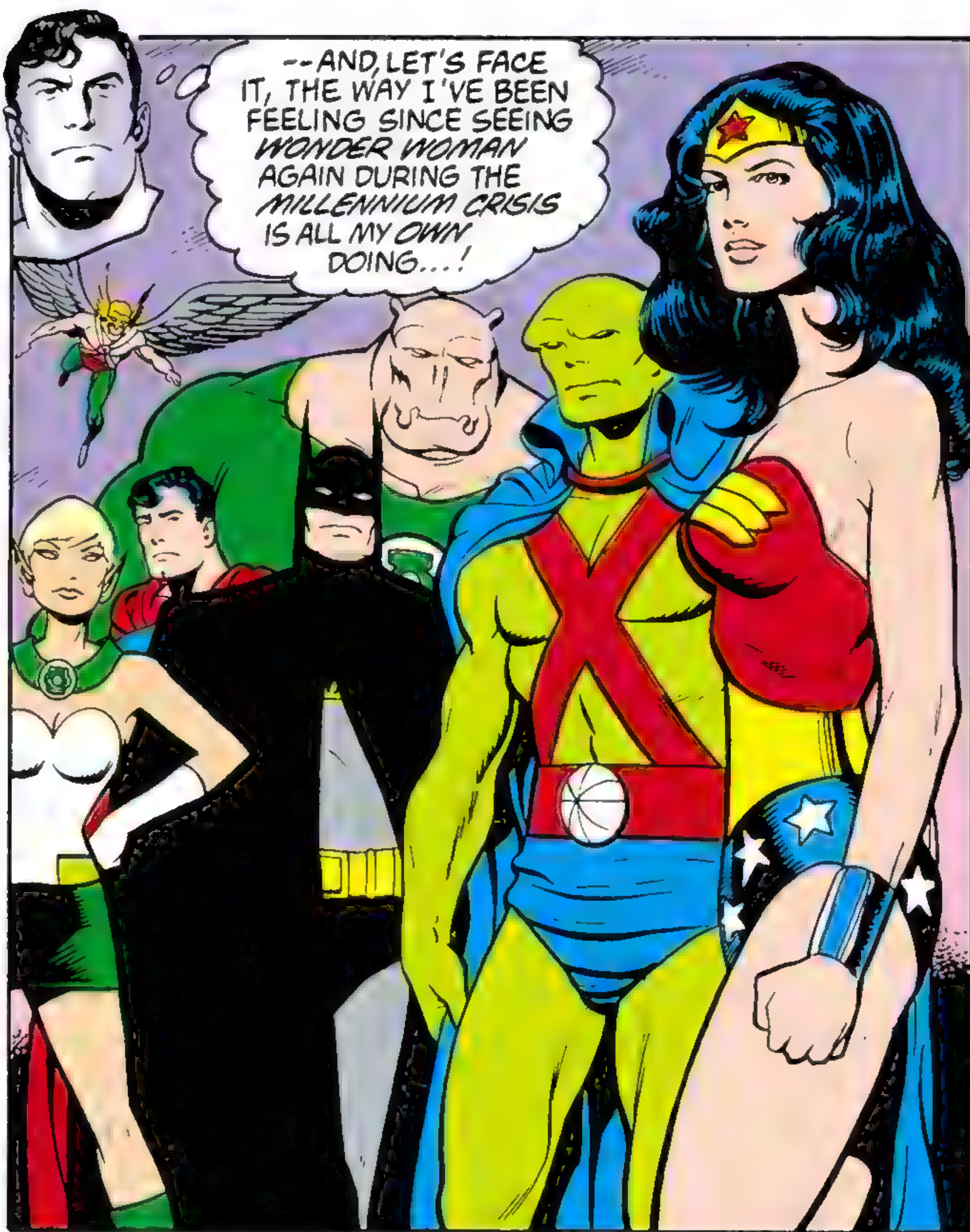
" LUTHOR!

" HE'S BEHIND MOST OF MY TROUBLES, I SUPPOSE. MAYBE IT'D BE EASIER IF I COULD JUST BLAME HIM FOR WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON...

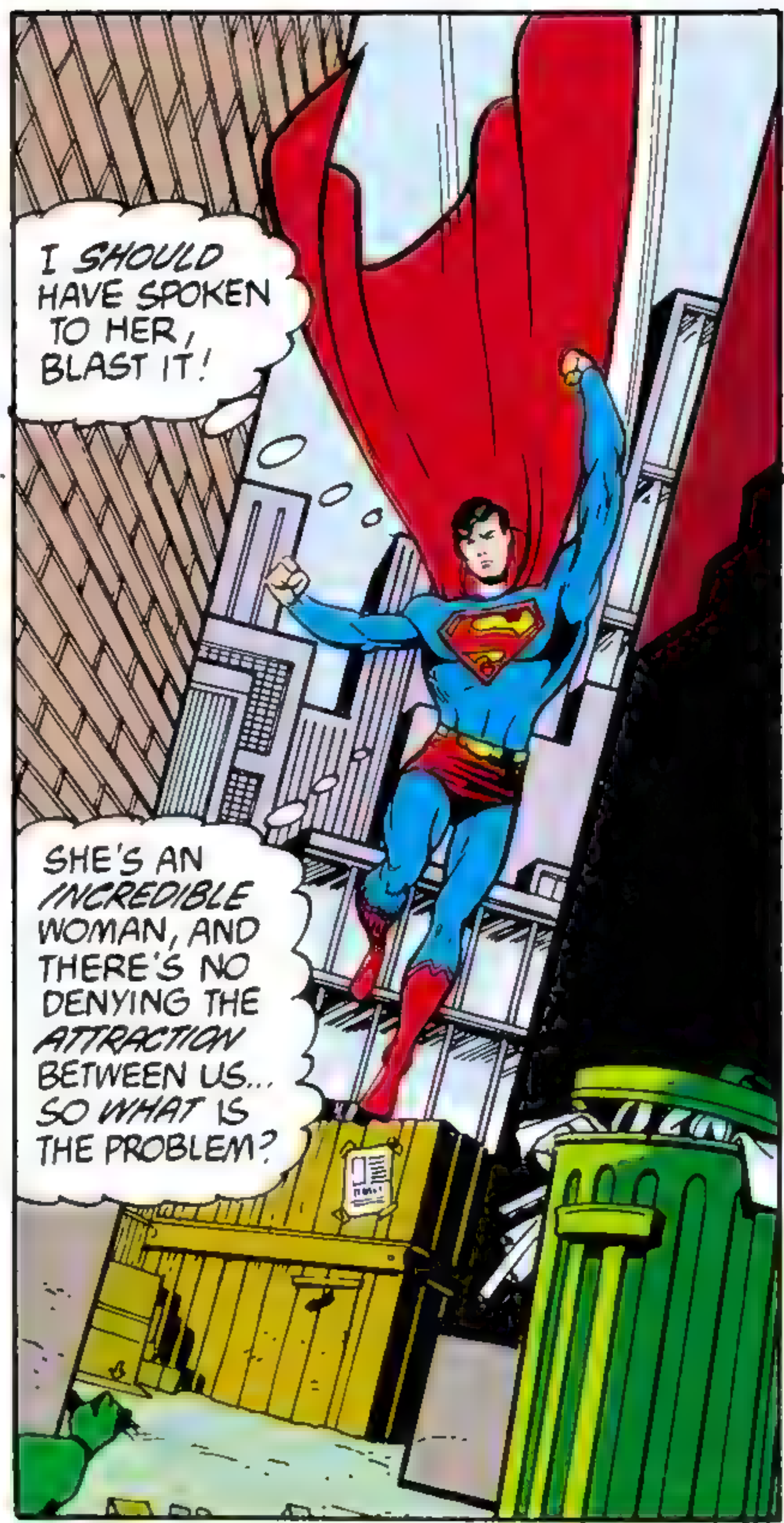


"... BUT HE'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE QURACAN MINISTER OF DEFENSE COMING TO METROPOLIS TO DENOUNCE ME AT THE U.N. CONFERENCE--



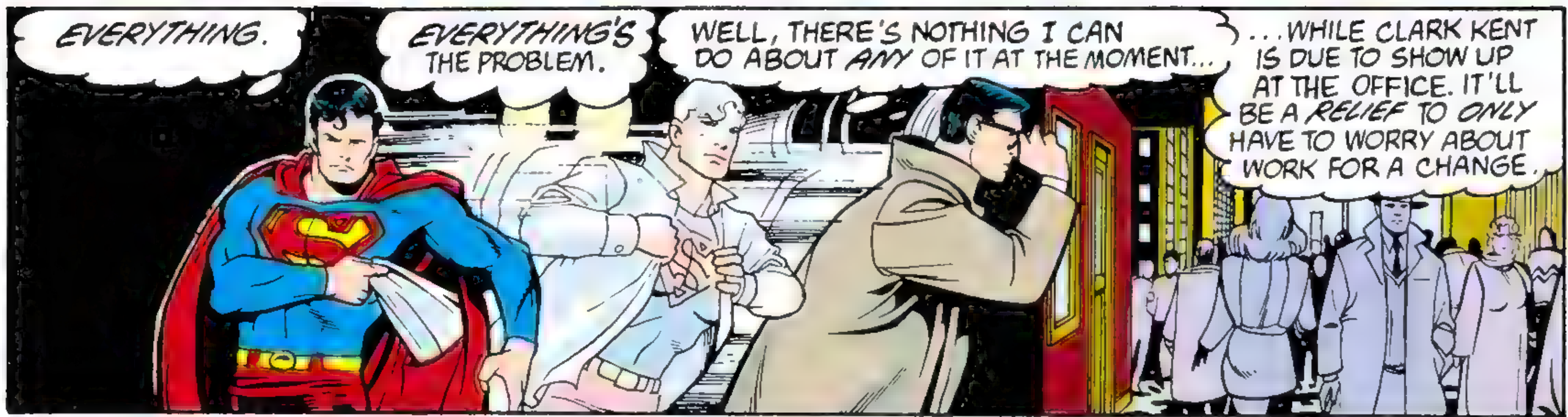


--AND, LET'S FACE IT, THE WAY I'VE BEEN FEELING SINCE SEEING WONDER WOMAN AGAIN DURING THE MILLENNIUM CRISIS IS ALL MY OWN DOING....!



I SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN TO HER, BLAST IT!

SHE'S AN INCREDIBLE WOMAN, AND THERE'S NO DENYING THE ATTRACTION BETWEEN US... SO WHAT IS THE PROBLEM?



EVERYTHING.

EVERYTHING'S THE PROBLEM.

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT ANY OF IT AT THE MOMENT...

...WHILE CLARK KENT IS DUE TO SHOW UP AT THE OFFICE. IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO ONLY HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WORK FOR A CHANGE.



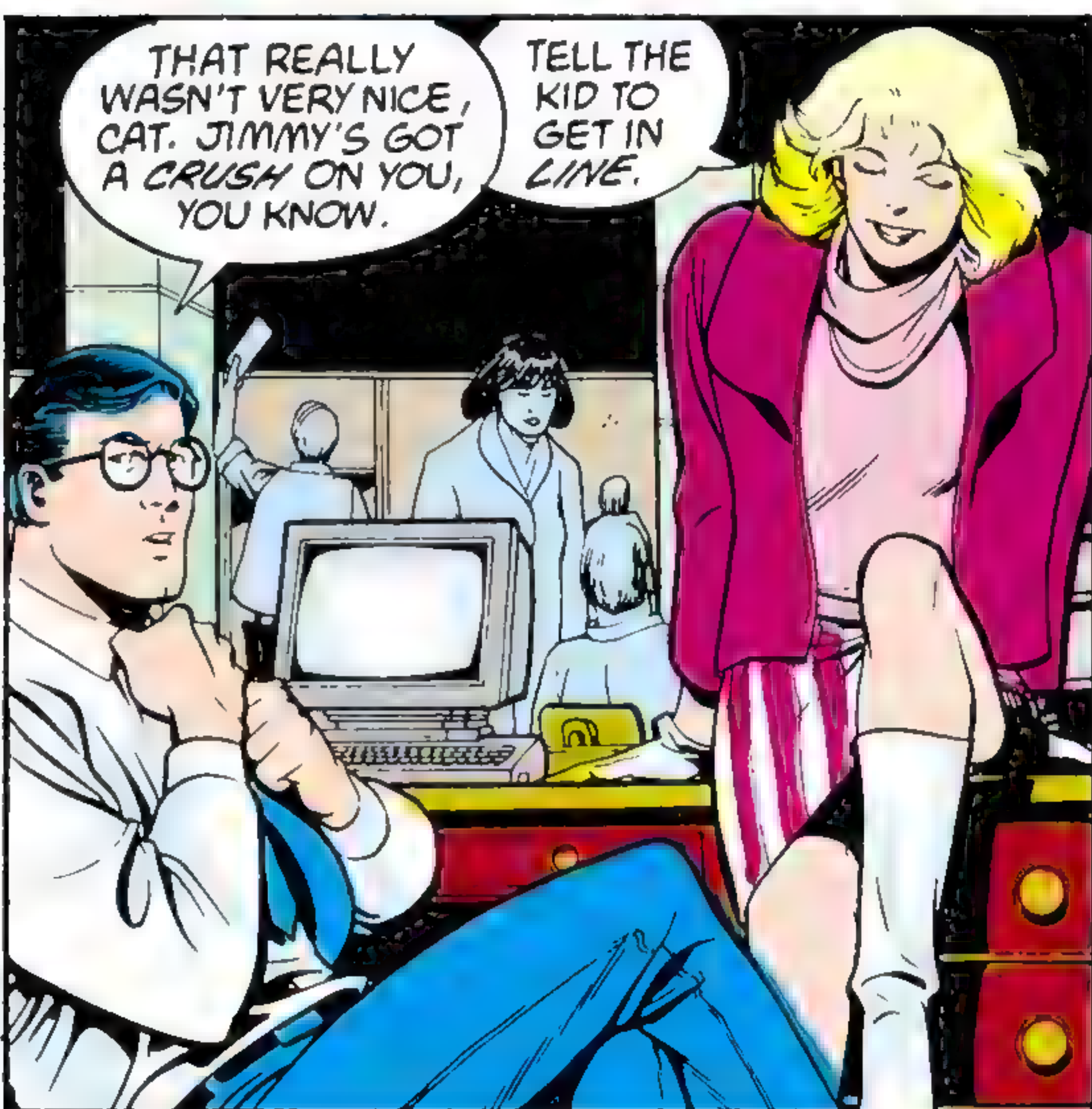
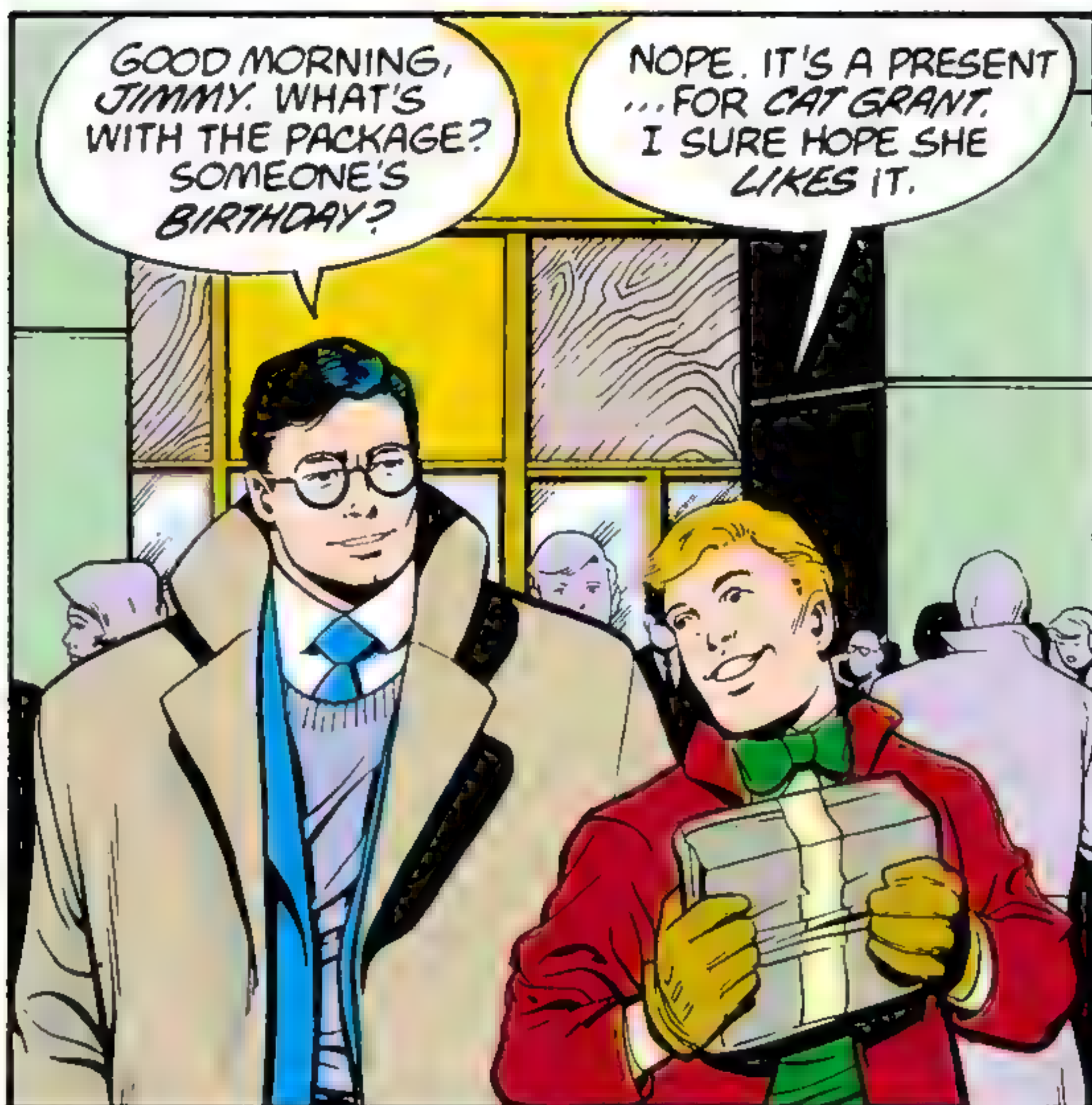
WHO AM I KIDDING? MAKING EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT'S GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN PUTTING ON A PAIR OF GLASSES AND A SUIT.

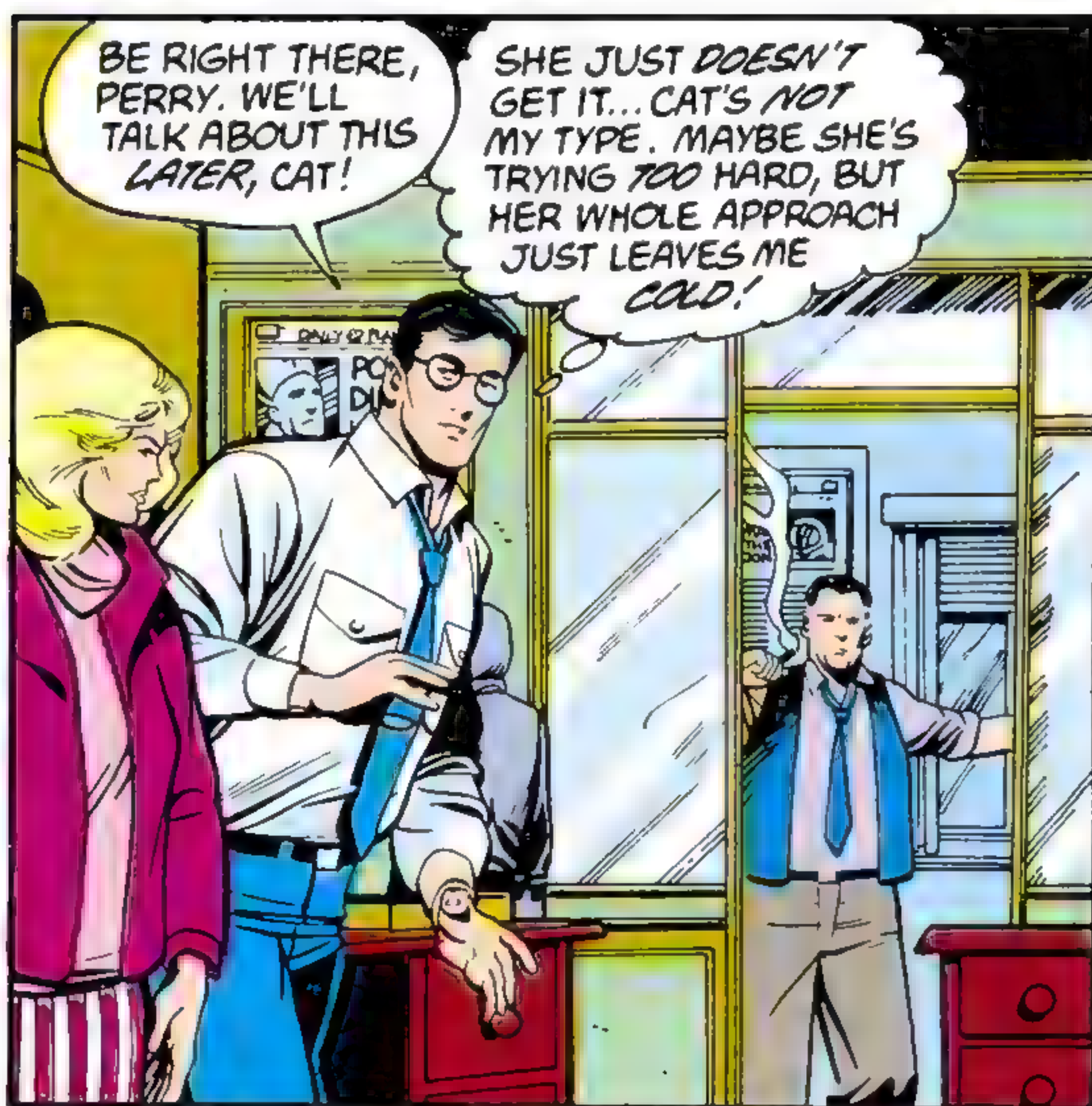
SOMETIMES, THOUGH...



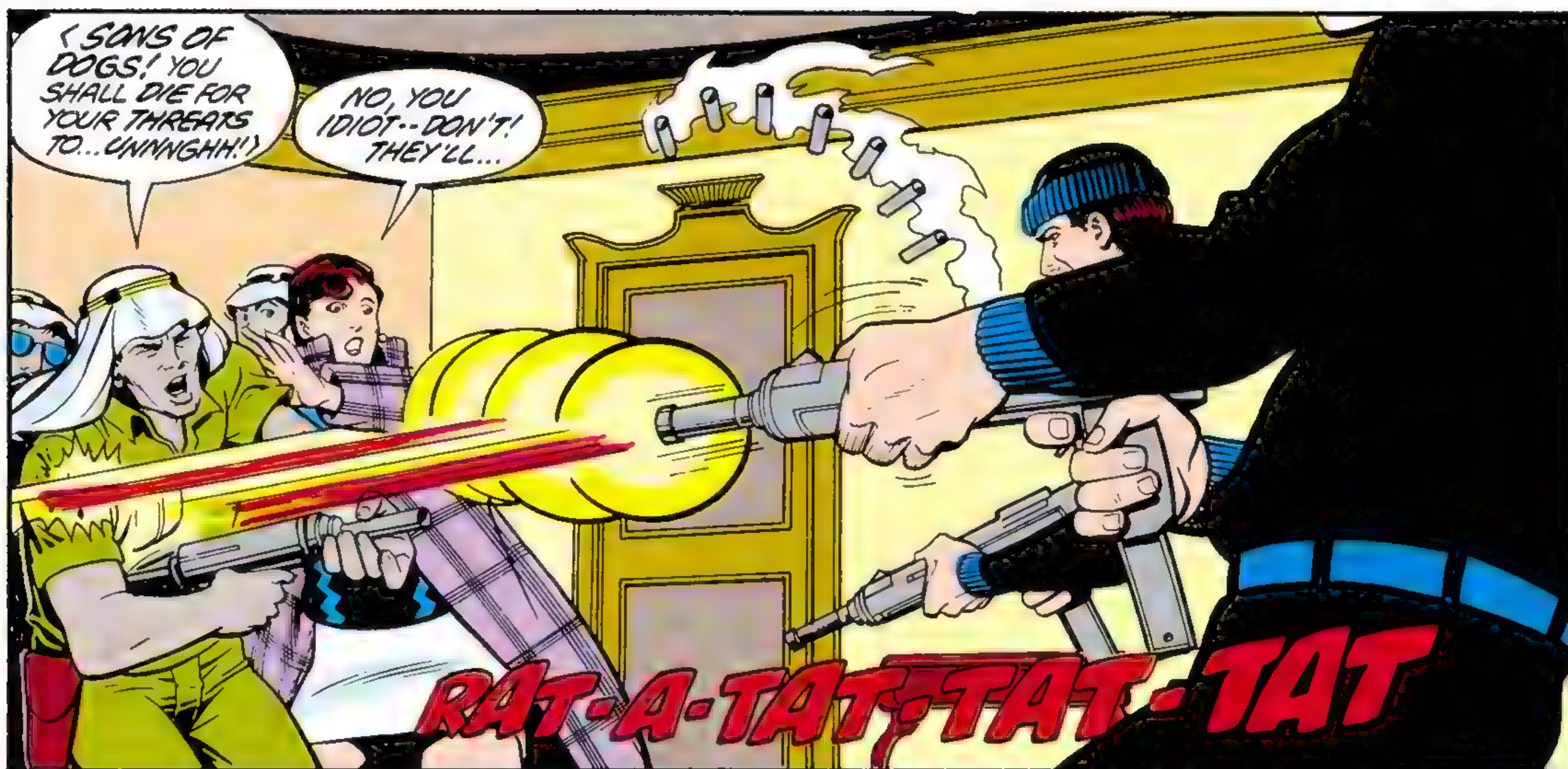
...SOMETIMES I WISH I COULD MAKE SUPERMAN'S PROBLEMS GO AWAY THAT EASILY...

HEY! CLARK... WAIT UP!

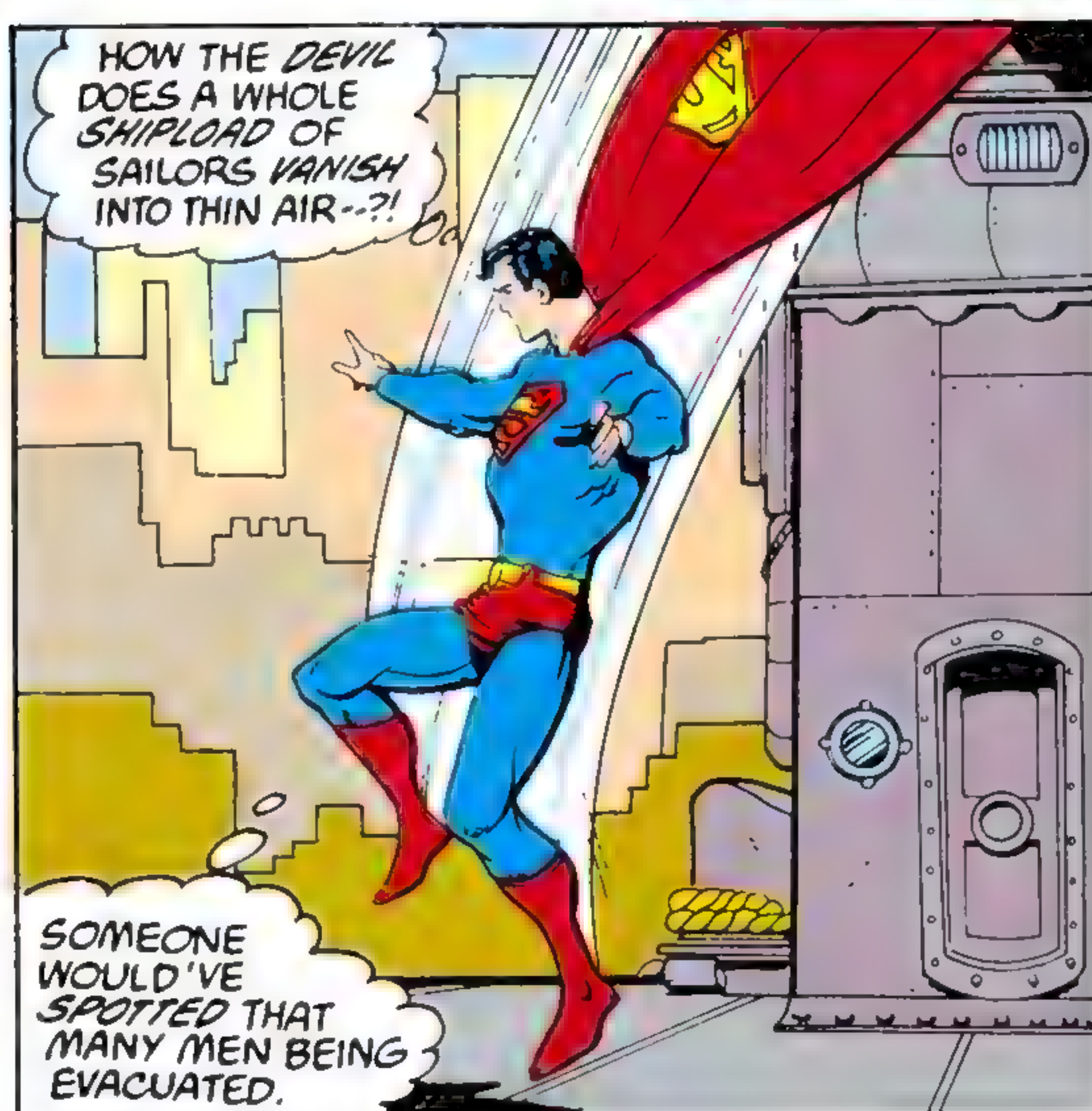
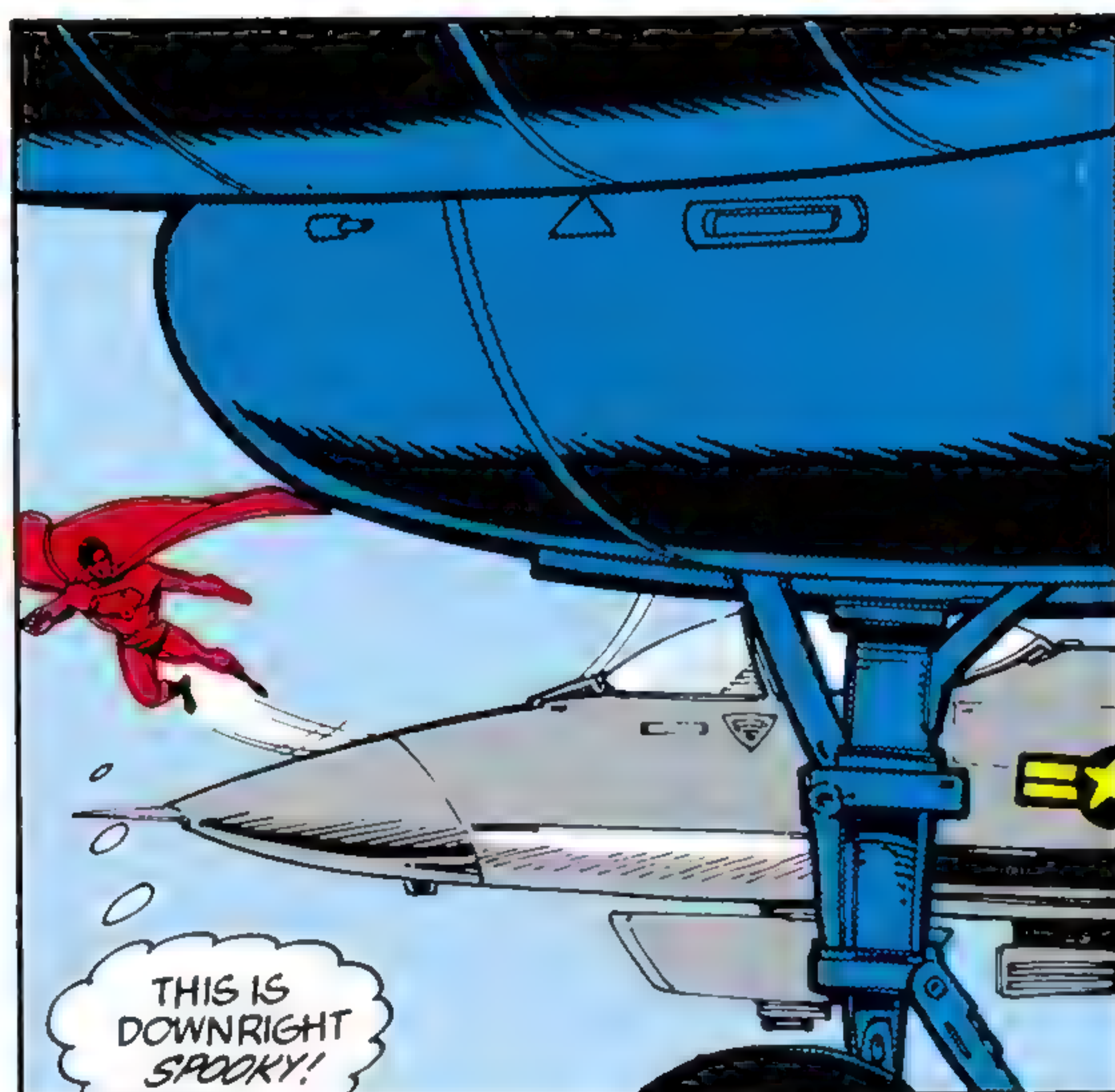
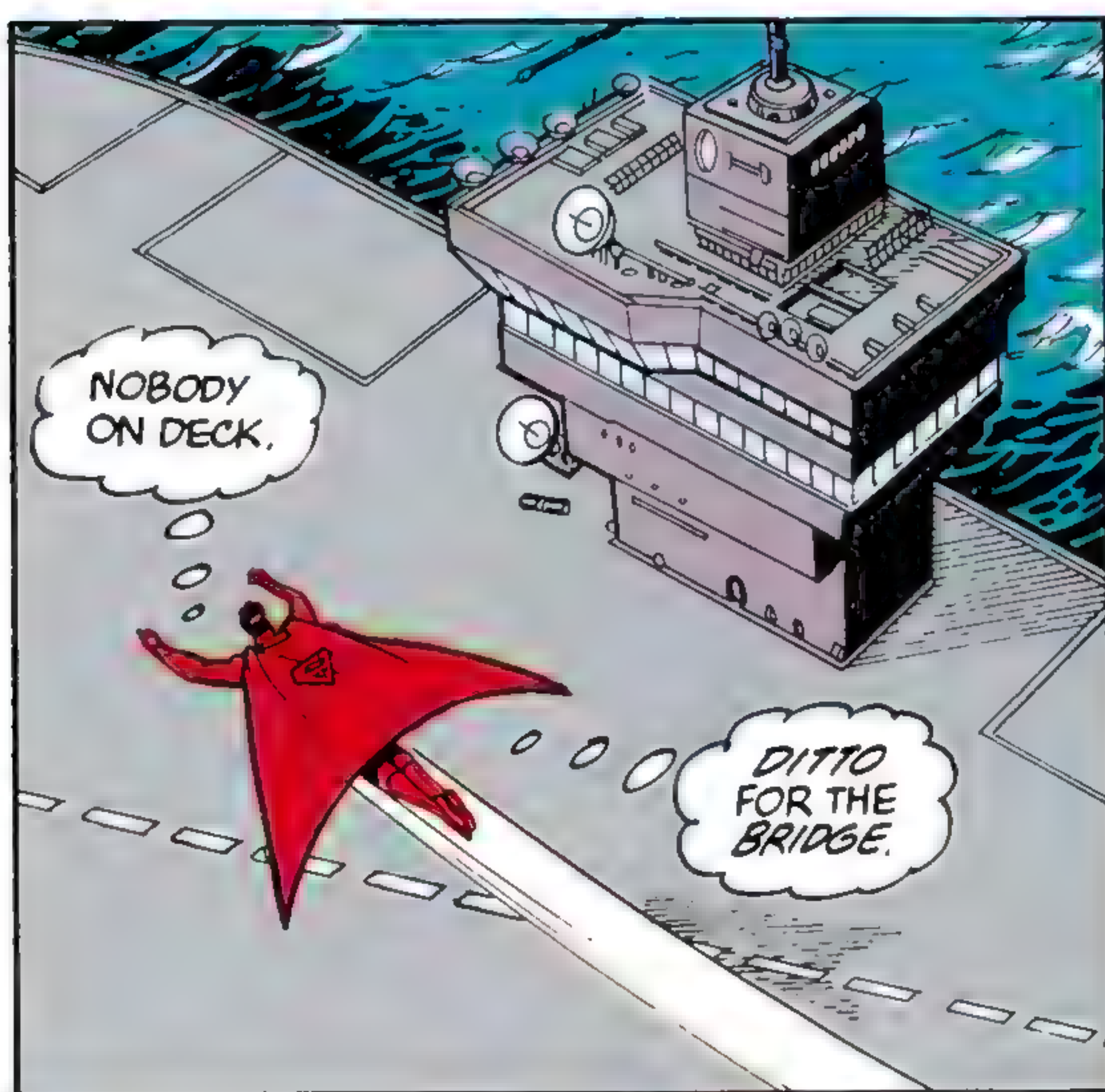
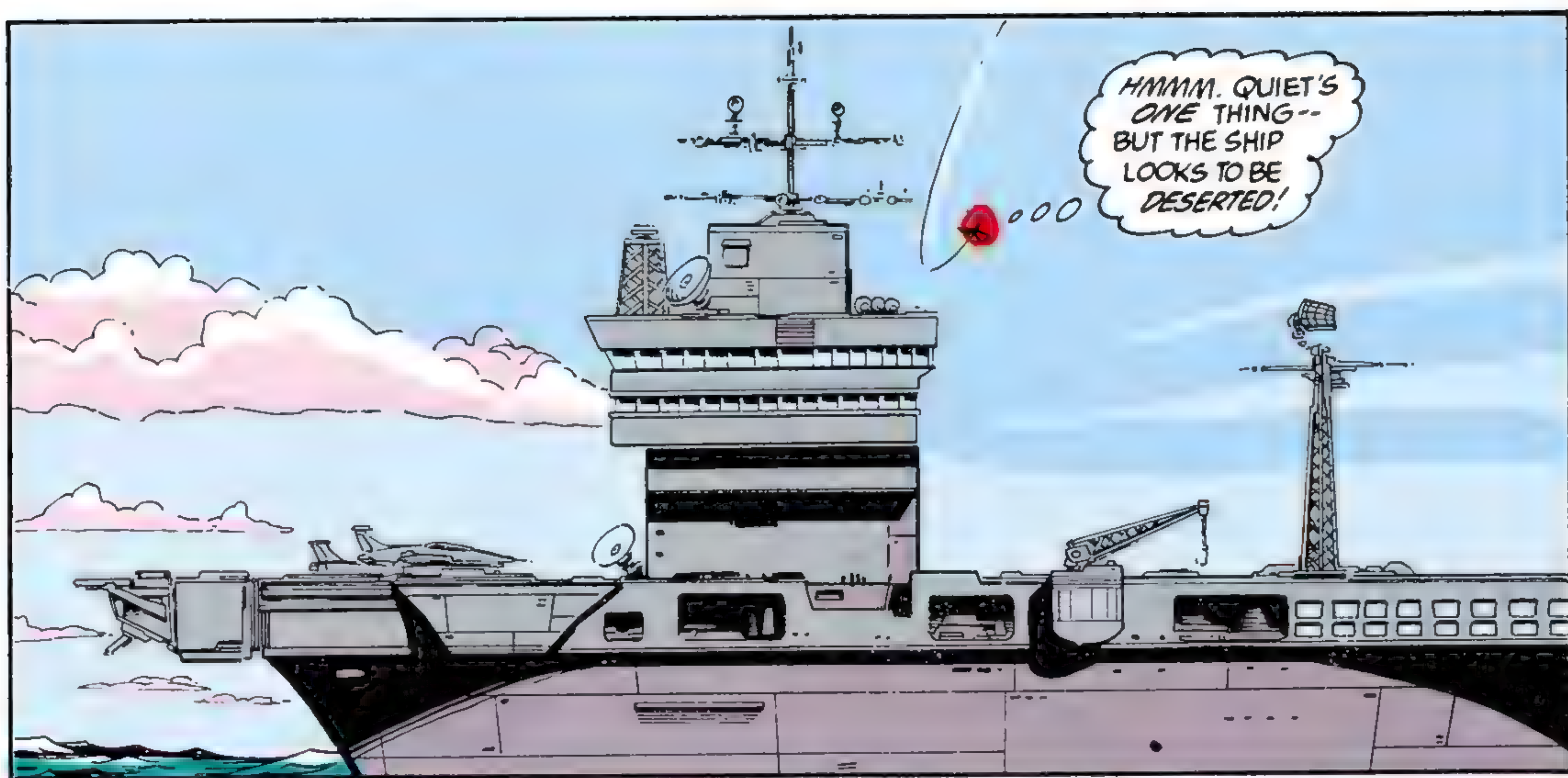












MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES
OUTSIDE OF METROPOLIS...



THE SOUND OF ENGINES...
AND THE SMELL OF JET
FUMES-- THE AIRPORT!

GENTLY, MY
FRIEND! WE NEED
THE MINISTER
IN ONE PIECE--
FOR NOW!



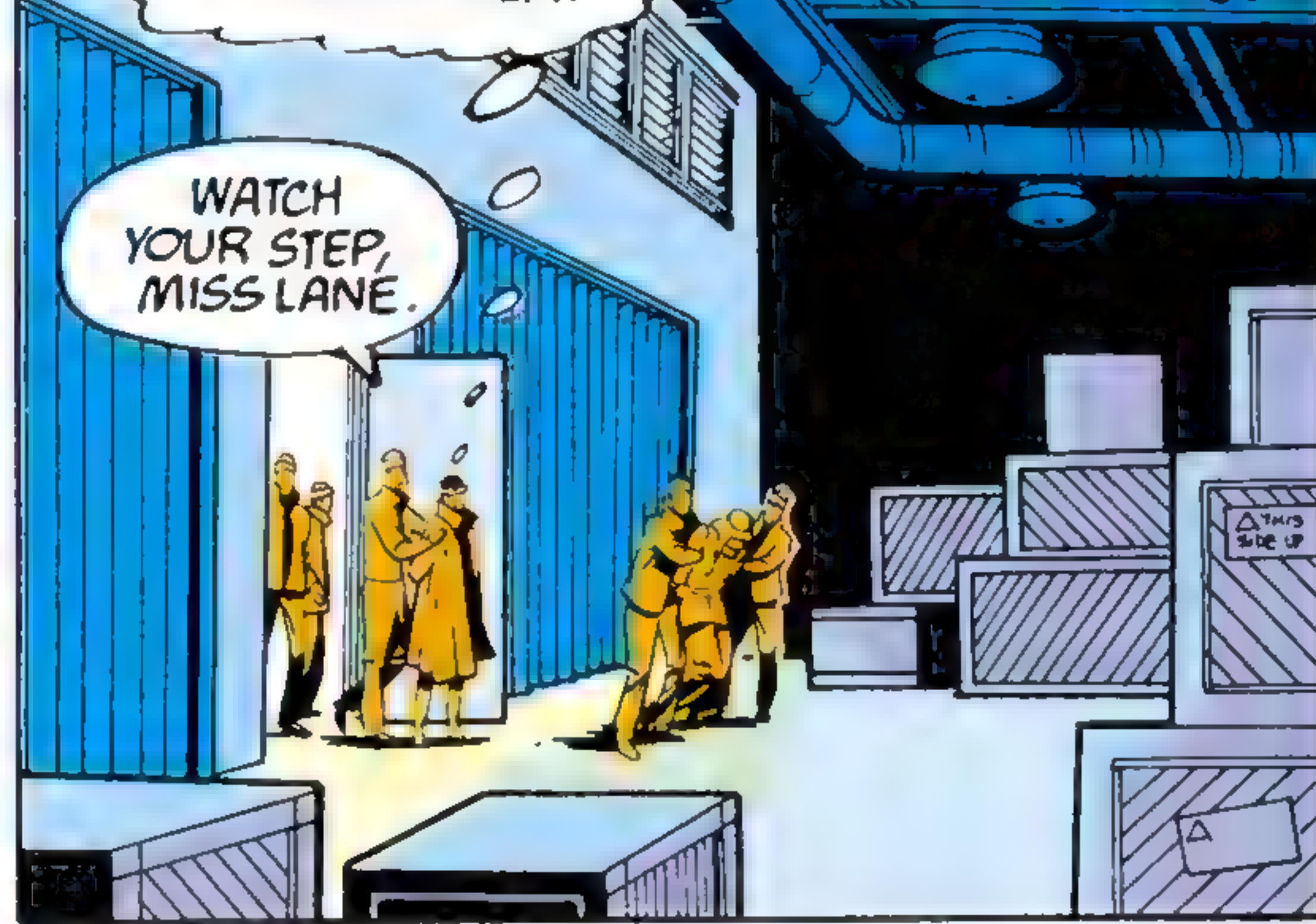
THE SAME GOES FOR
YOU, MISS LANE-- BUT
DO NOT FOR AN INSTANT
BELIEVE THAT THAT
MEANS I WILL NOT KILL
YOU IF YOU ATTEMPT
ANYTHING STUPID.

SOUNDS LIKE
WE'RE AWAY FROM
THE TERMINALS.

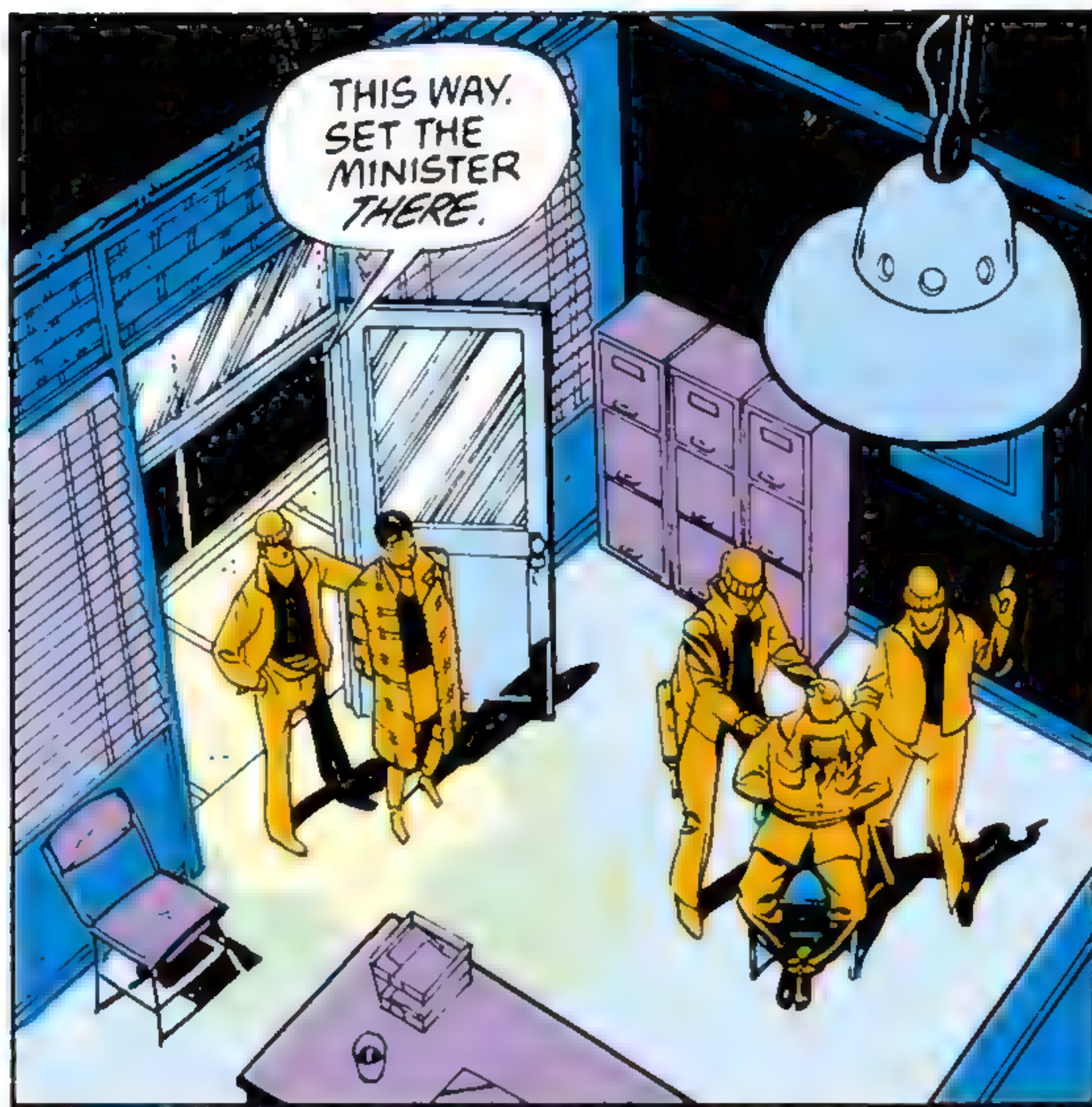


I'VE GOT TO
KEEP MY COOL... LEARN
ALL I CAN-- AND
HOPE I'M STILL ALIVE
TO USE THAT INFOR-
MATION LATER.

WATCH
YOUR STEP,
MISS LANE.



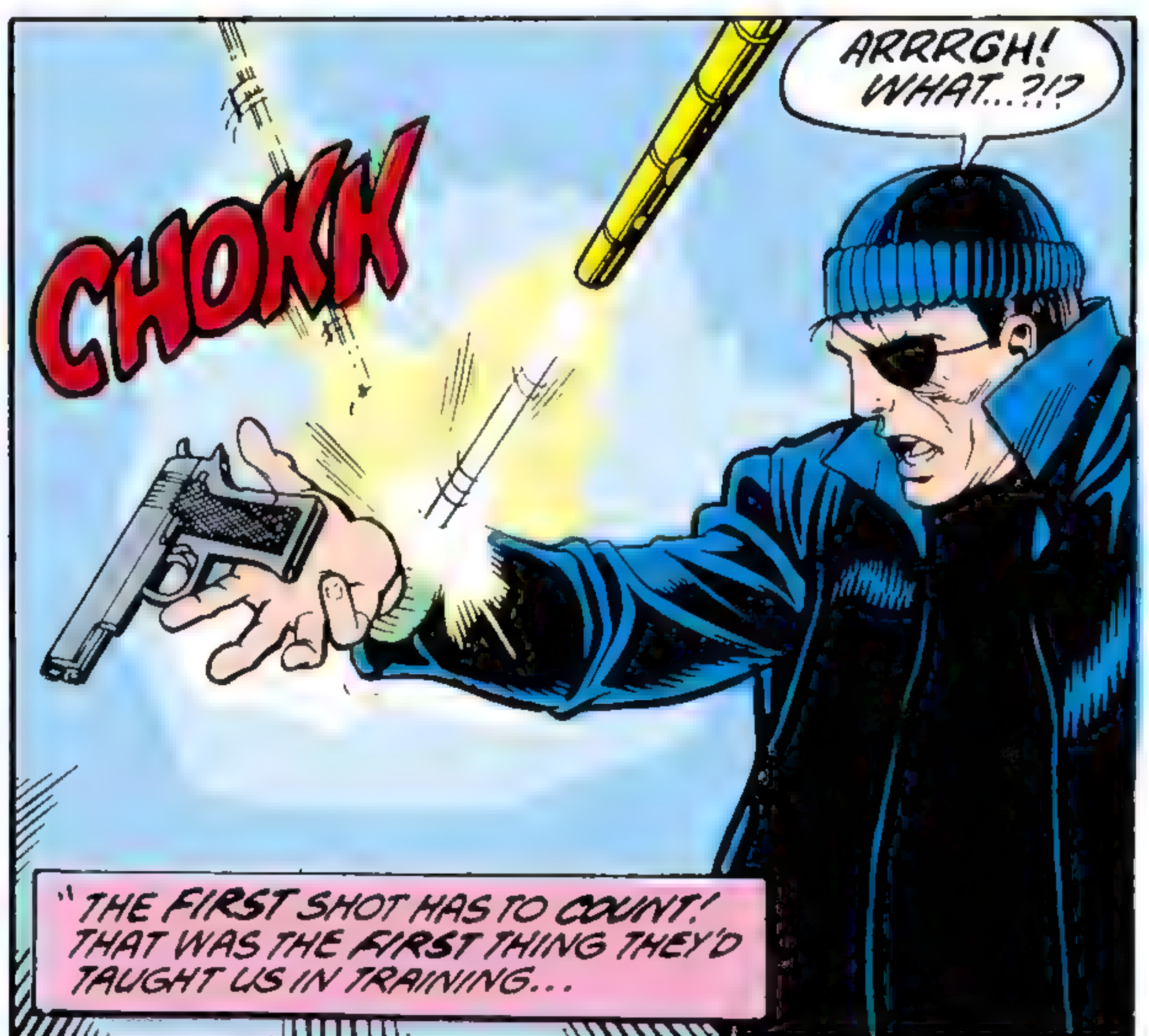
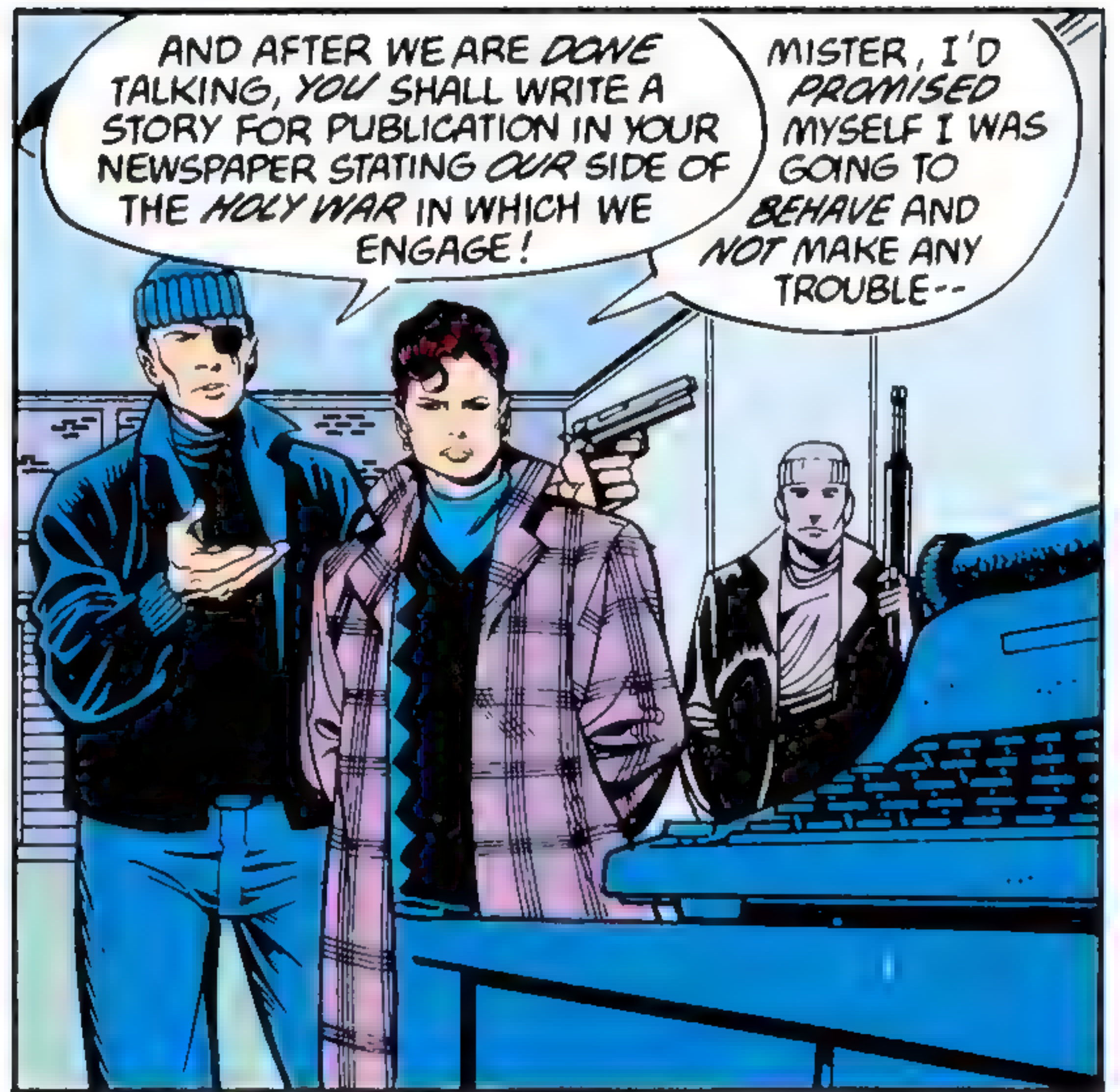
THIS WAY.
SET THE
MINISTER
THERE.



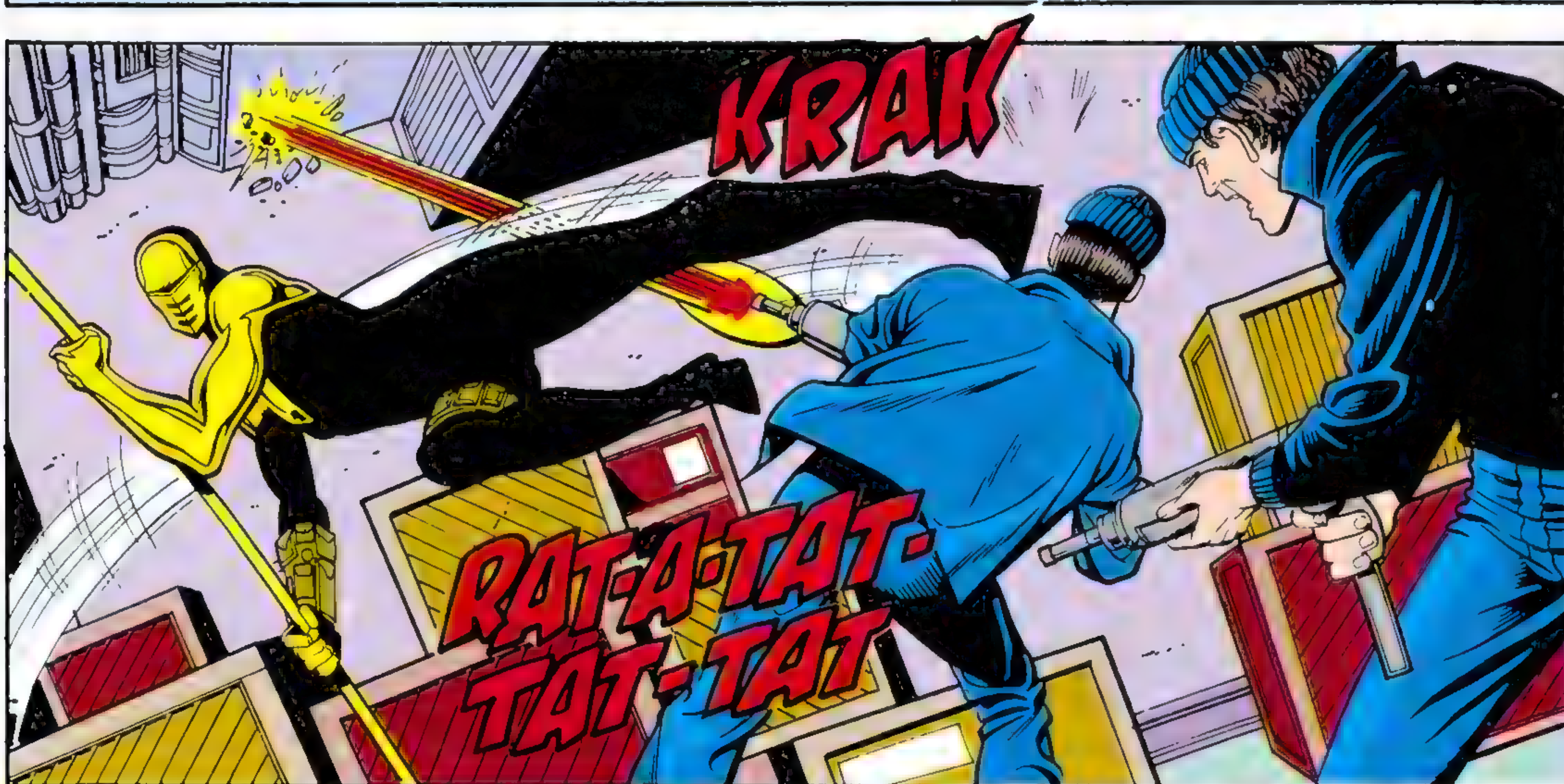
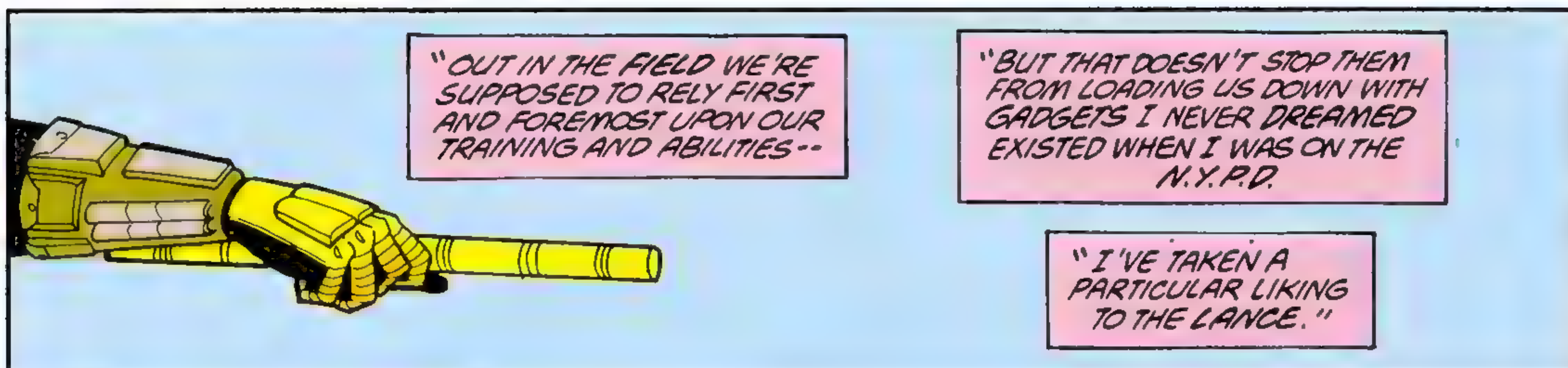
YOU WILL NOT NEED THIS
ANY LONGER, MISS LANE.
YOU HAVE ALREADY
SEEN OUR FACES. NOT
THAT IT MATTERS.

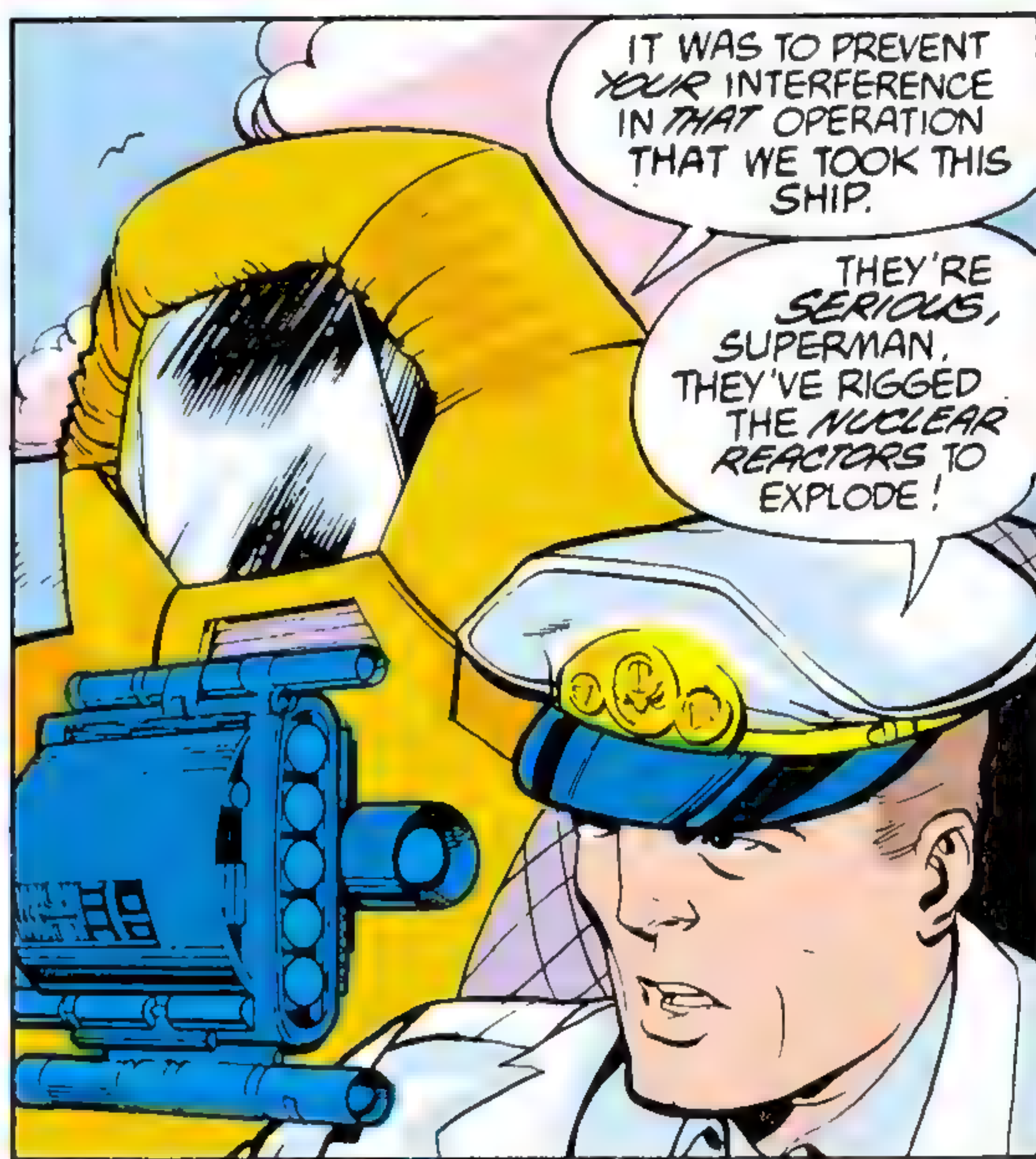
I DON'T LIKE
THE SOUNDS
OF THAT...

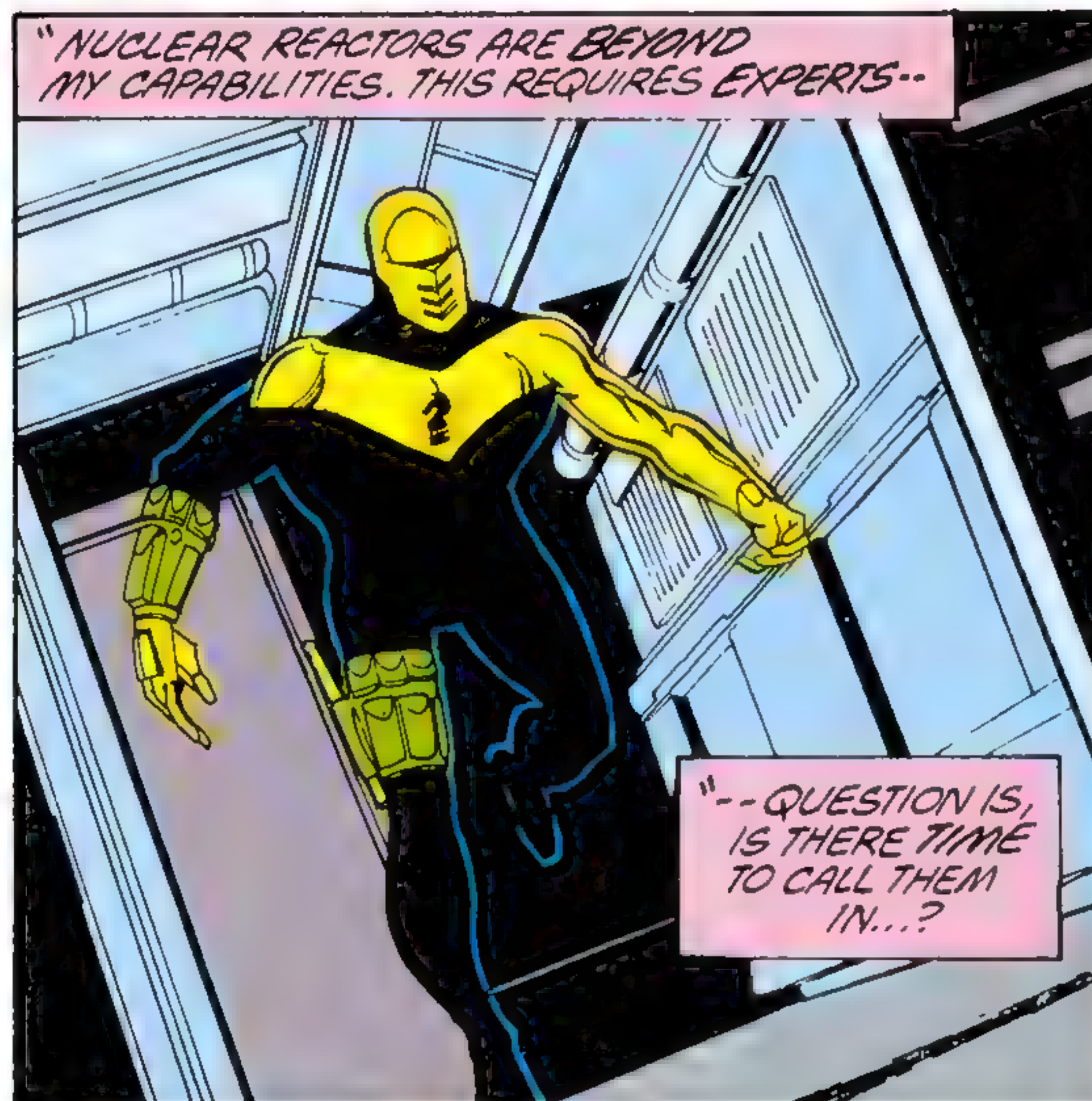
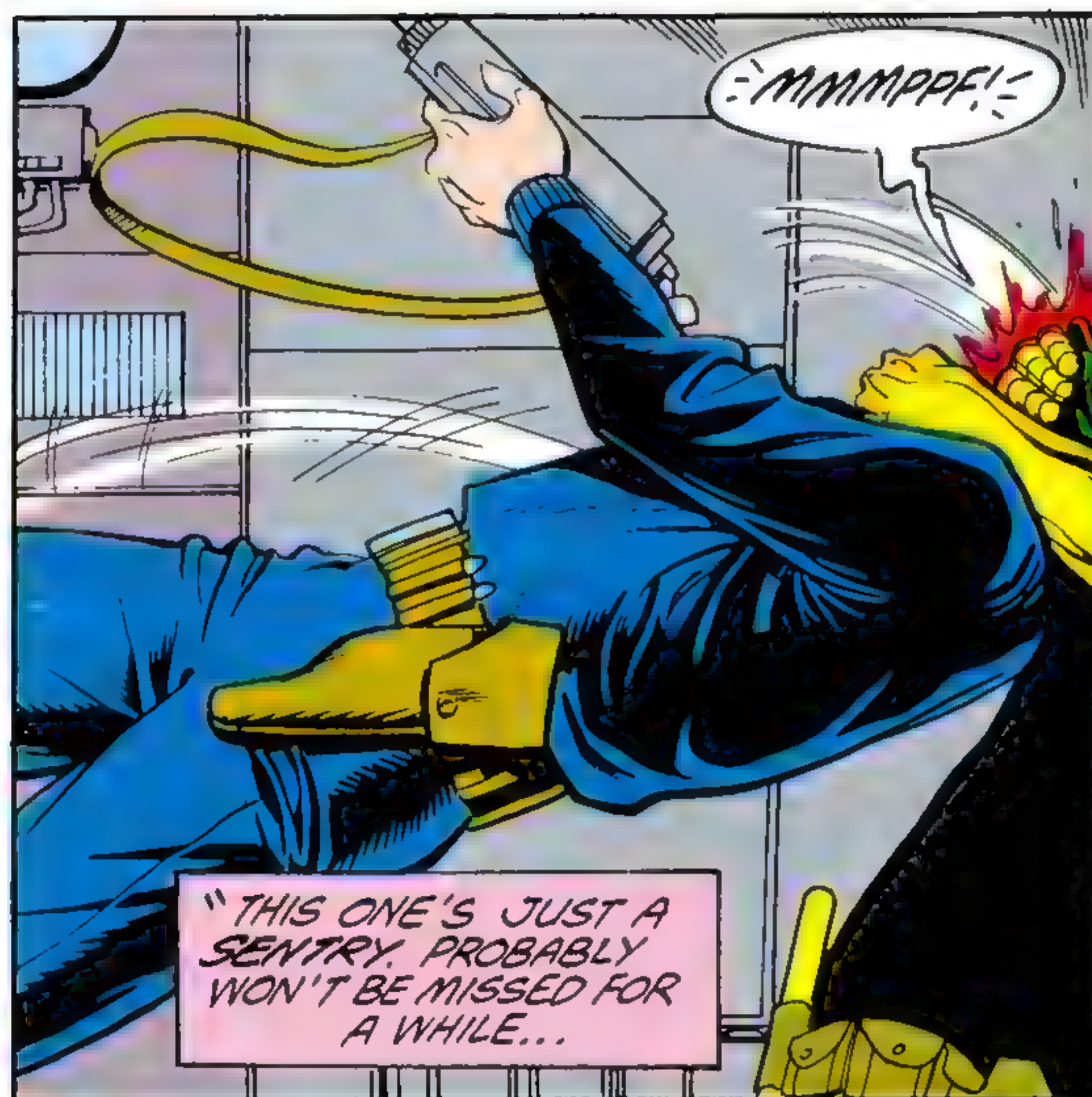


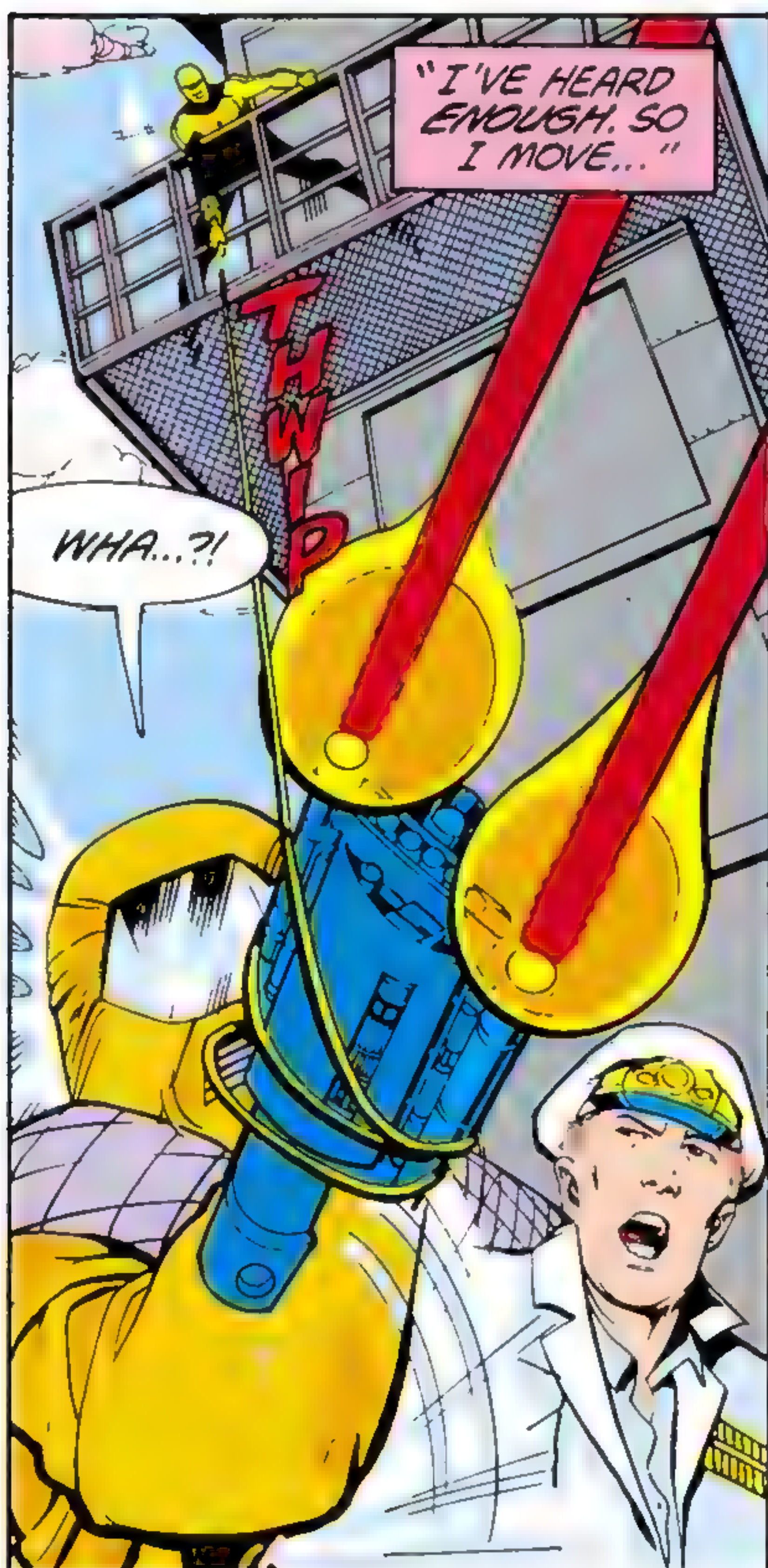


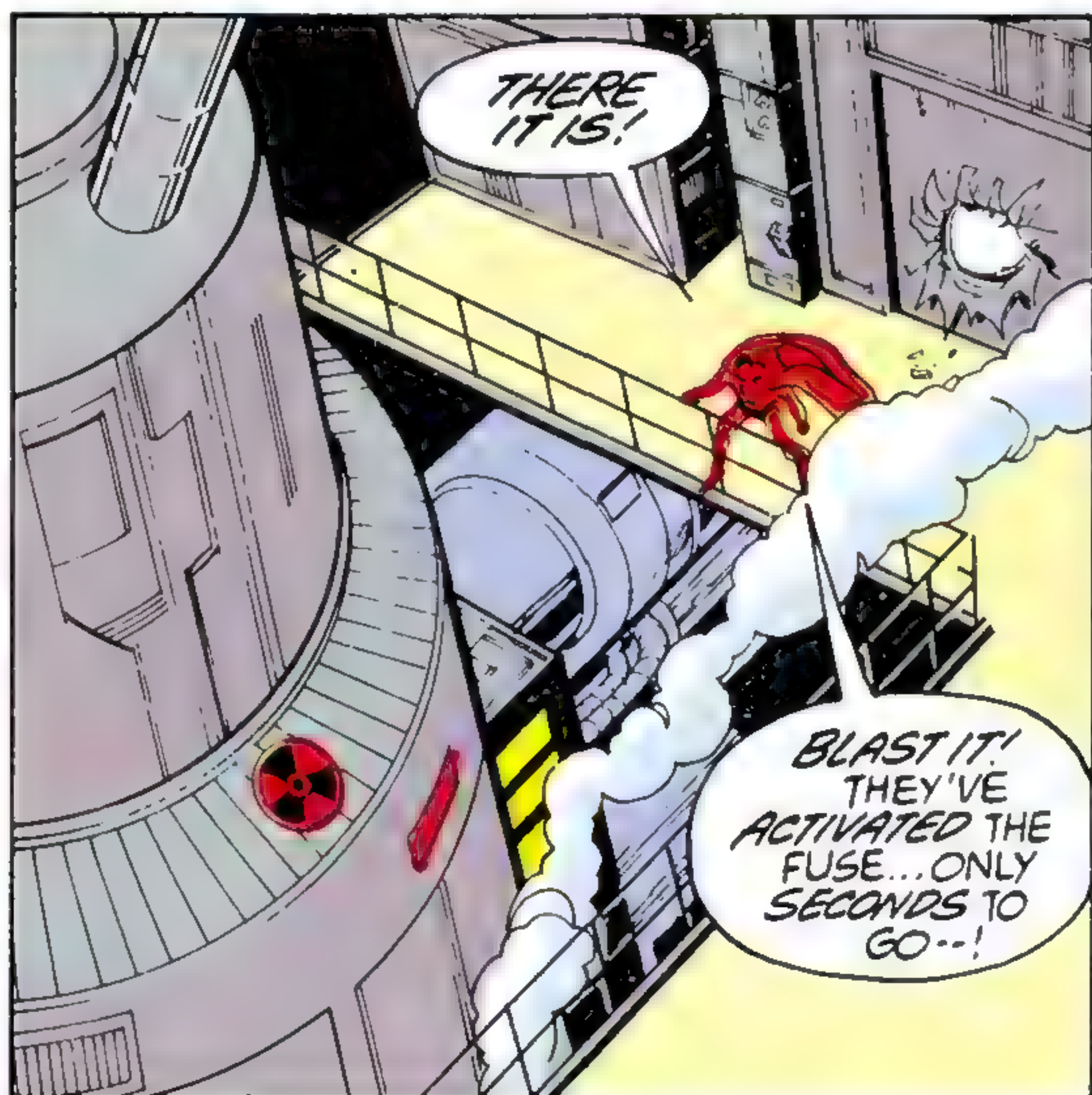
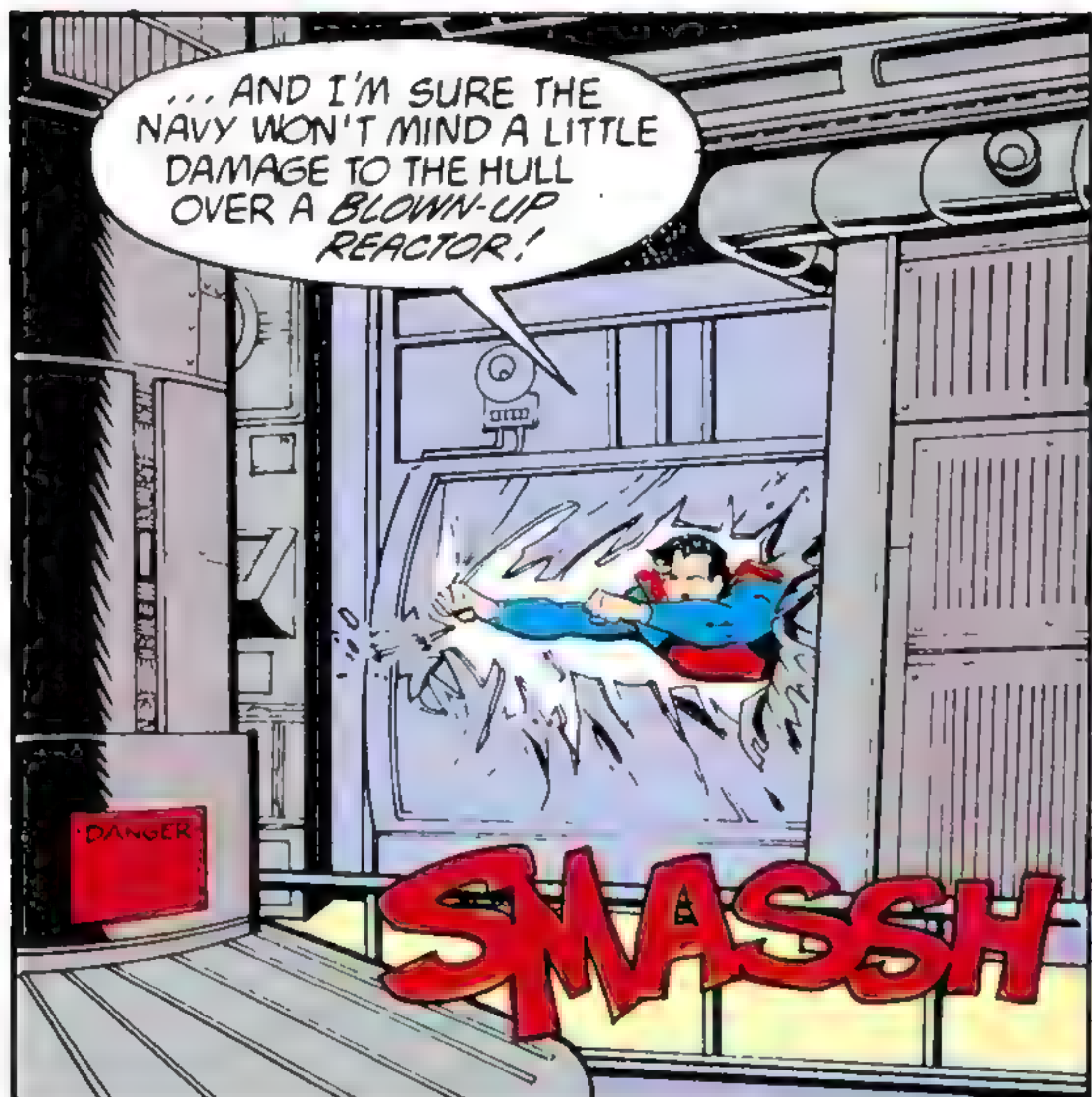
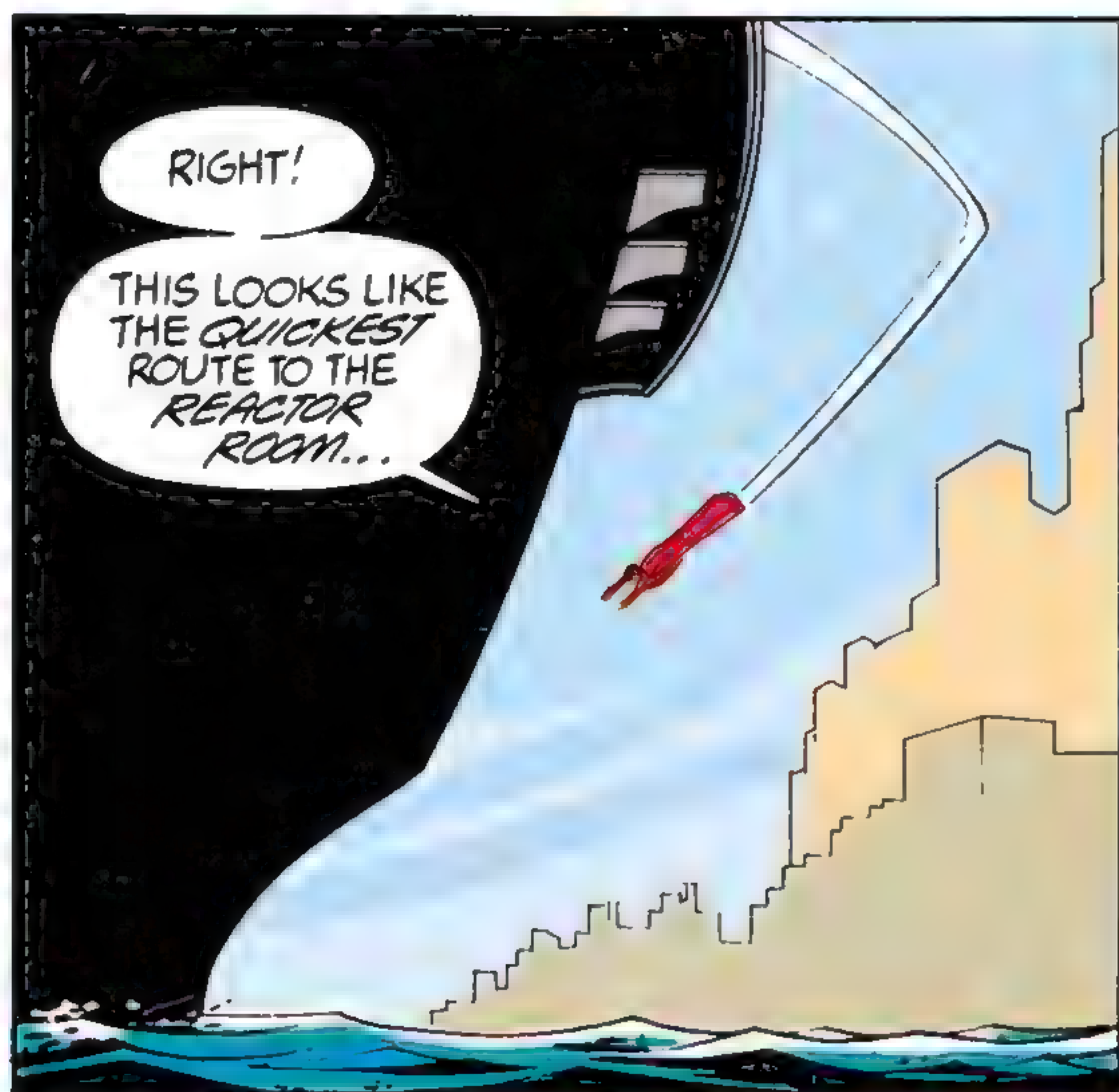
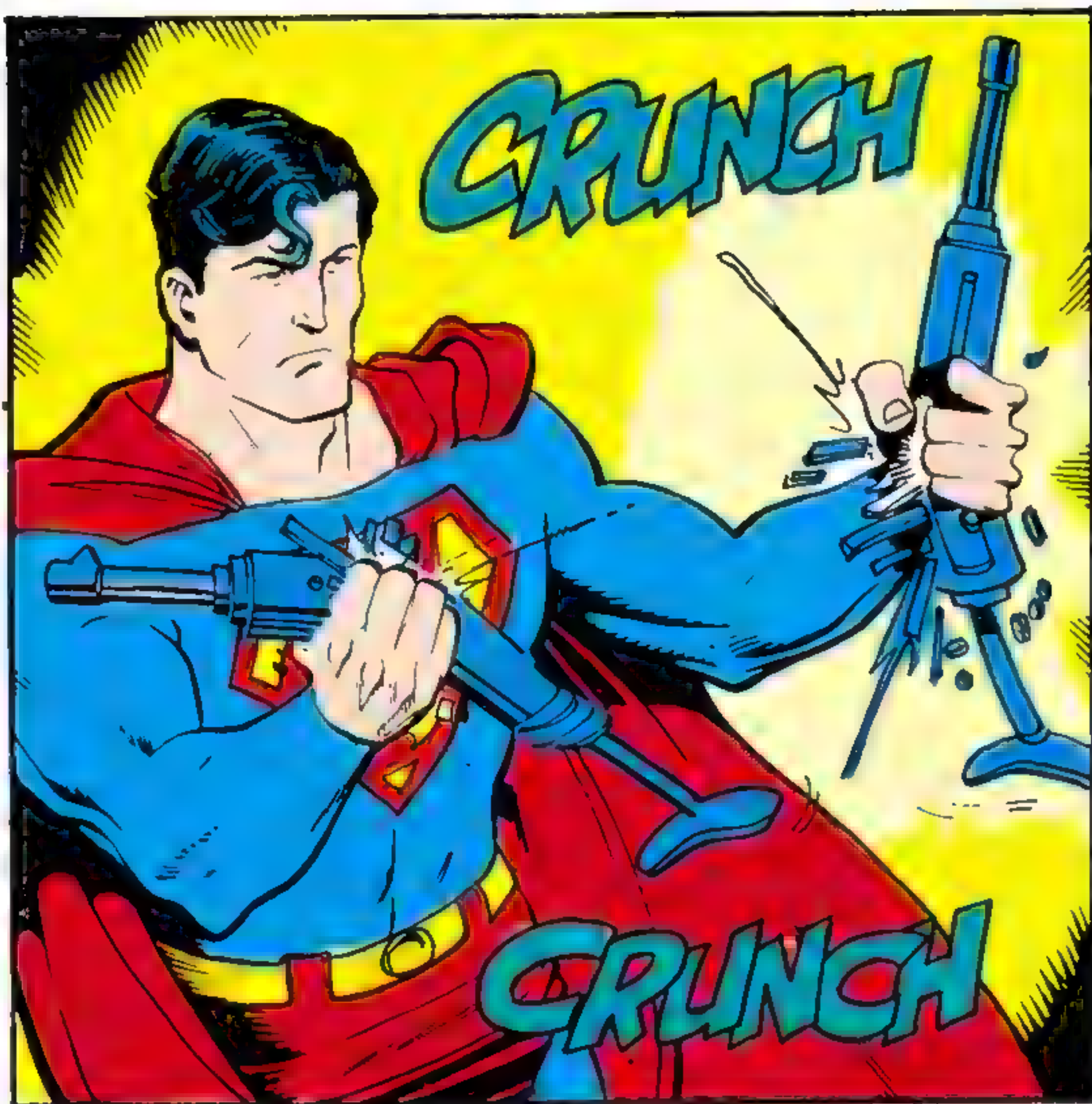


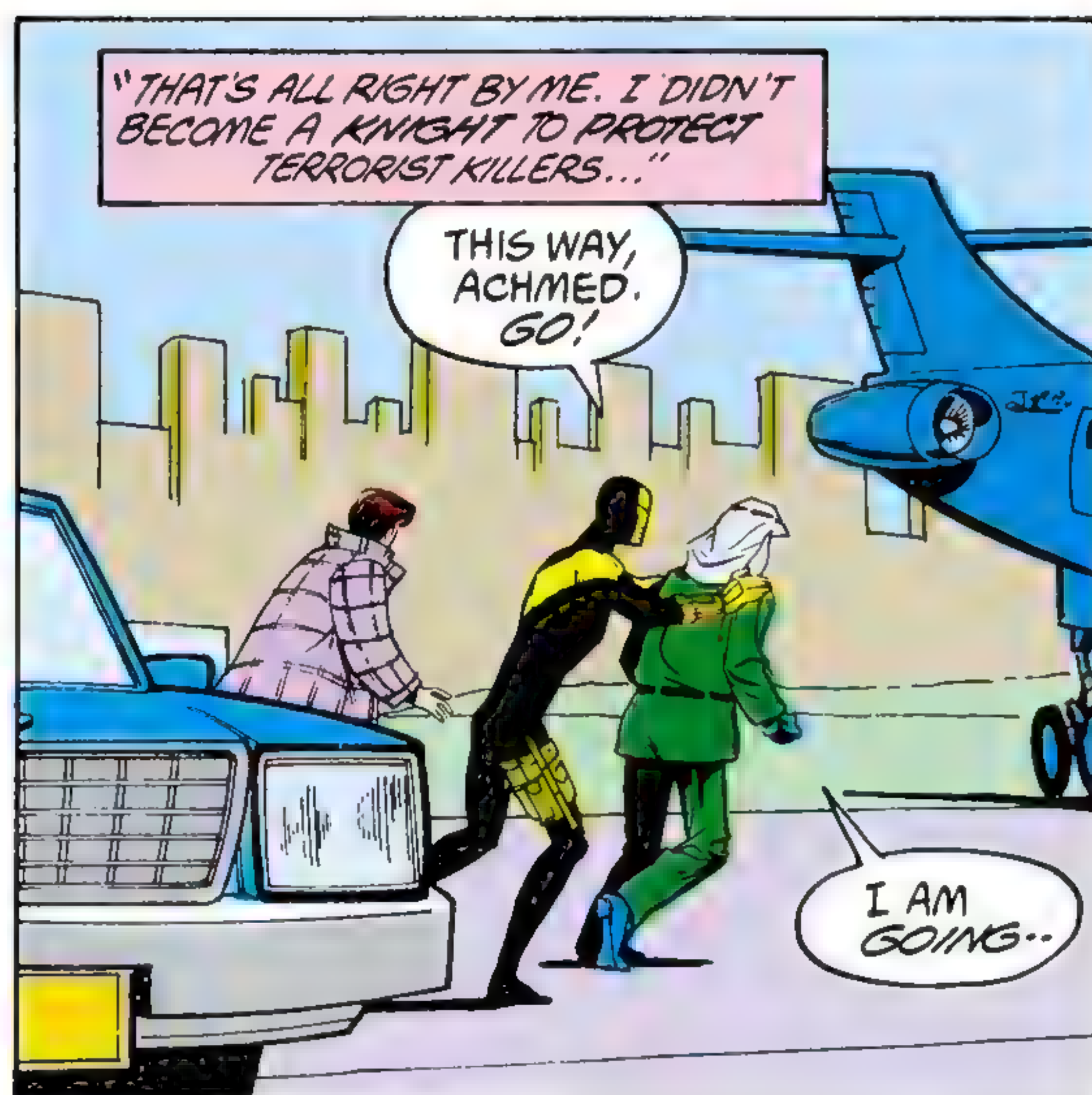
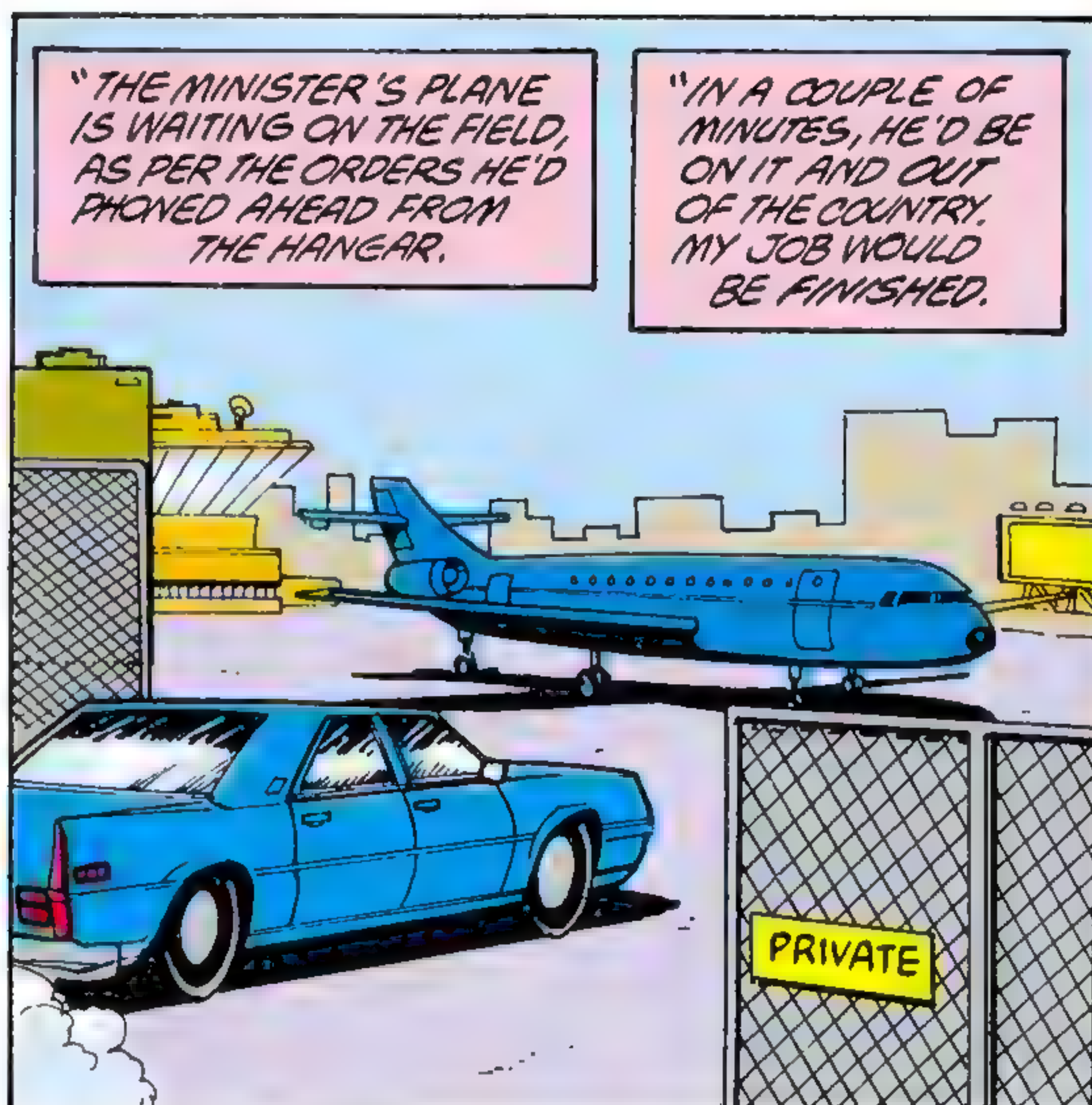


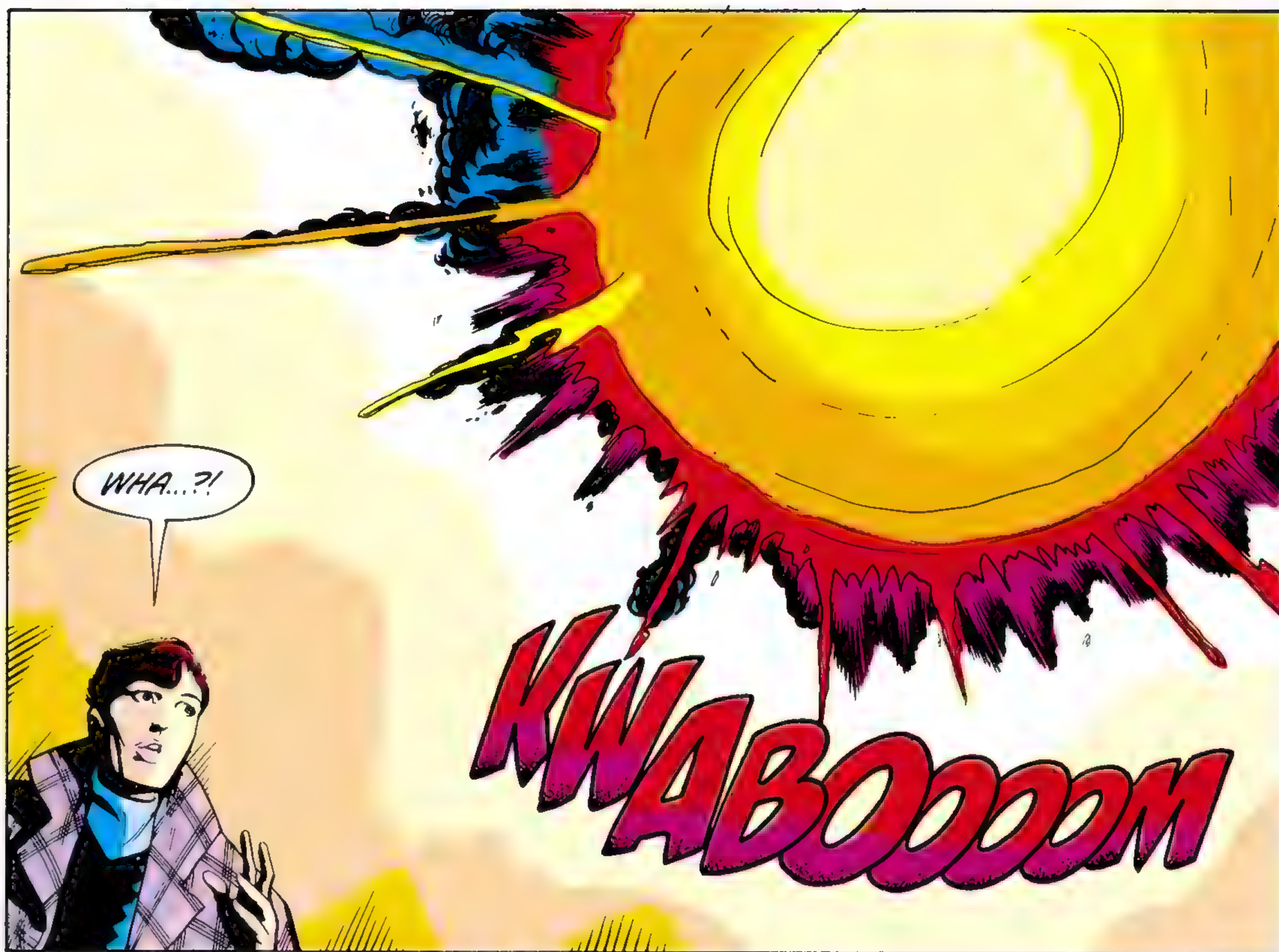




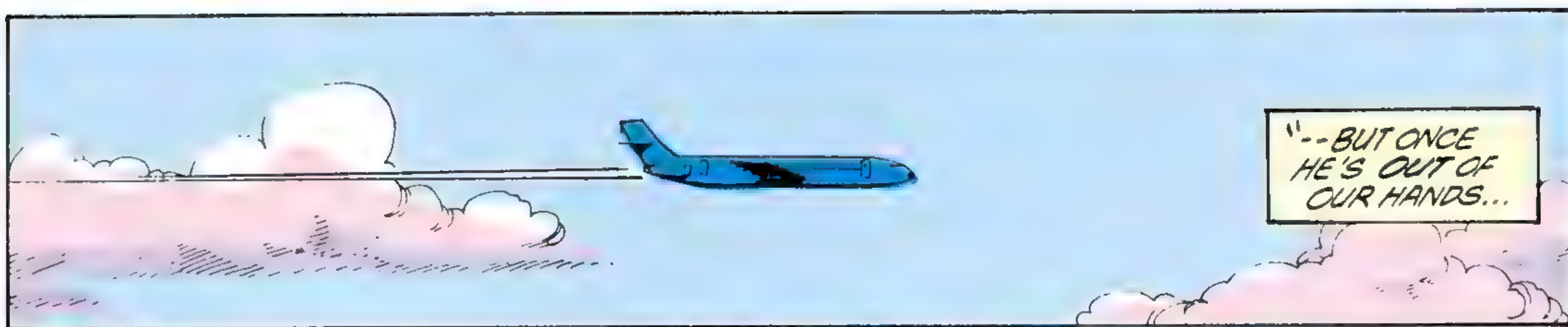
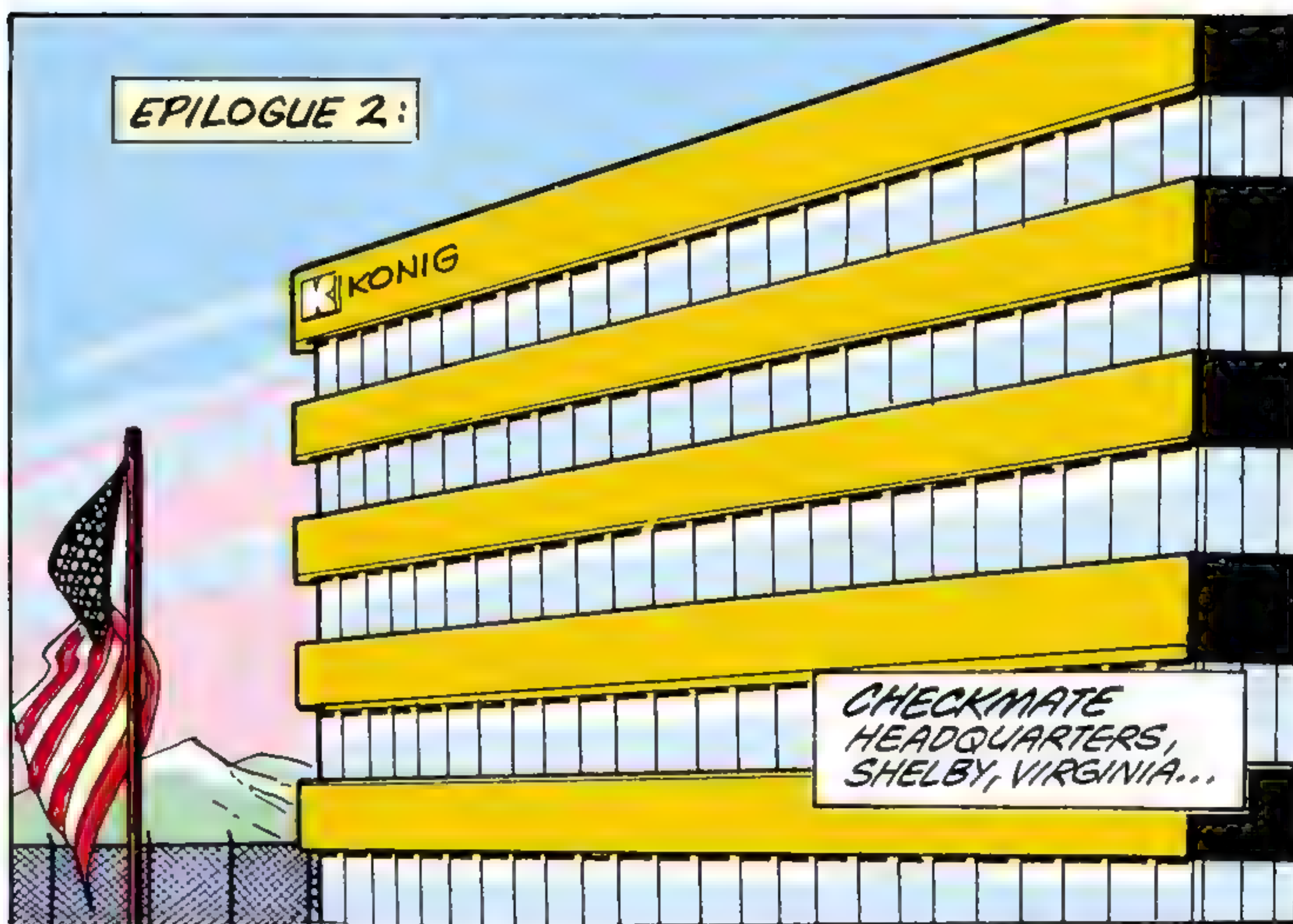






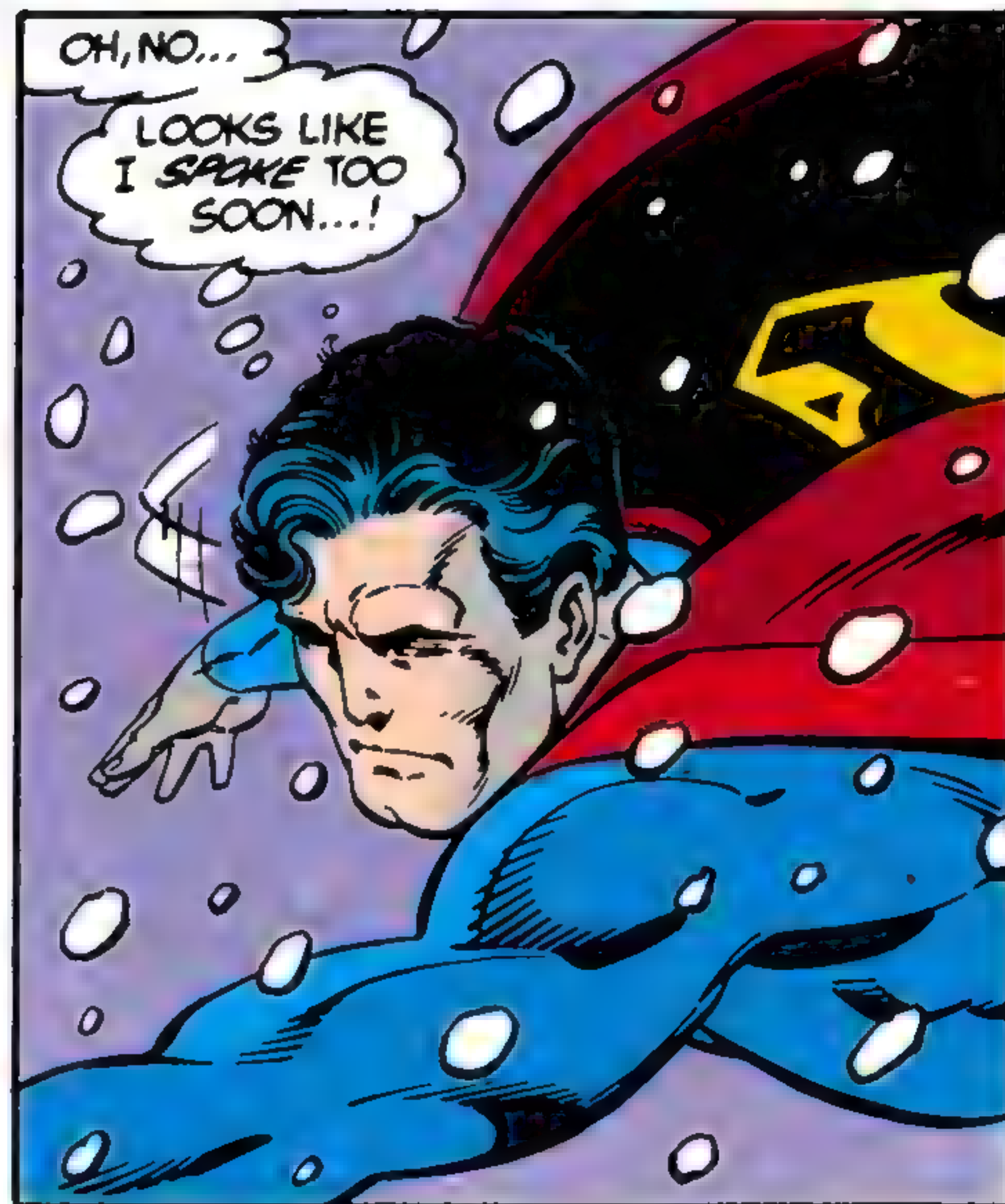
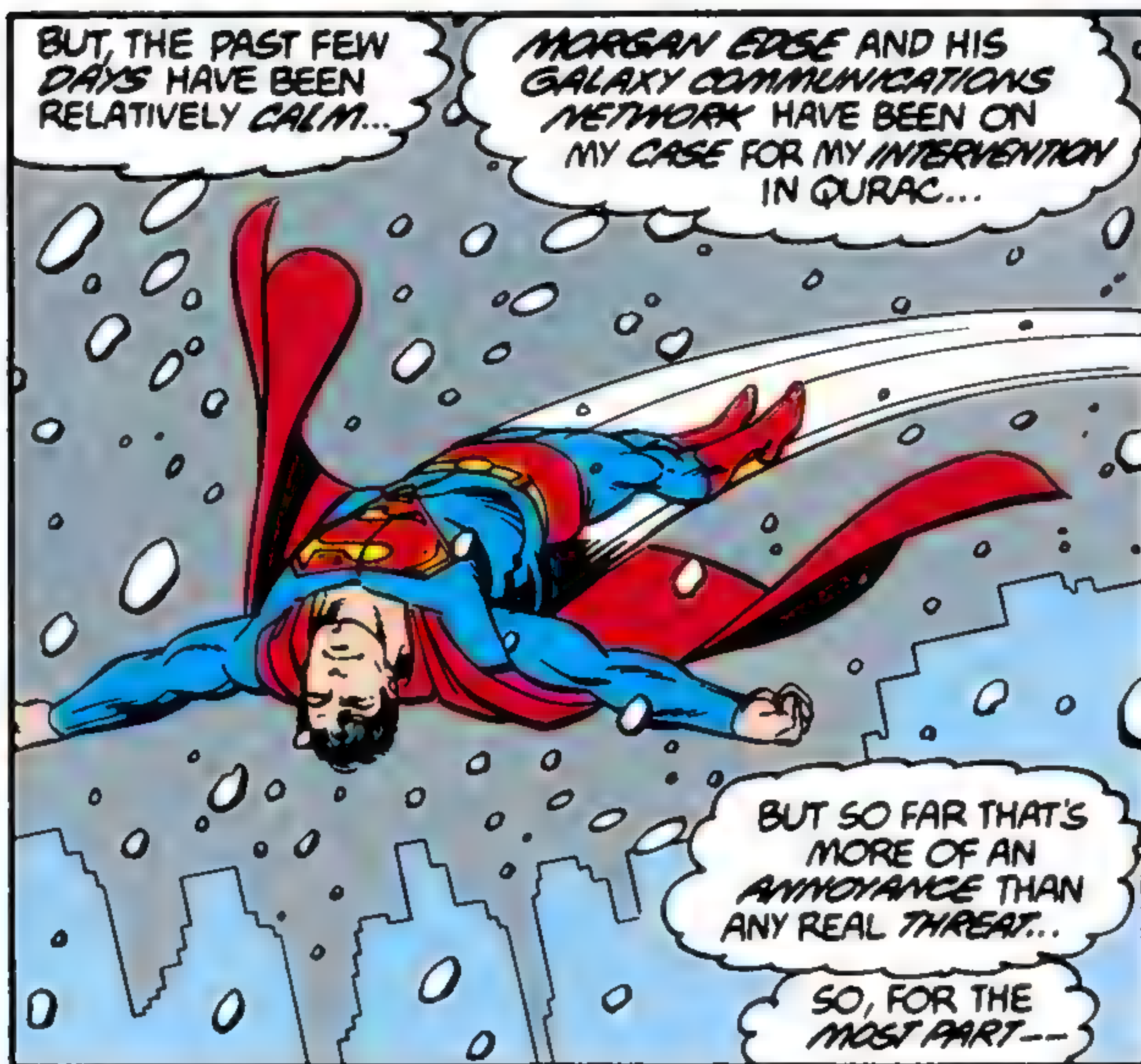
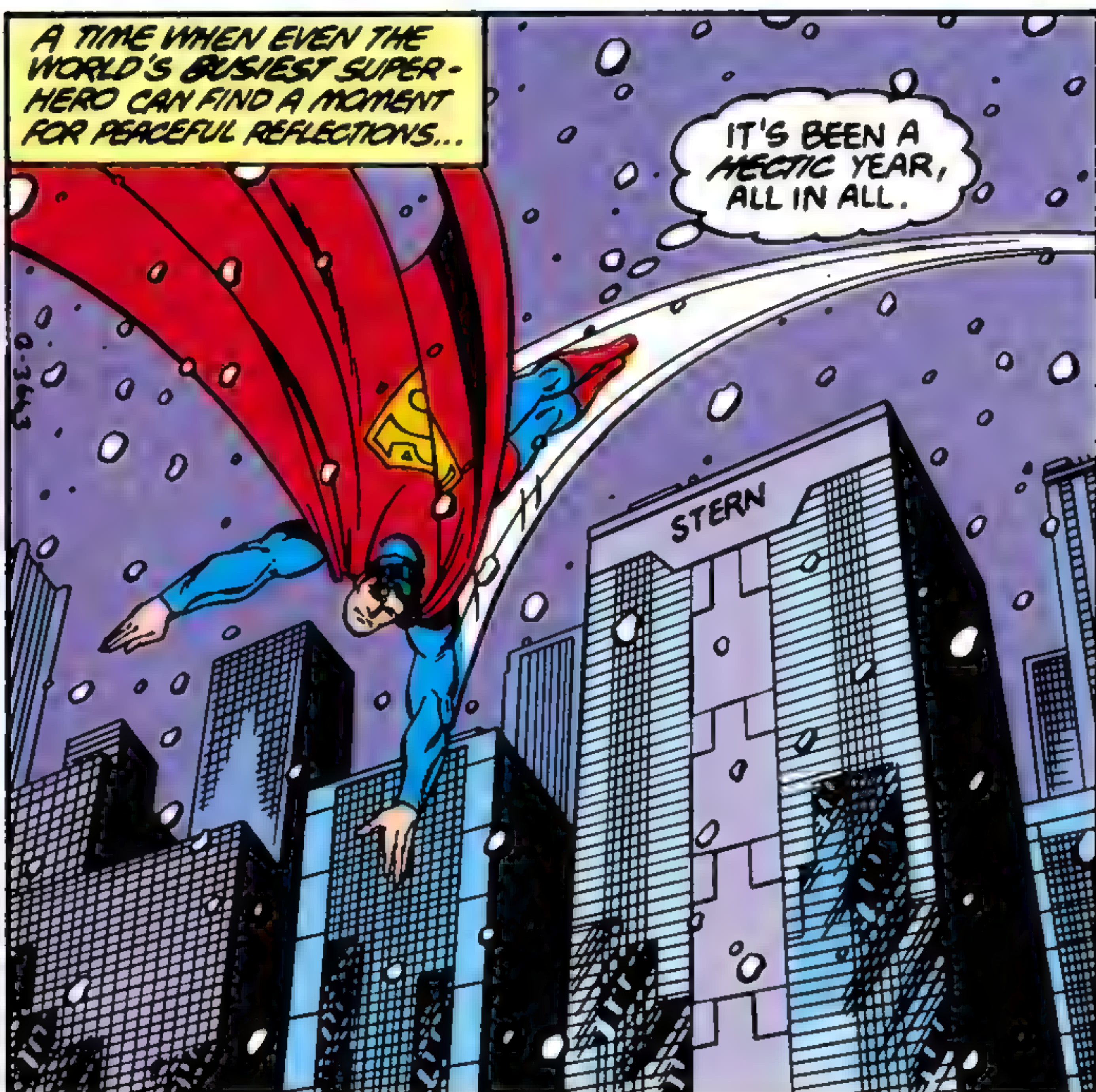






NEXT MONTH

... CHECKMATE! DEBUTS IN ITS OWN MONTHLY SERIES BY PAUL KUPPERBERG, STEVE ERWIN, AND AL VEY! AND NEXT IN SUPERMAN #16: CRAZIER THAN PEE-WEE! OLDER THAN SOUPY! NOT NEARLY AS NICE AS THE CAPTAIN... AND "HE ONLY LAUGHS WHEN I HURT!"



SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

**HE ONLY LAUGHS
WHEN I HURT!**

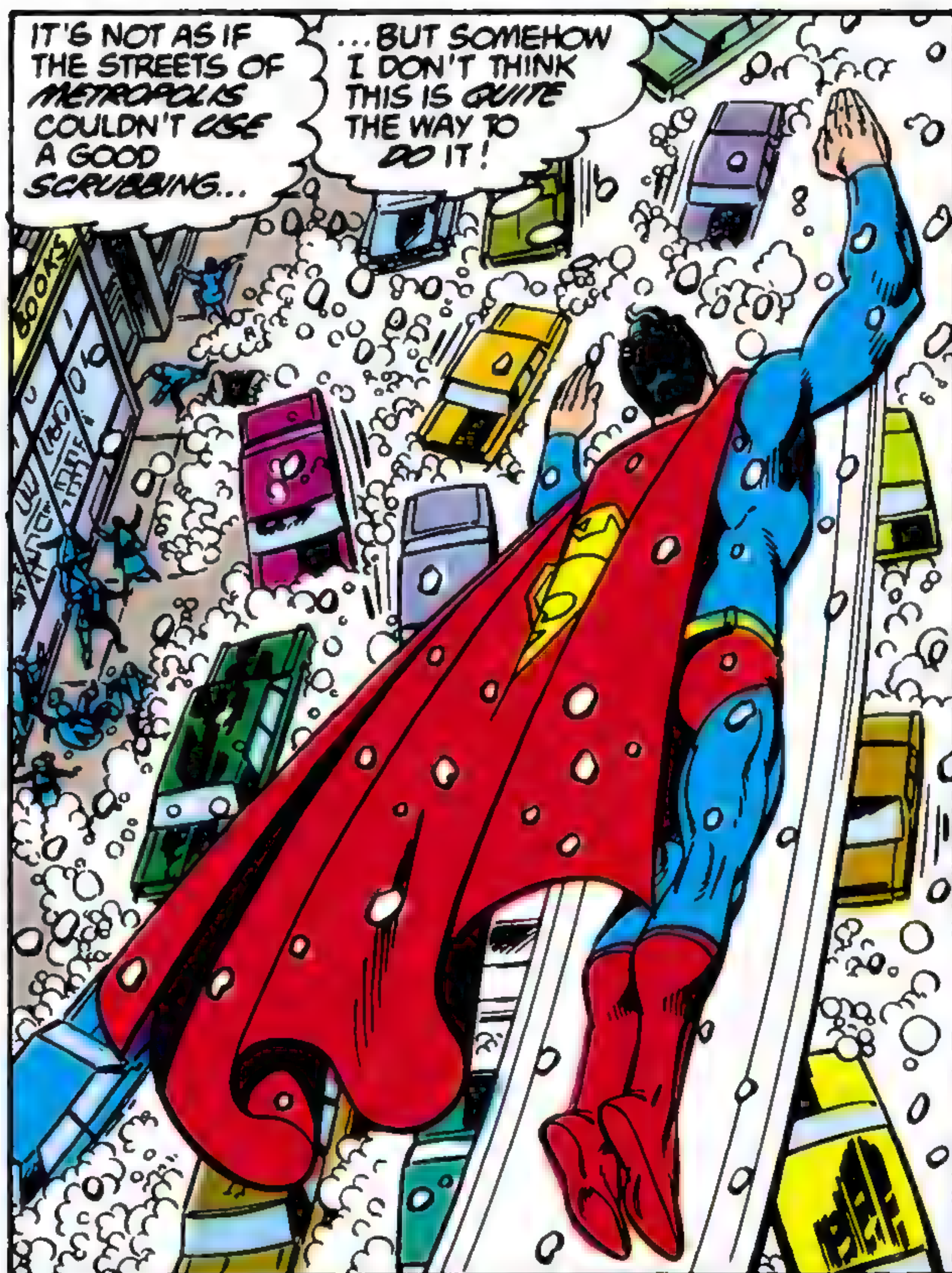
story & pencils by *JOHN BYRNE* inking by *KARL KESSEL*
coloring by *TOM ZIUKO* lettering by *JOHN COSTANZA*
editing by: *MICHAEL CARLIN*

THIS
HARMLESS
LOOKING
SNOWFALL
ISN'T ALL
SNOW!

SOME OF IT IS...
SOAP FLAKES!!

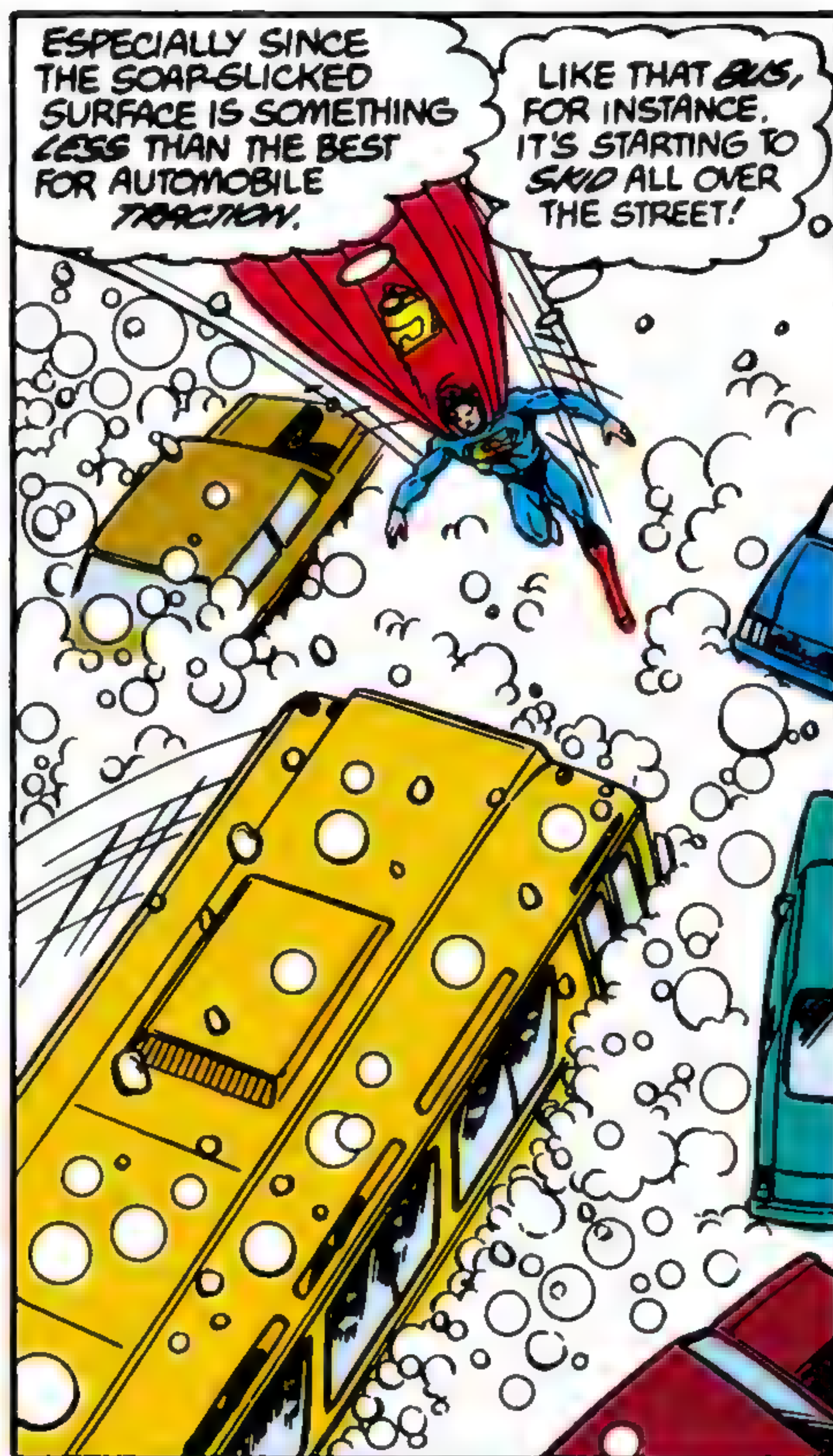


SUPERMAN 16 Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SUPERMAN, DC Comics Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1981, New York, NY 10185. Annual subscription rate \$9.00. Outside U.S.A. \$11.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright © 1987 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A.
DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company 



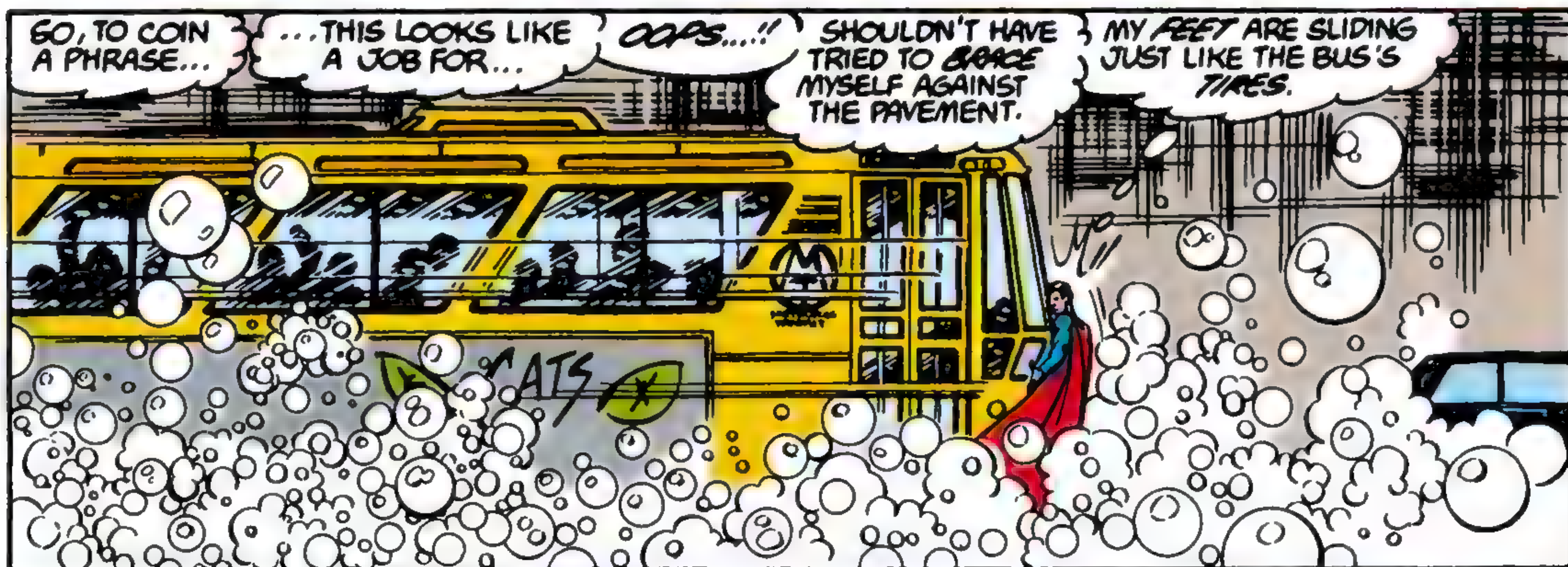
IT'S NOT AS IF THE STREETS OF METROPOLIS COULDN'T USE A GOOD SCRUBBING...

...BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THIS IS QUITE THE WAY TO DO IT!



ESPECIALLY SINCE THE SOAP-SLICKED SURFACE IS SOMETHING LESS THAN THE BEST FOR AUTOMOBILE TRACTION.

LIKE THAT BUS, FOR INSTANCE. IT'S STARTING TO SKID ALL OVER THE STREET!



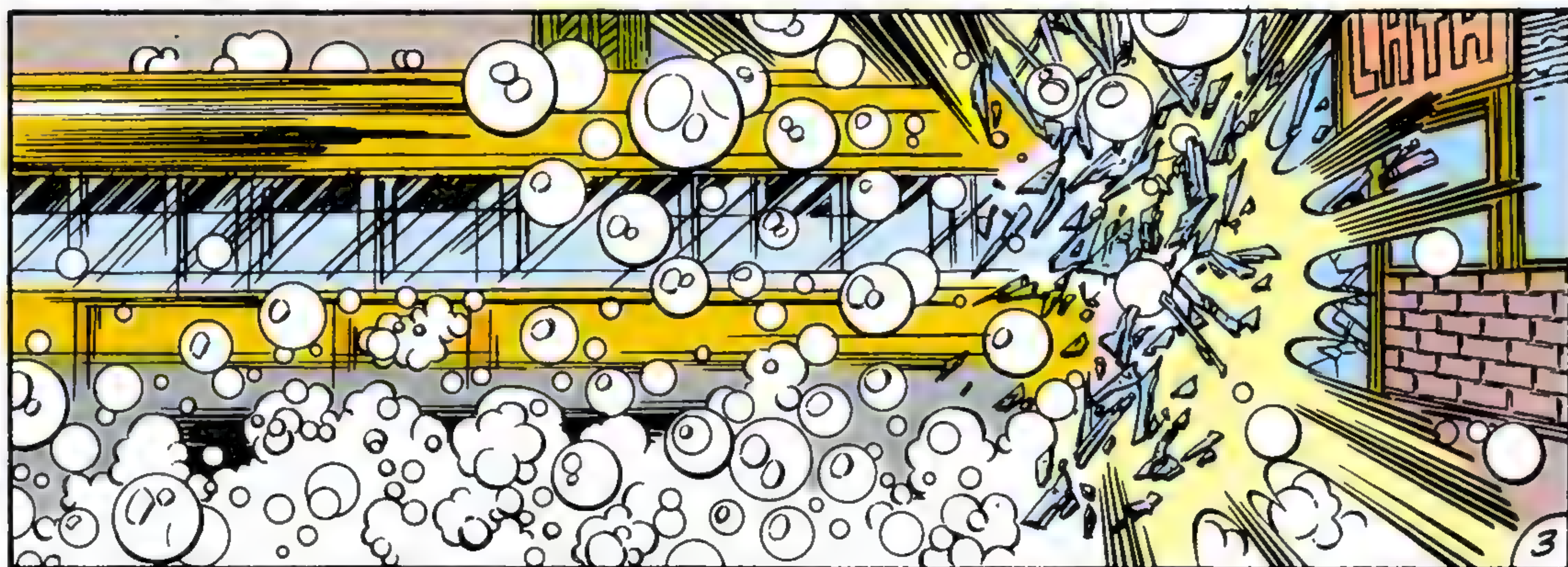
GO, TO COIN A PHRASE...

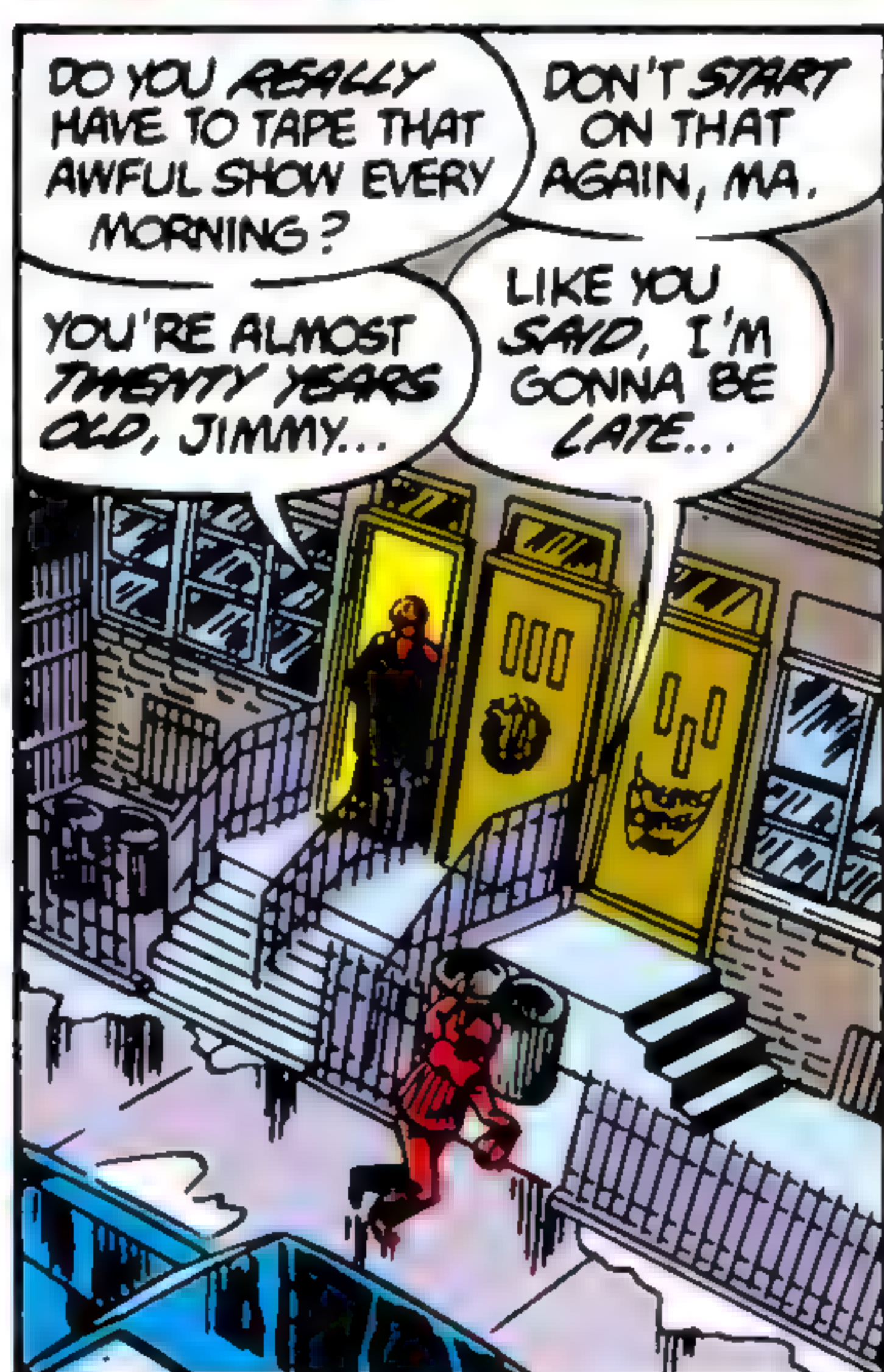
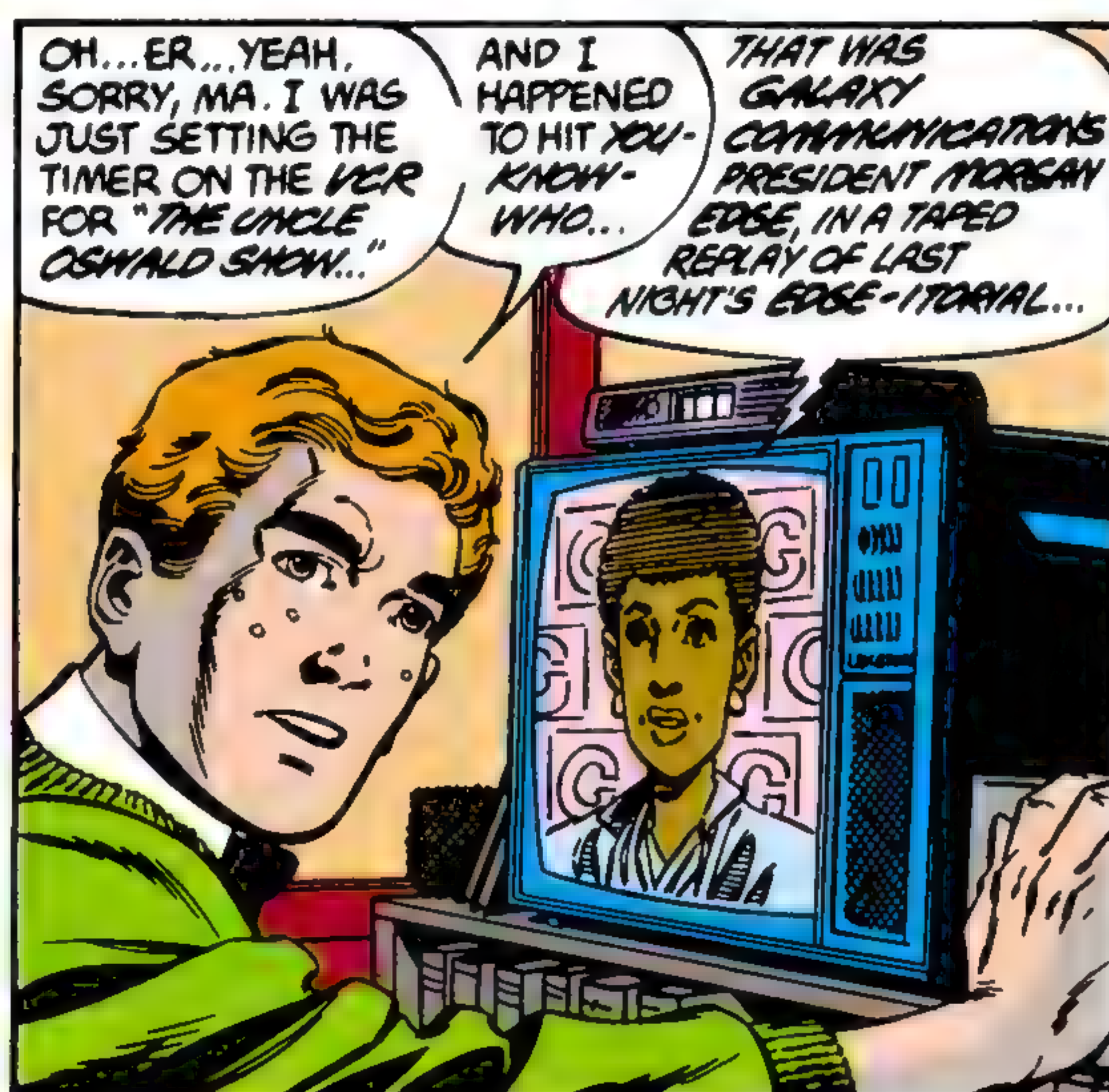
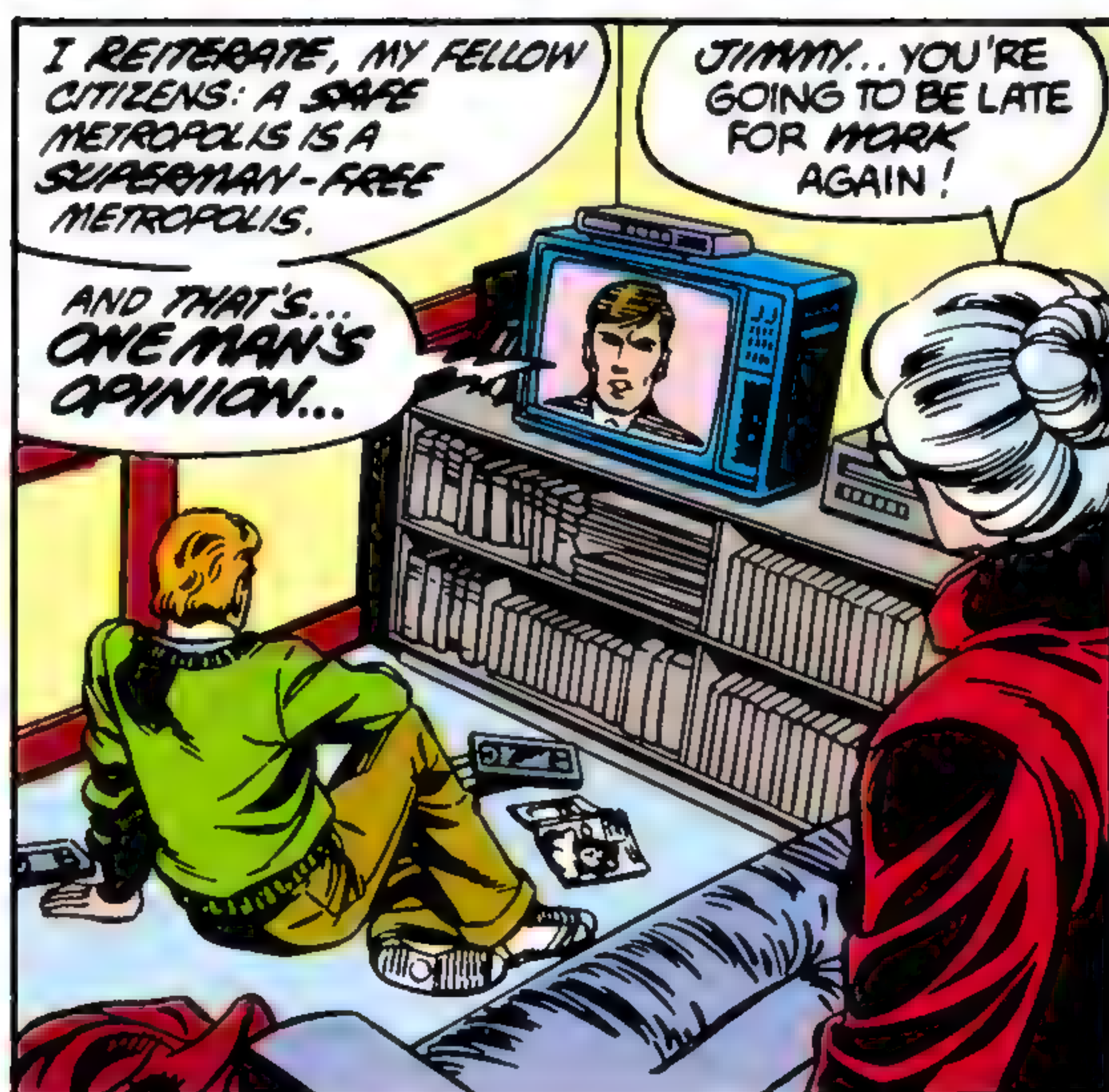
...THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR...

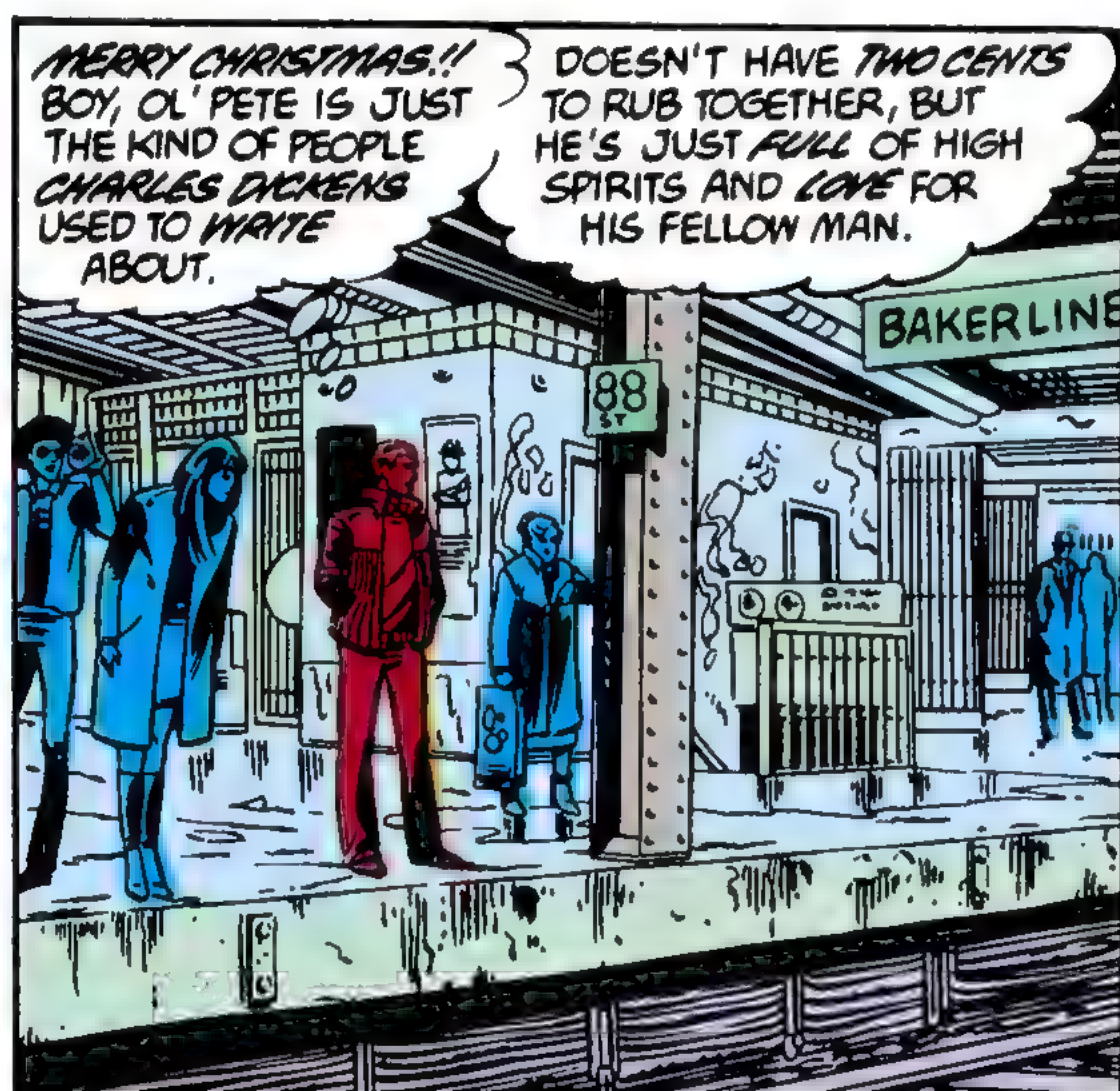
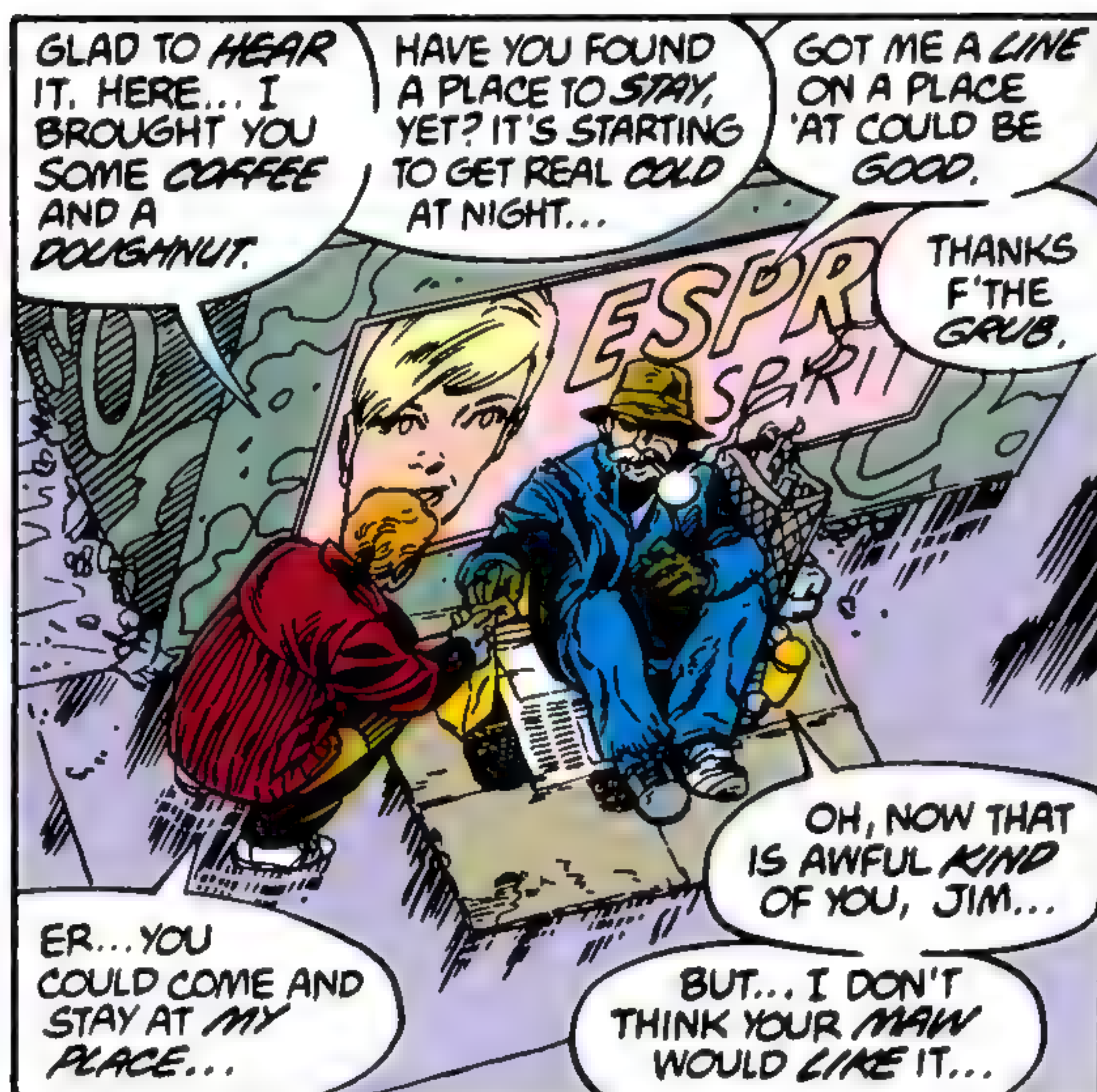
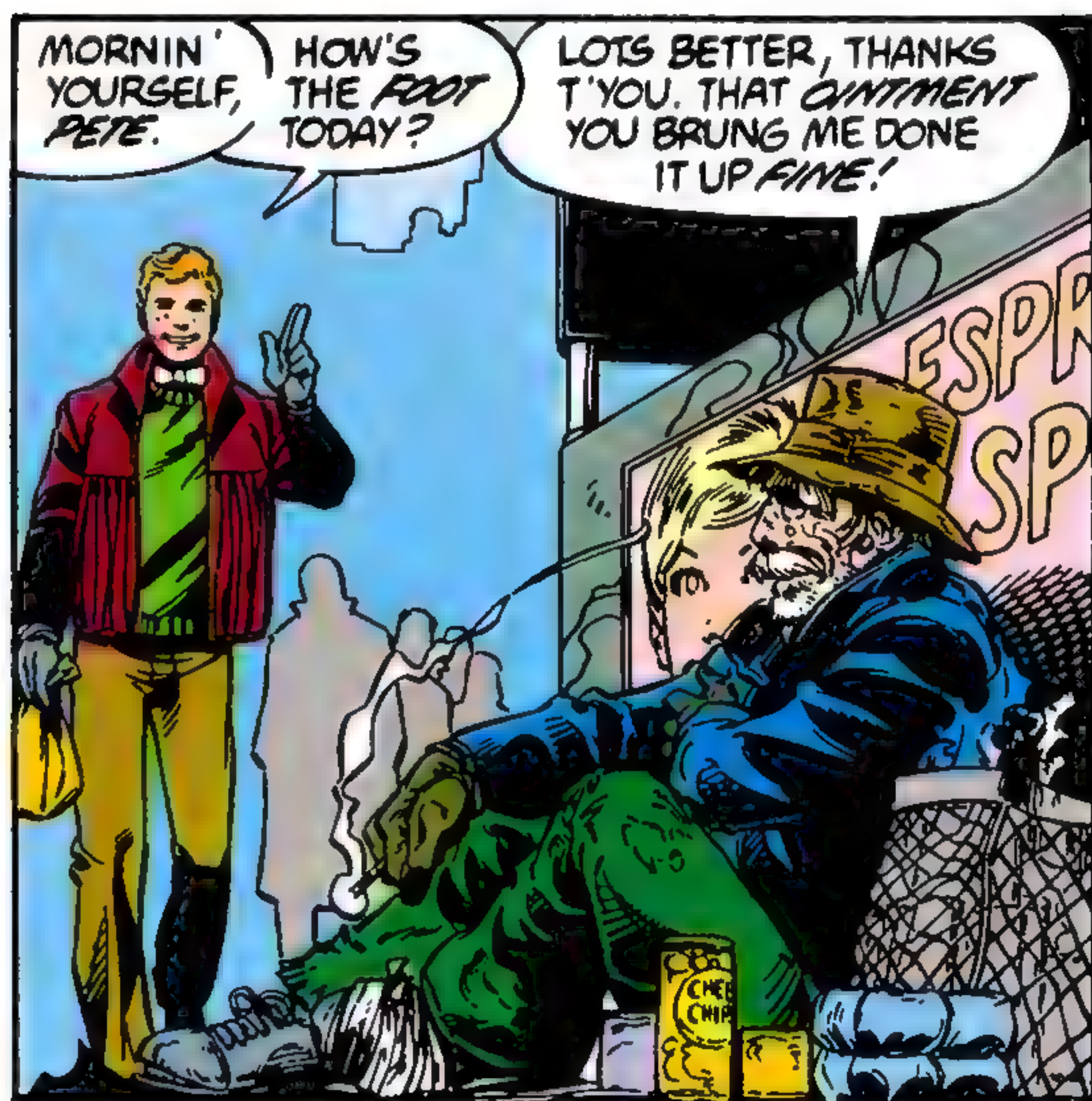
OOPS....!!

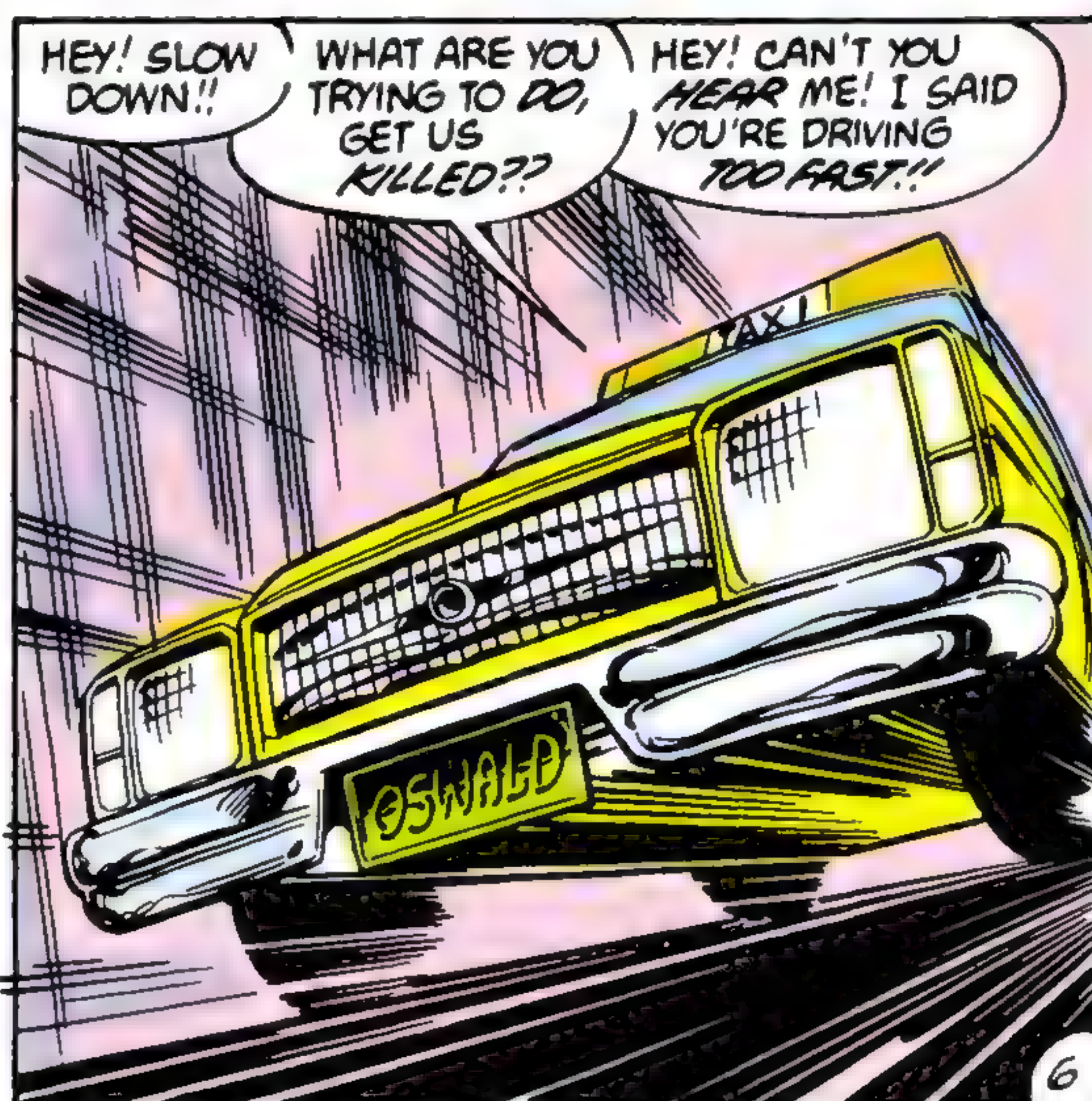
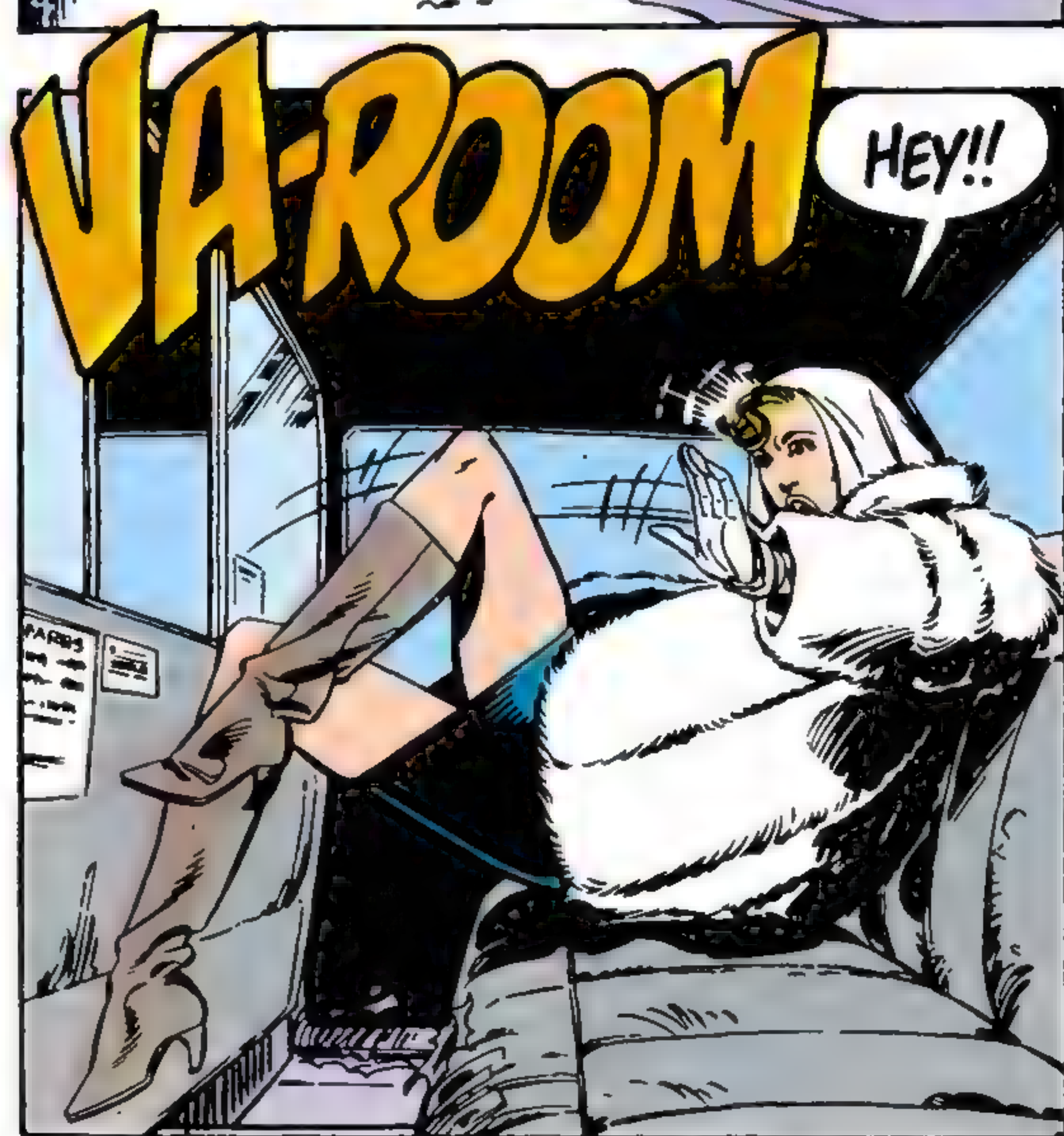
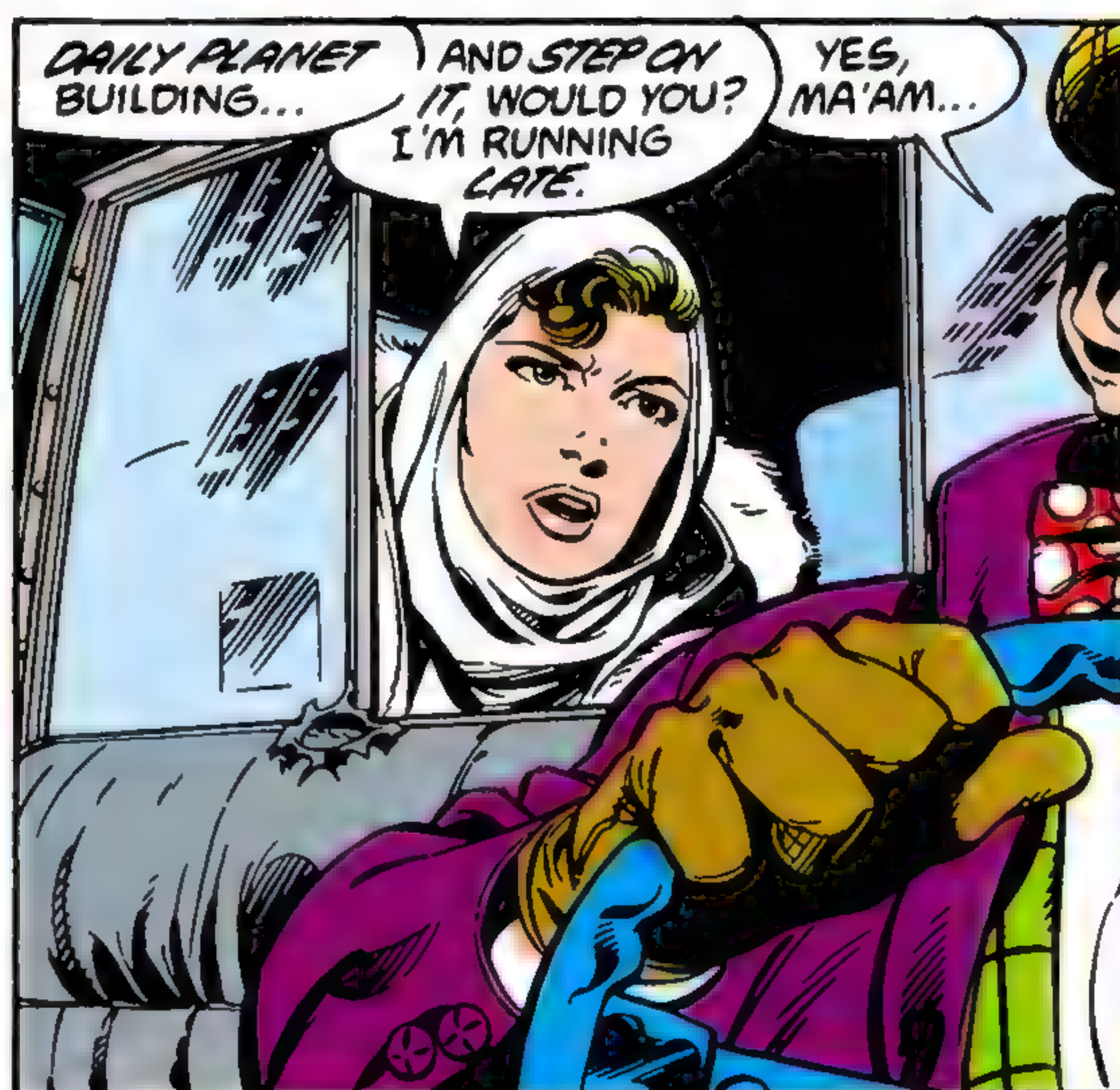
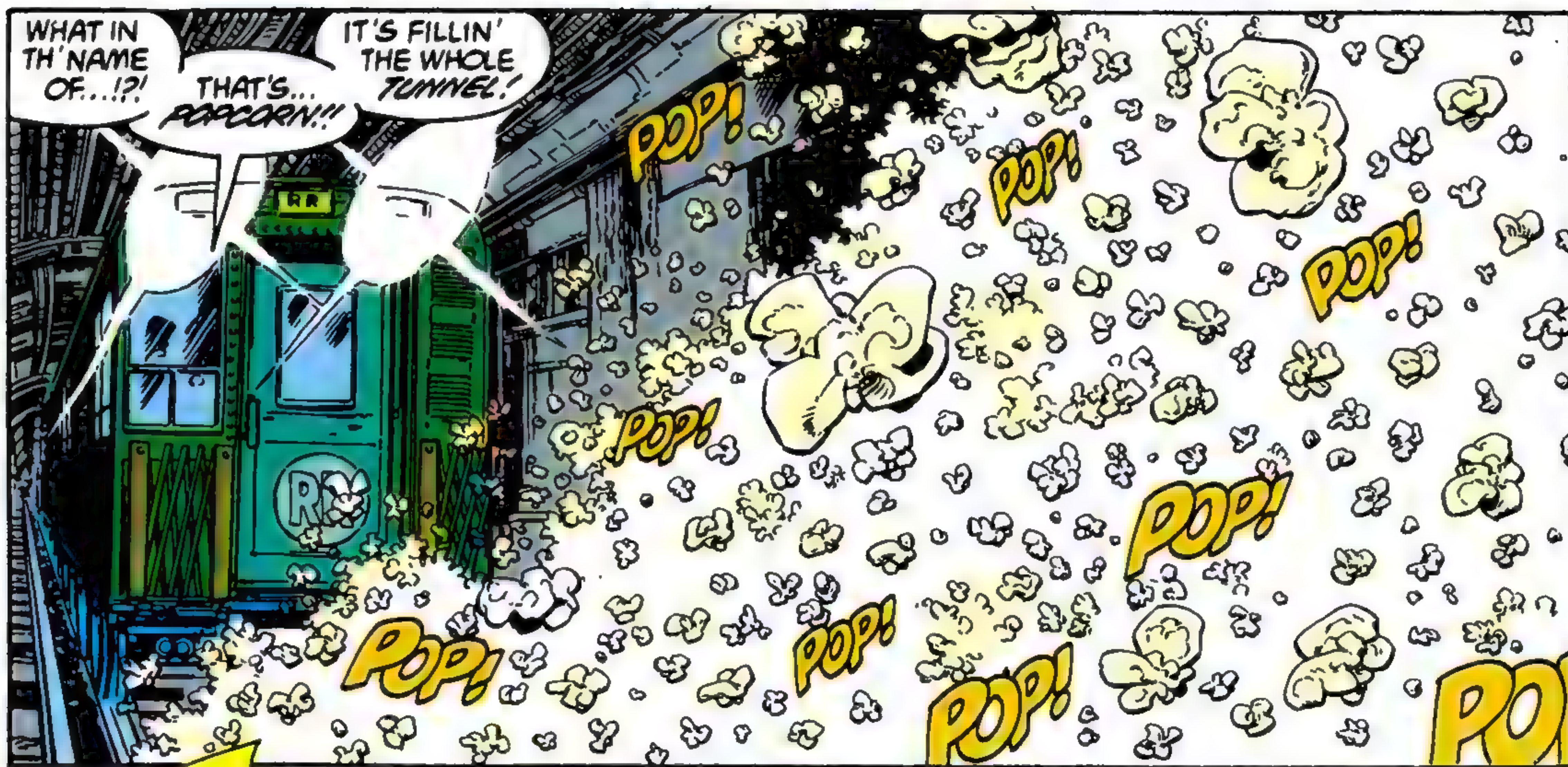
SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO BRACE MYSELF AGAINST THE PAVEMENT.

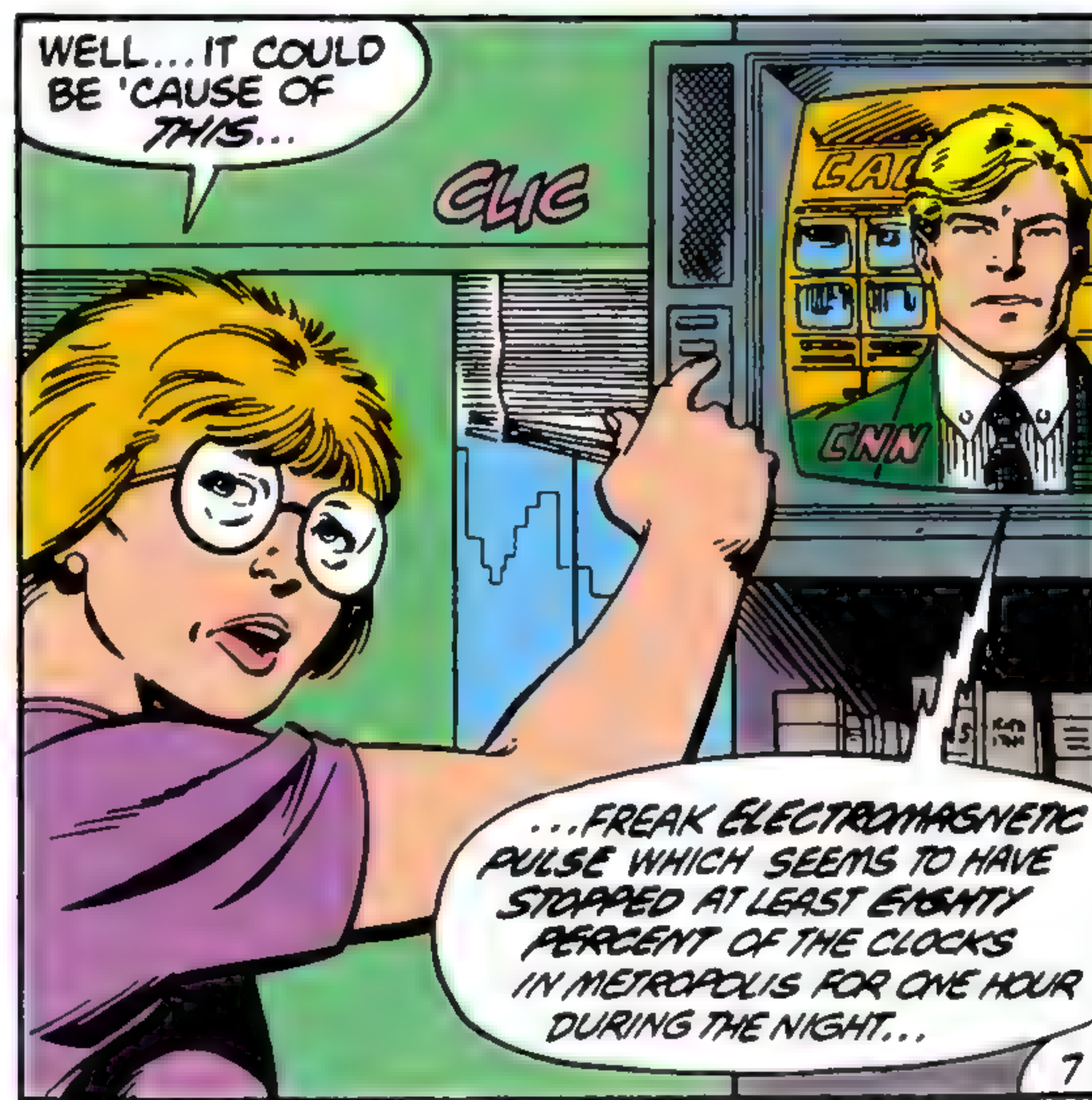
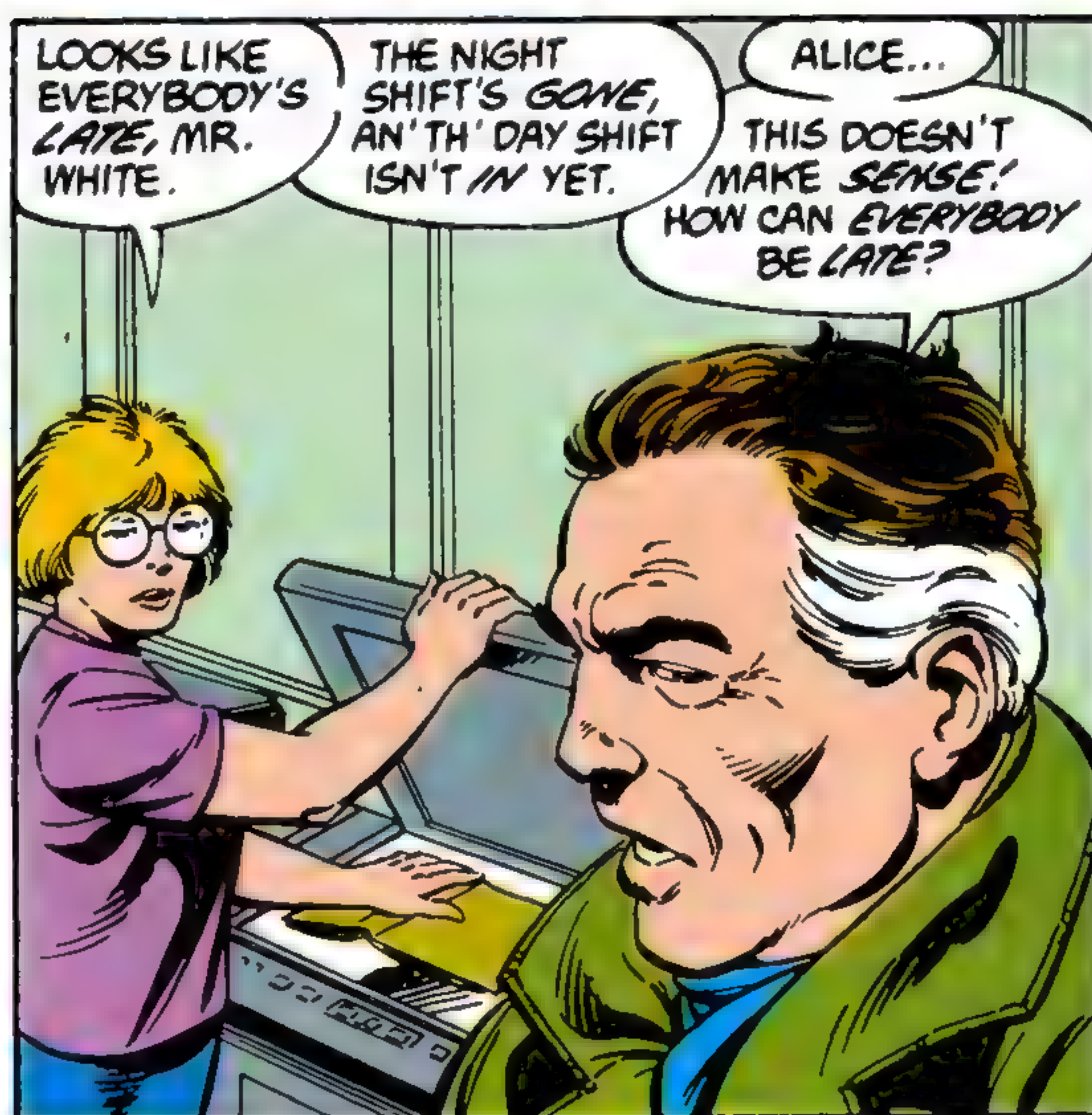
MY FEET ARE SLIDING JUST LIKE THE BUS'S TIRES.

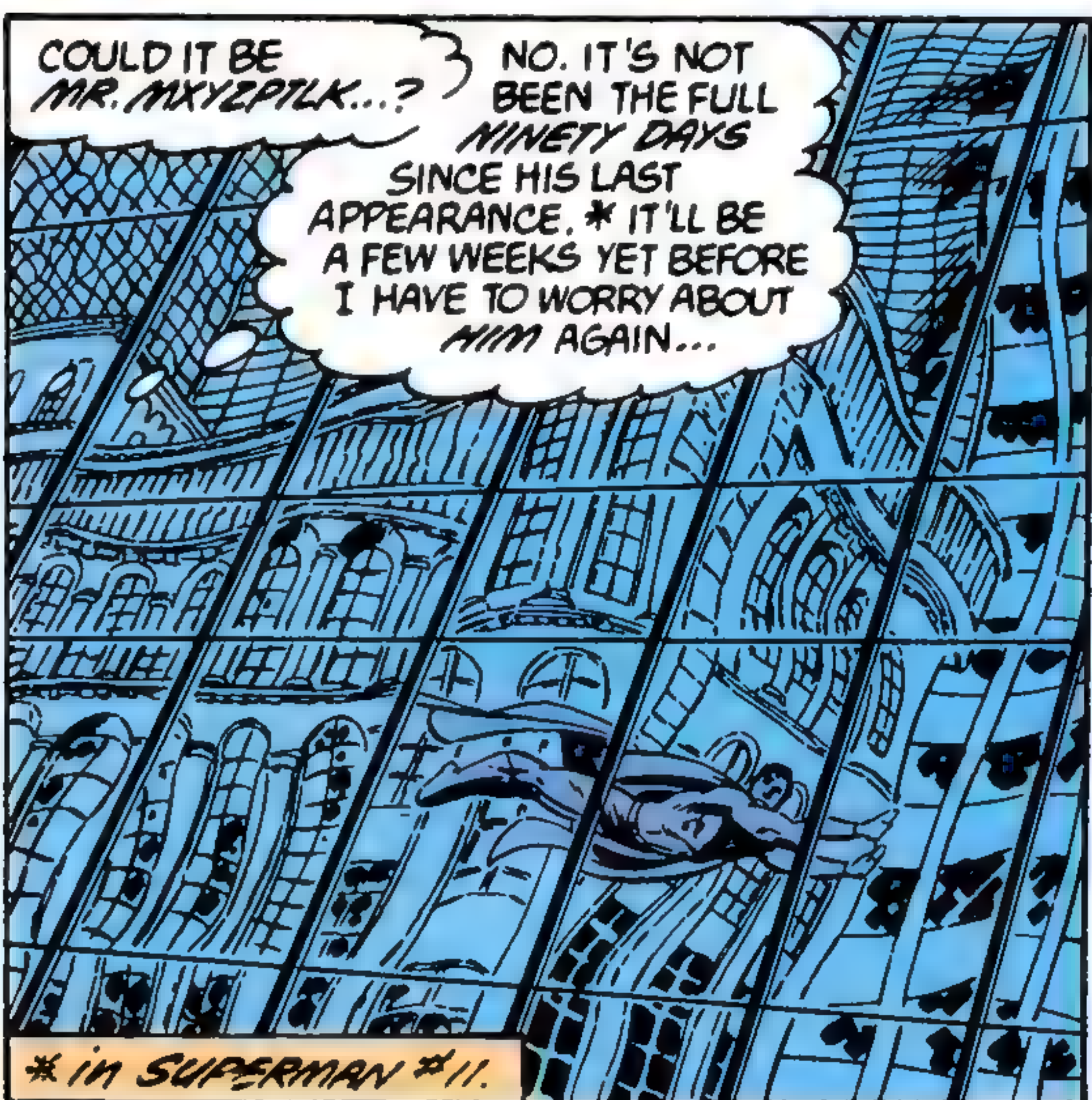
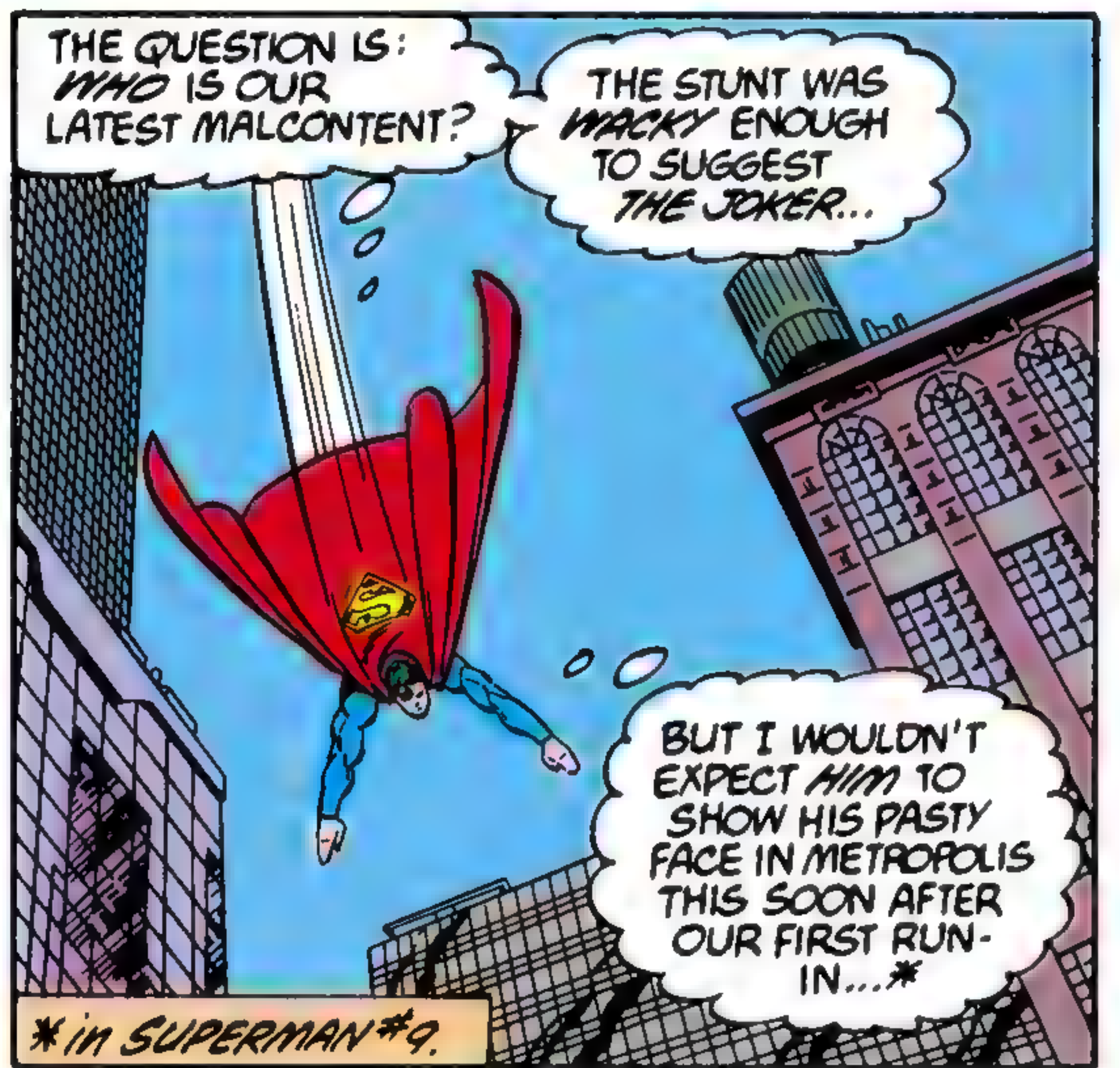
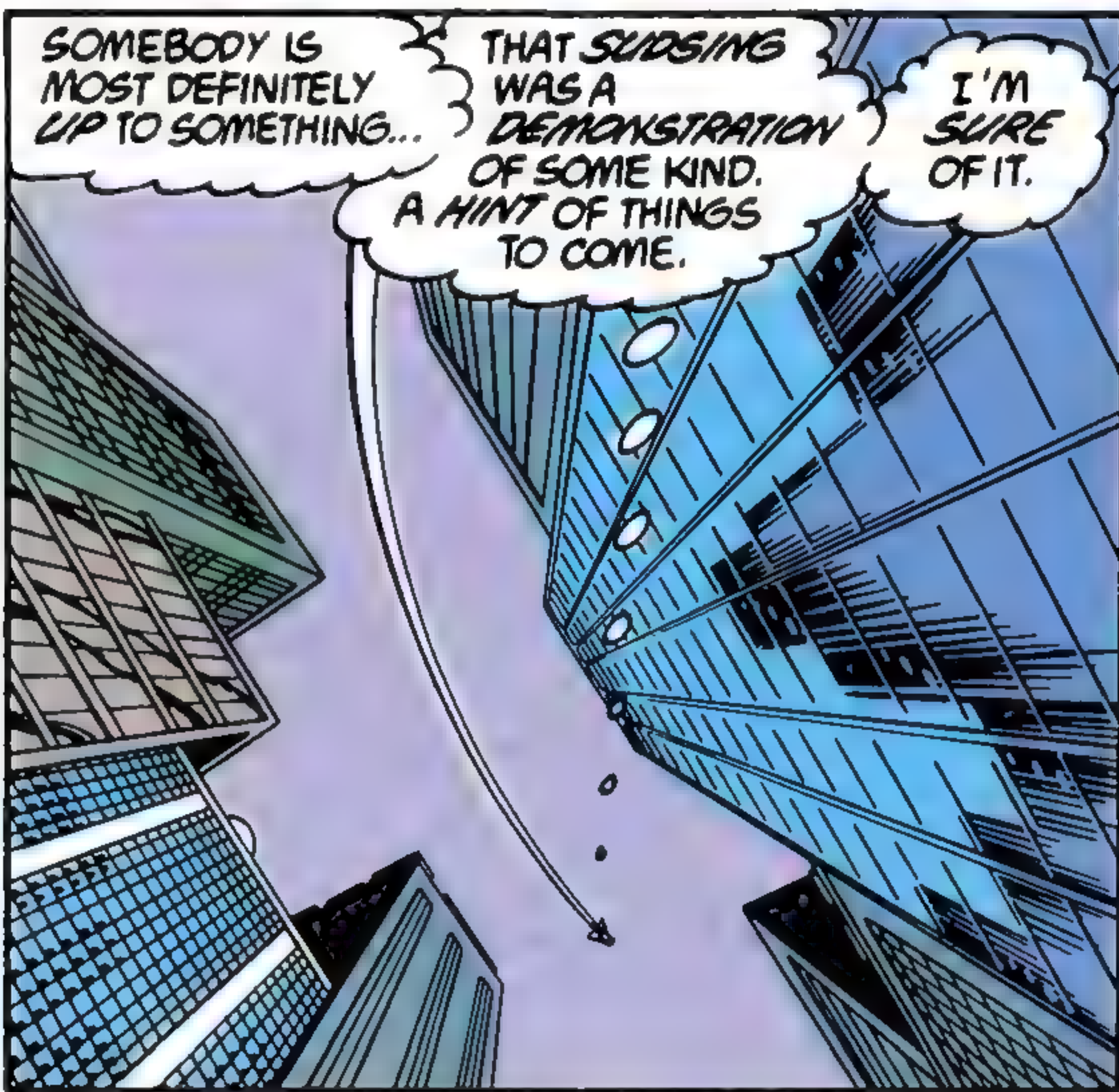
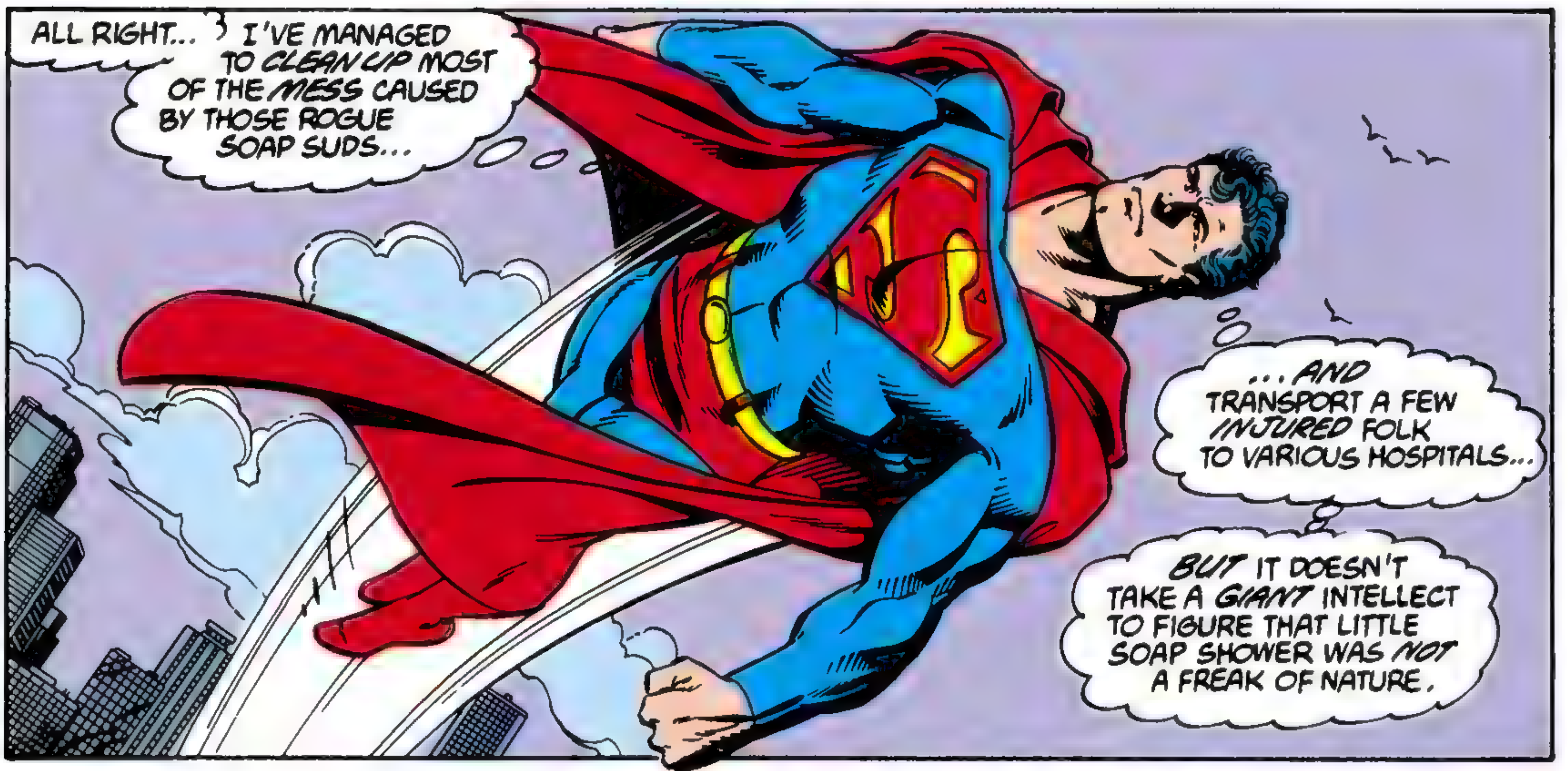


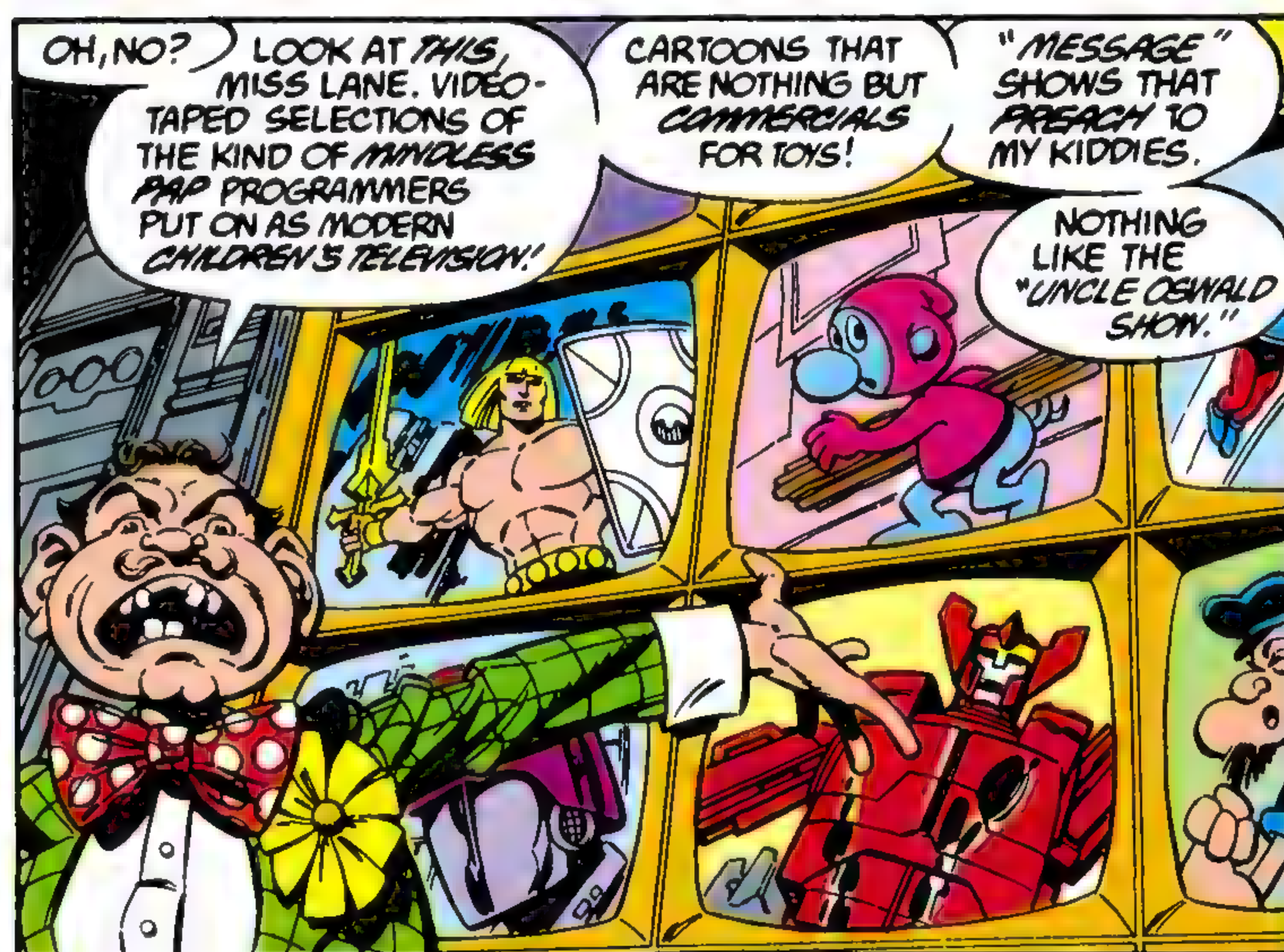
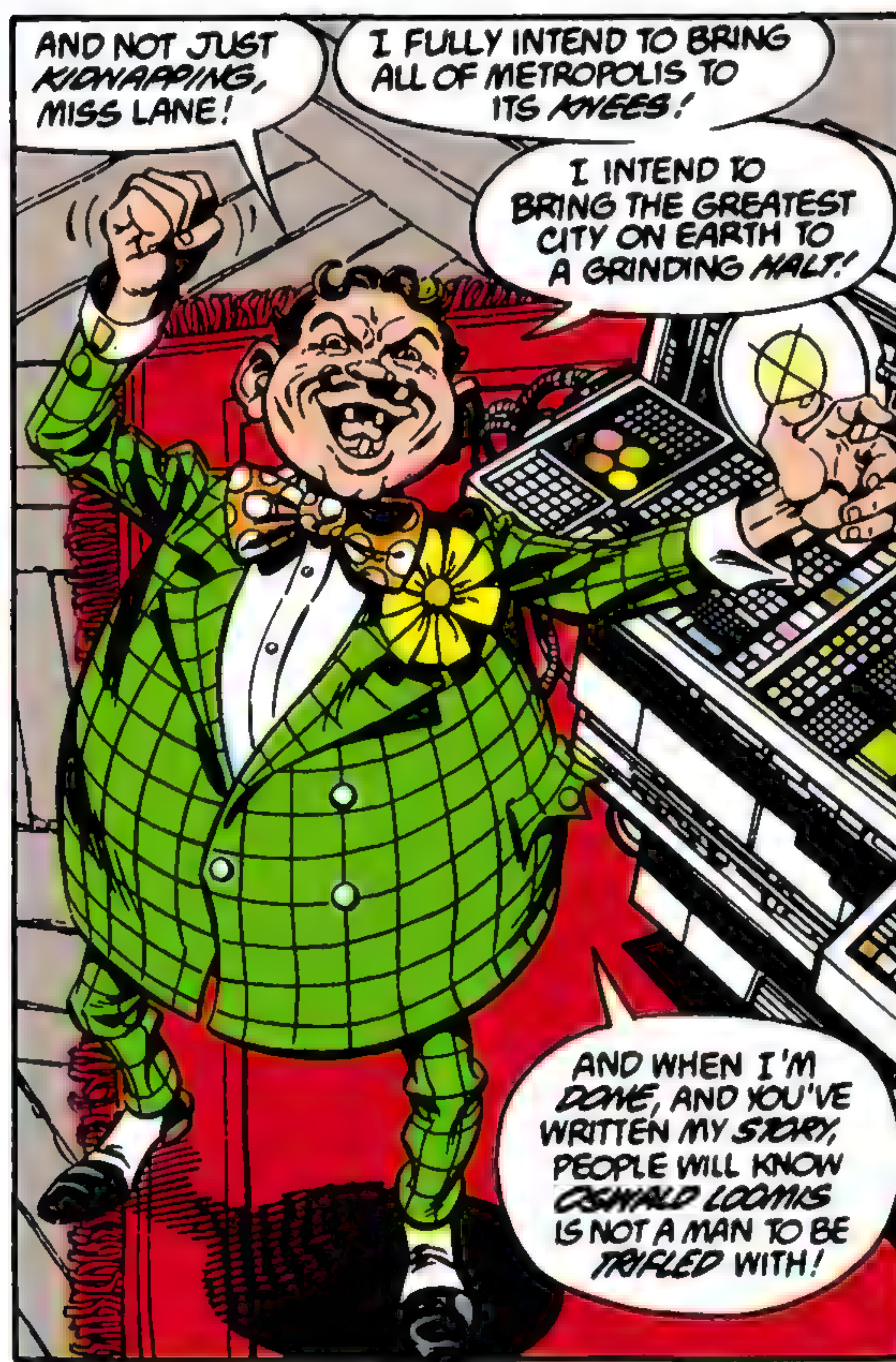


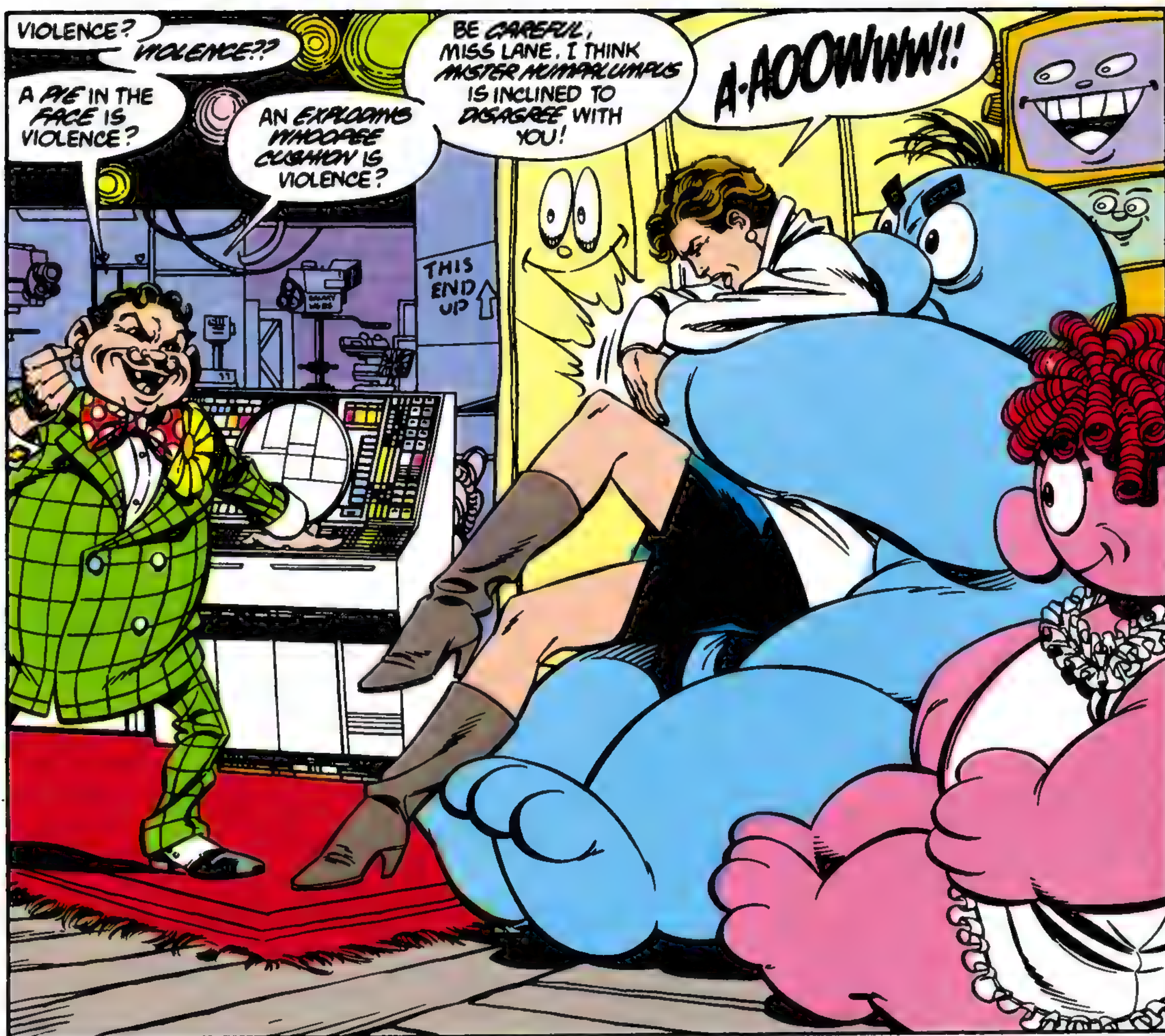


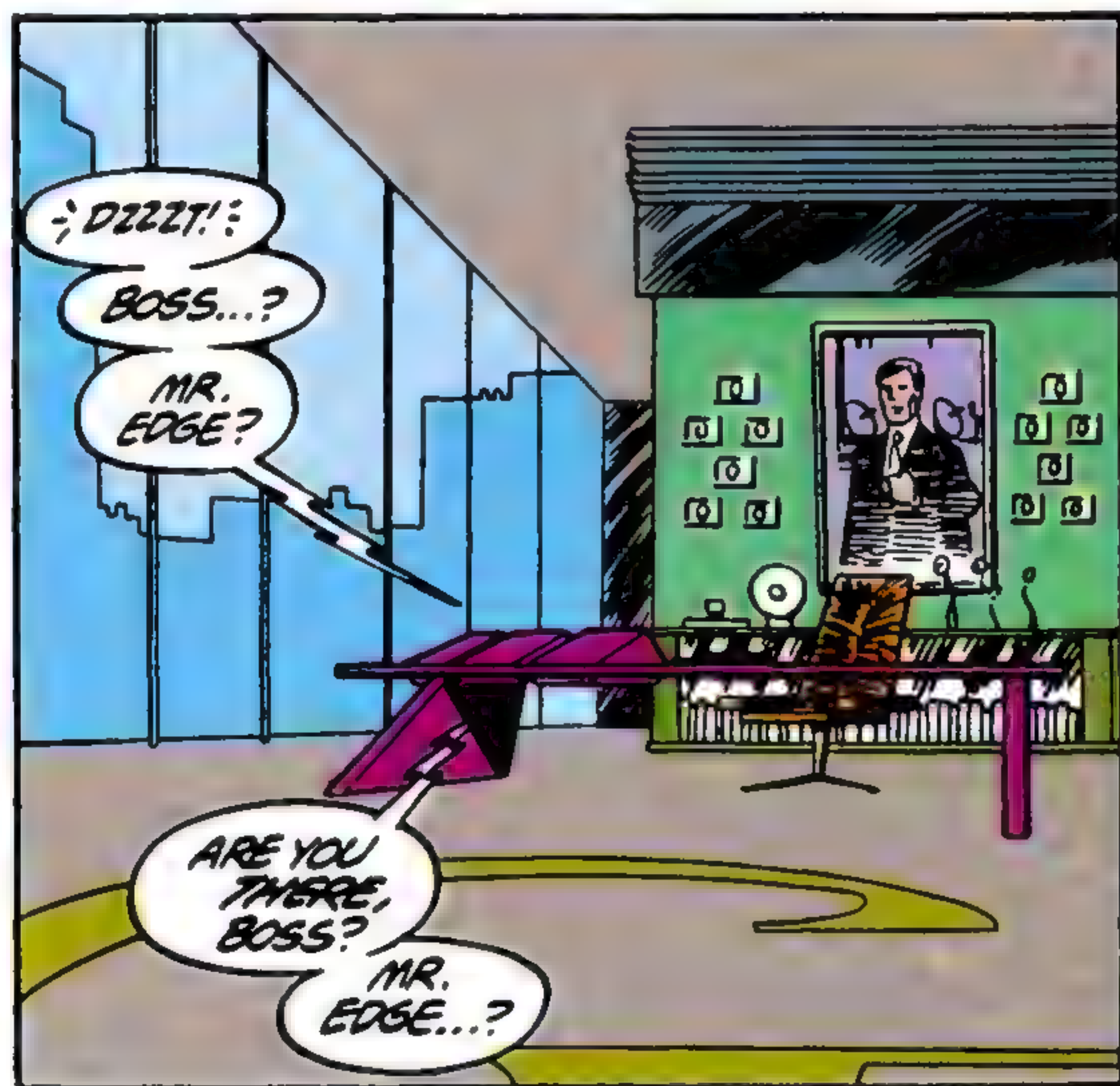
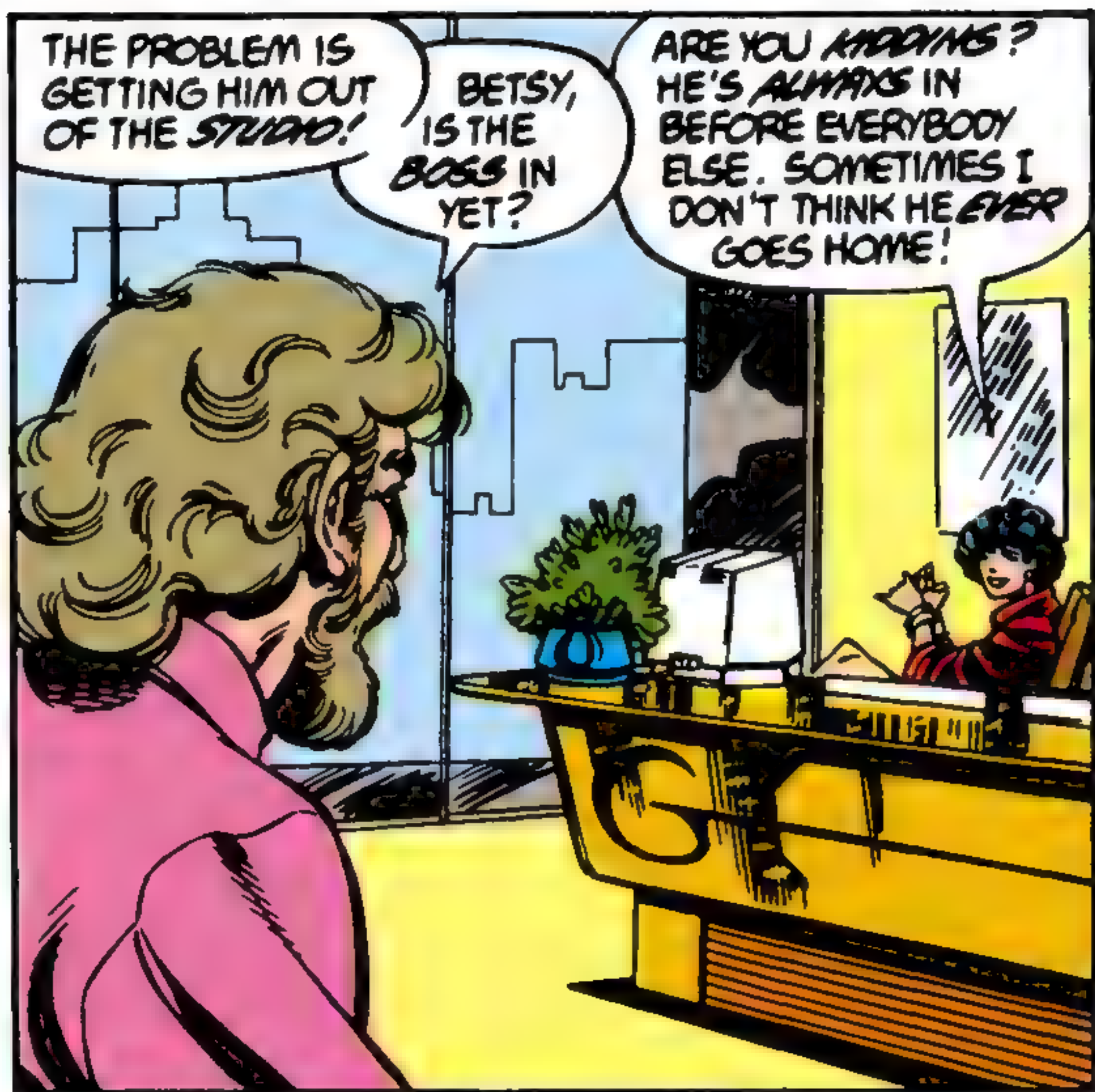
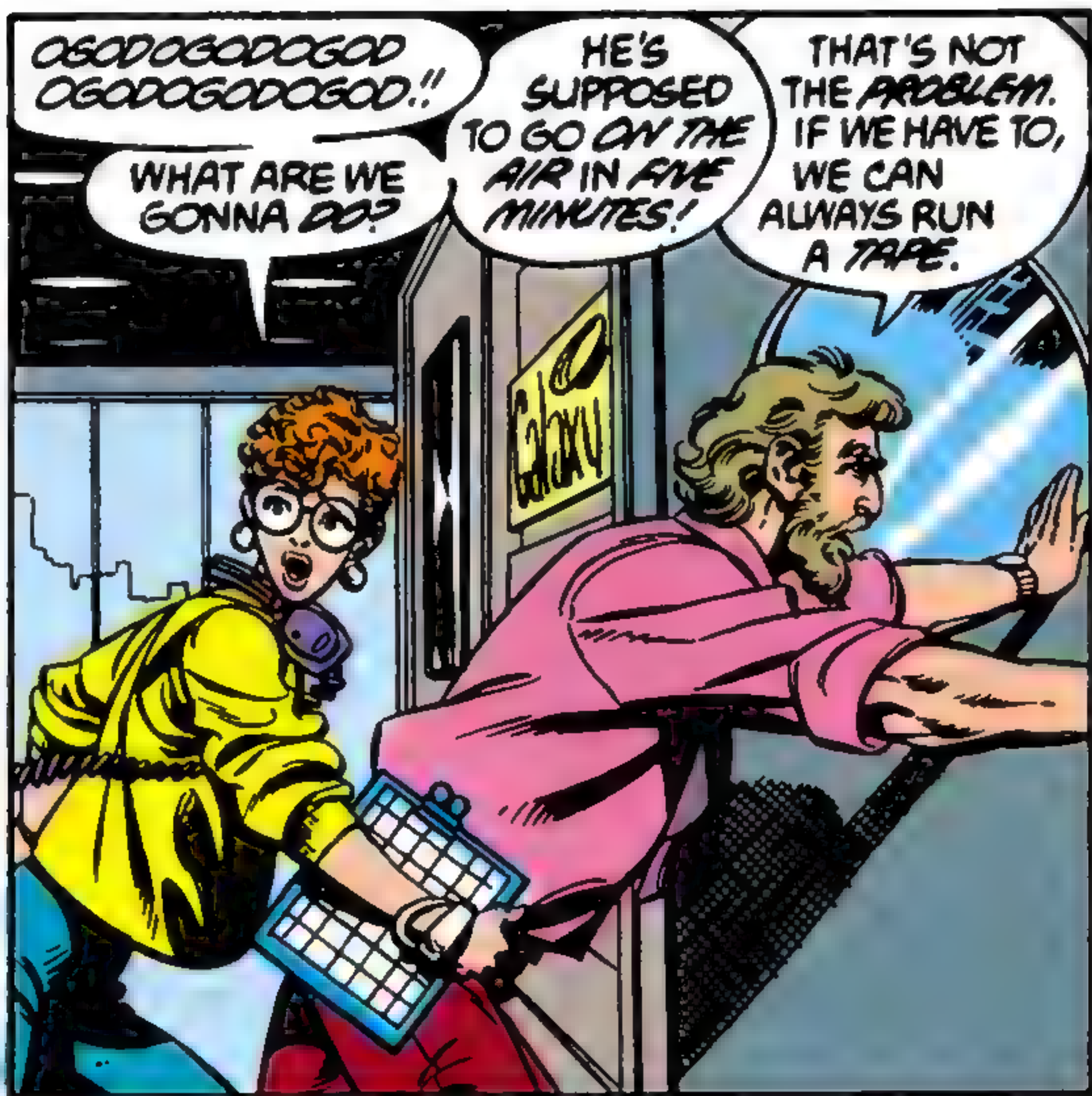


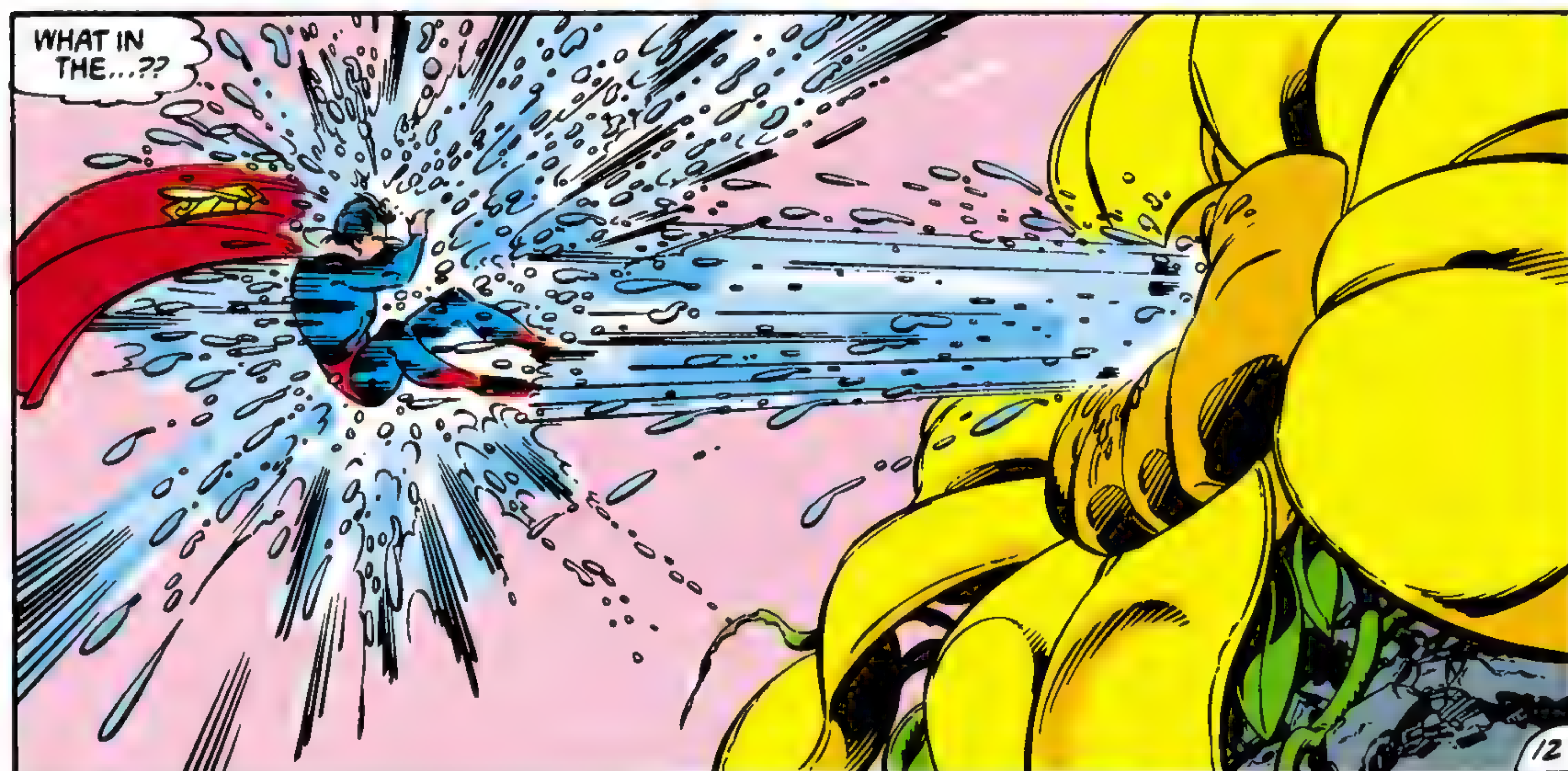
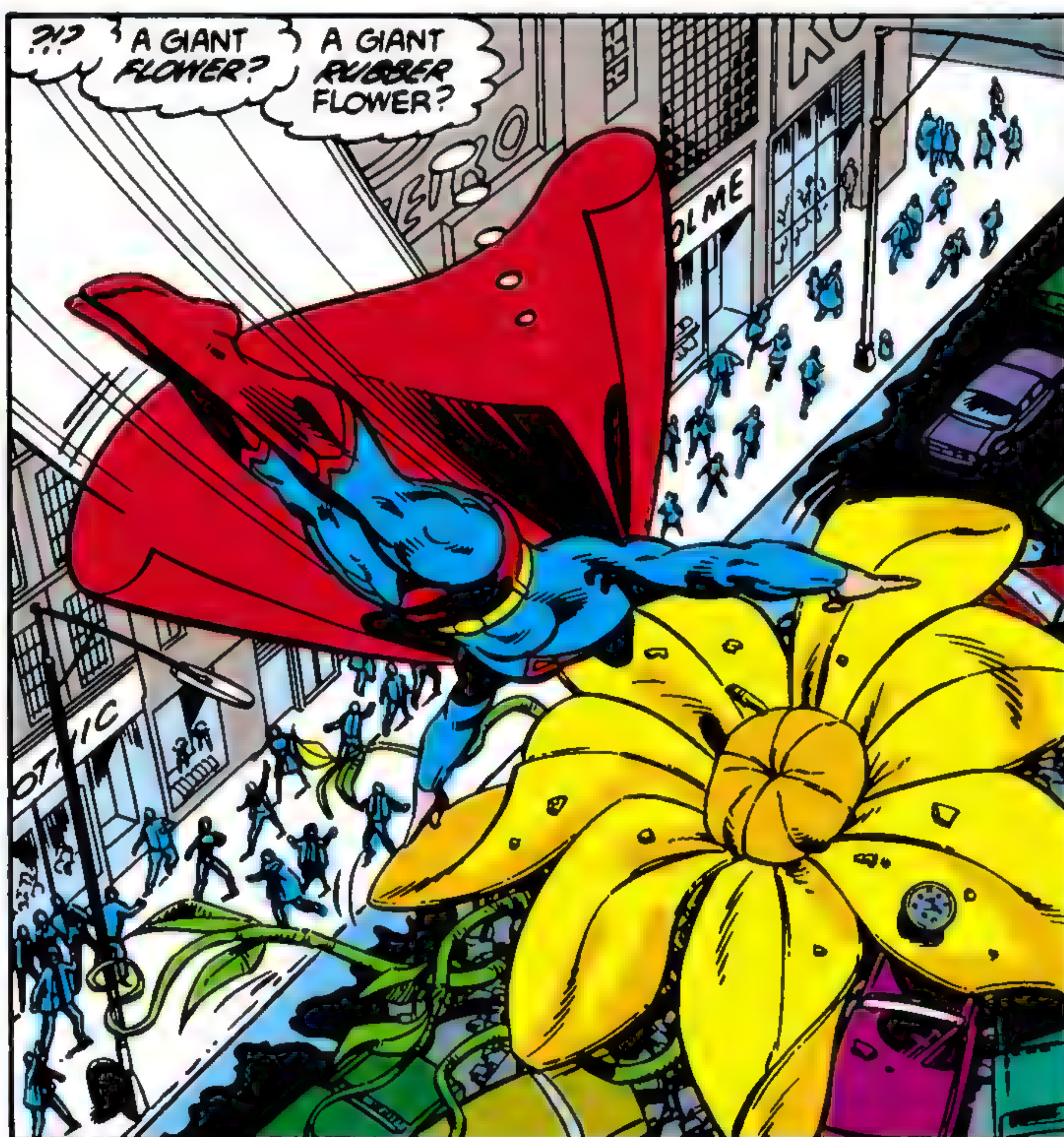
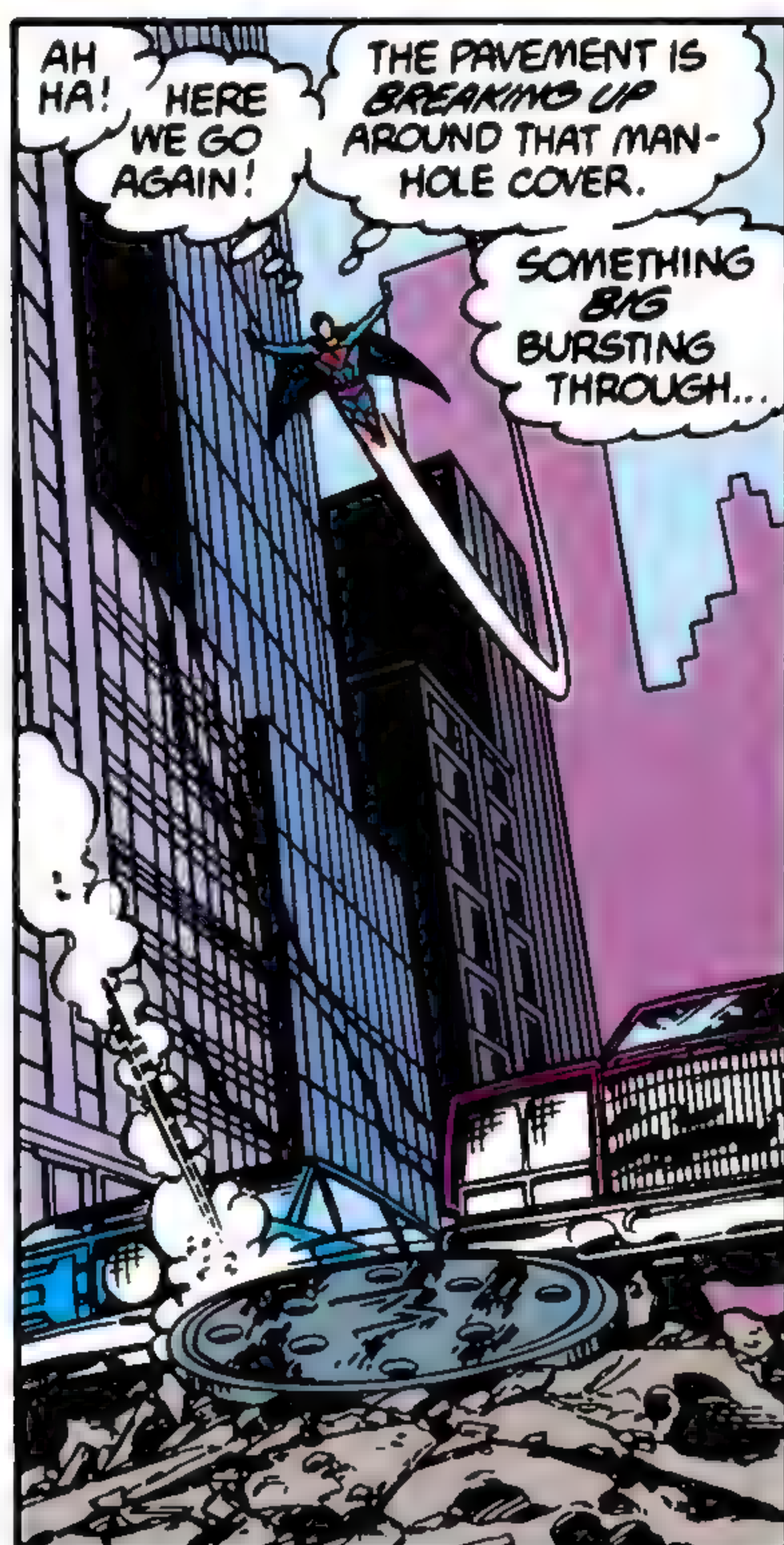
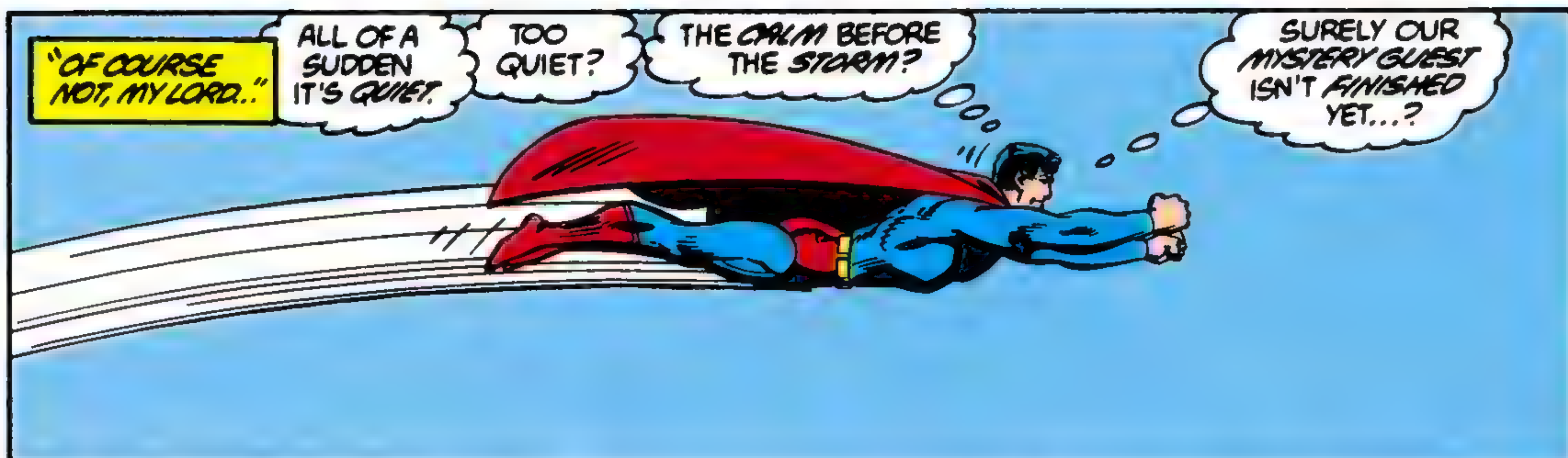


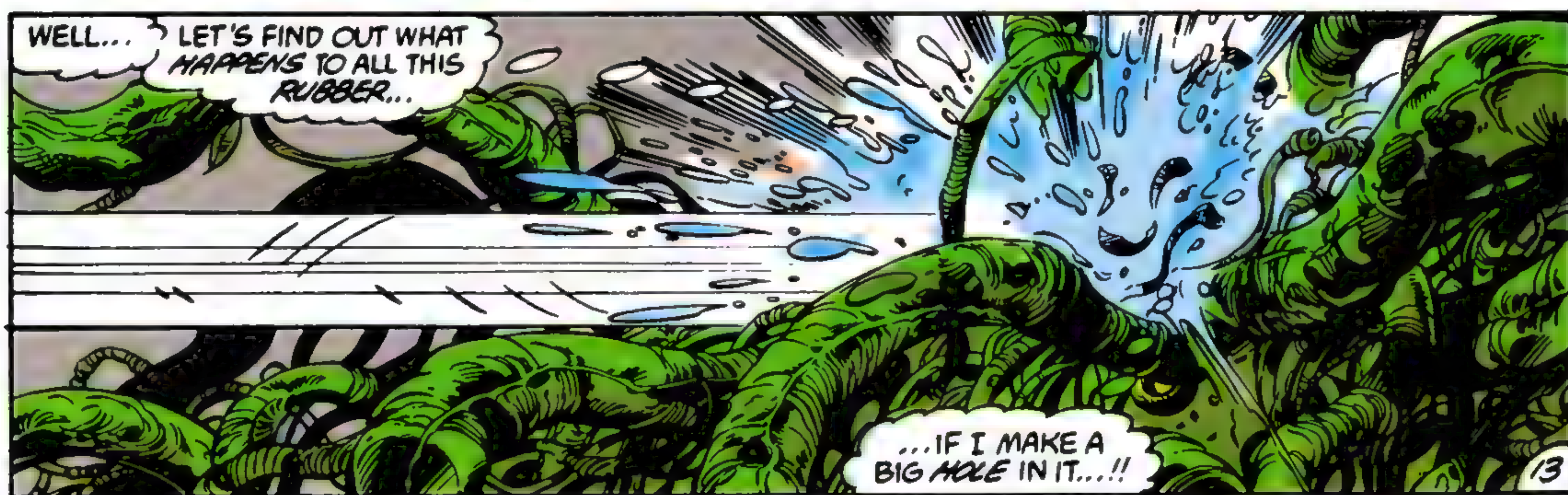
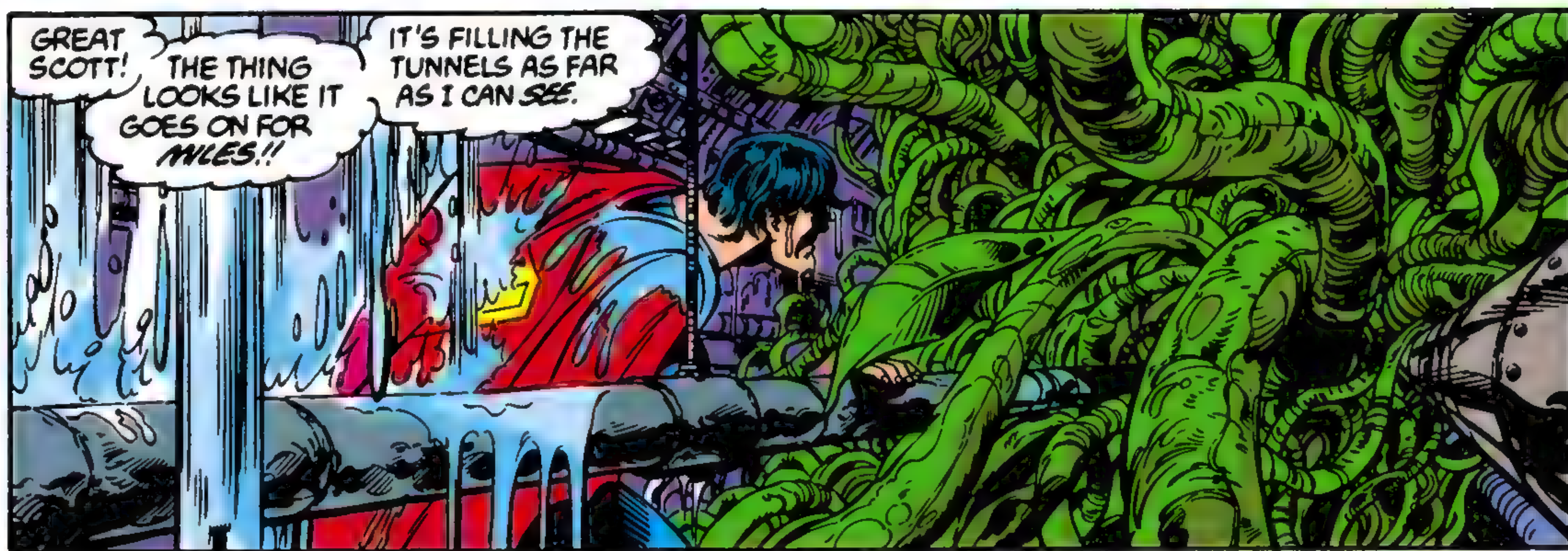


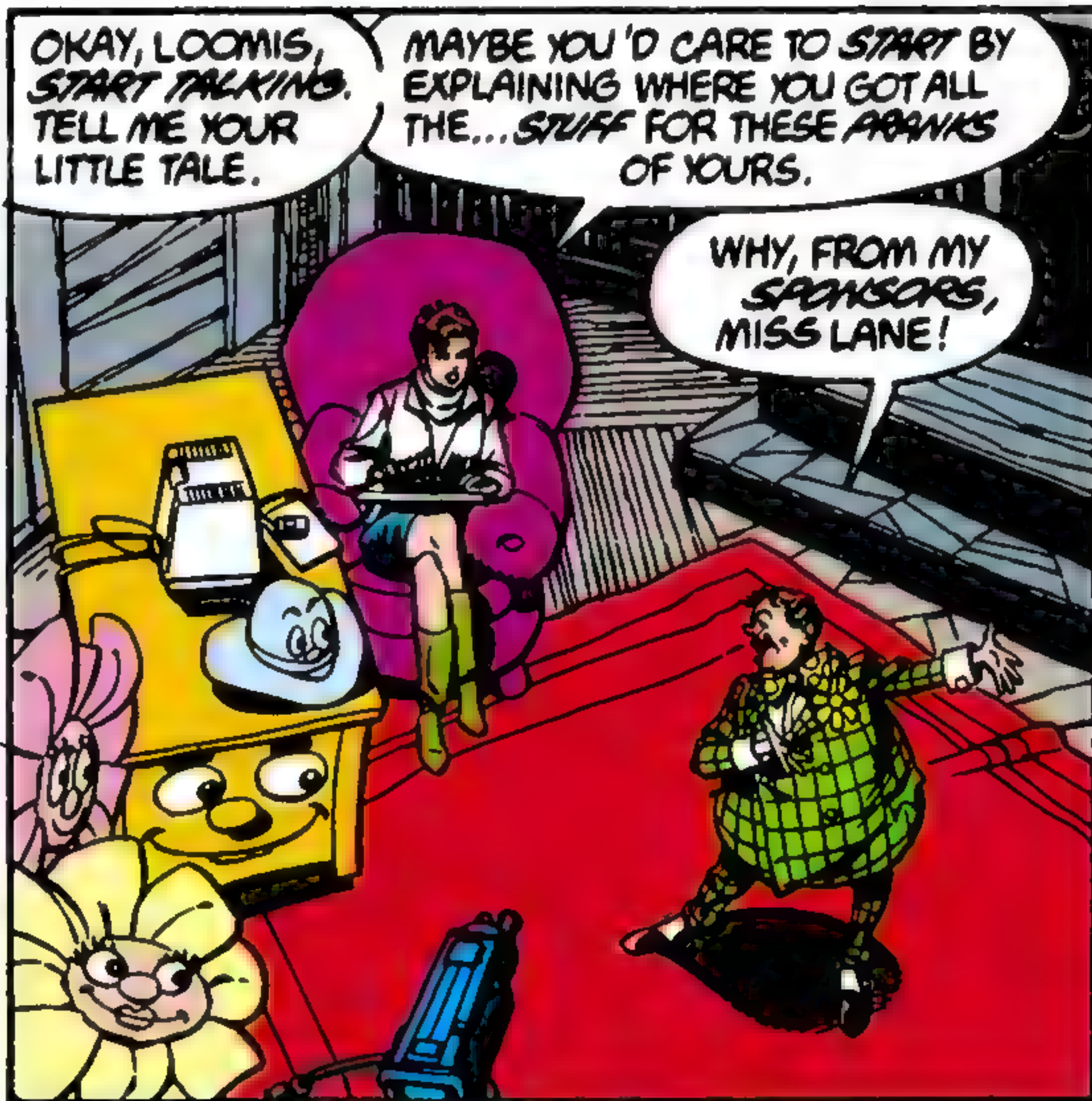








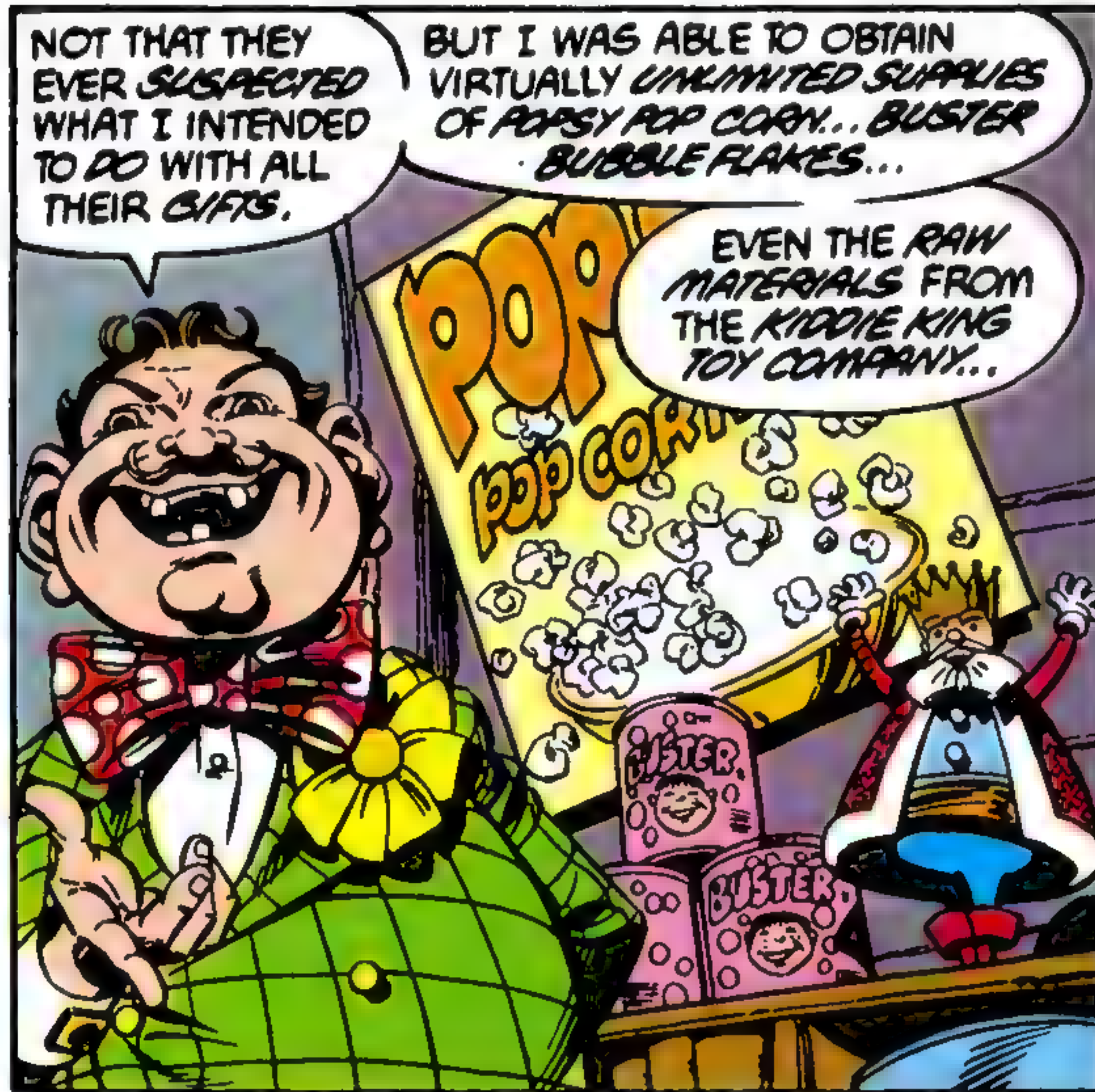




OKAY, LOOMIS, START TALKING. TELL ME YOUR LITTLE TALE.

MAYBE YOU'D CARE TO START BY EXPLAINING WHERE YOU GOT ALL THE... STUFF FOR THESE PRANKS OF YOURS.

WHY, FROM MY SPONSORS, MISS LANE!



NOT THAT THEY EVER SUSPECTED WHAT I INTENDED TO DO WITH ALL THEIR GIFTS.

BUT I WAS ABLE TO OBTAIN VIRTUALLY UNLIMITED SUPPLIES OF POPPY POP CORN... BUSTER BUBBLE FLAKES...

EVEN THE RAW MATERIALS FROM THE KIDDIE KING TOY COMPANY...



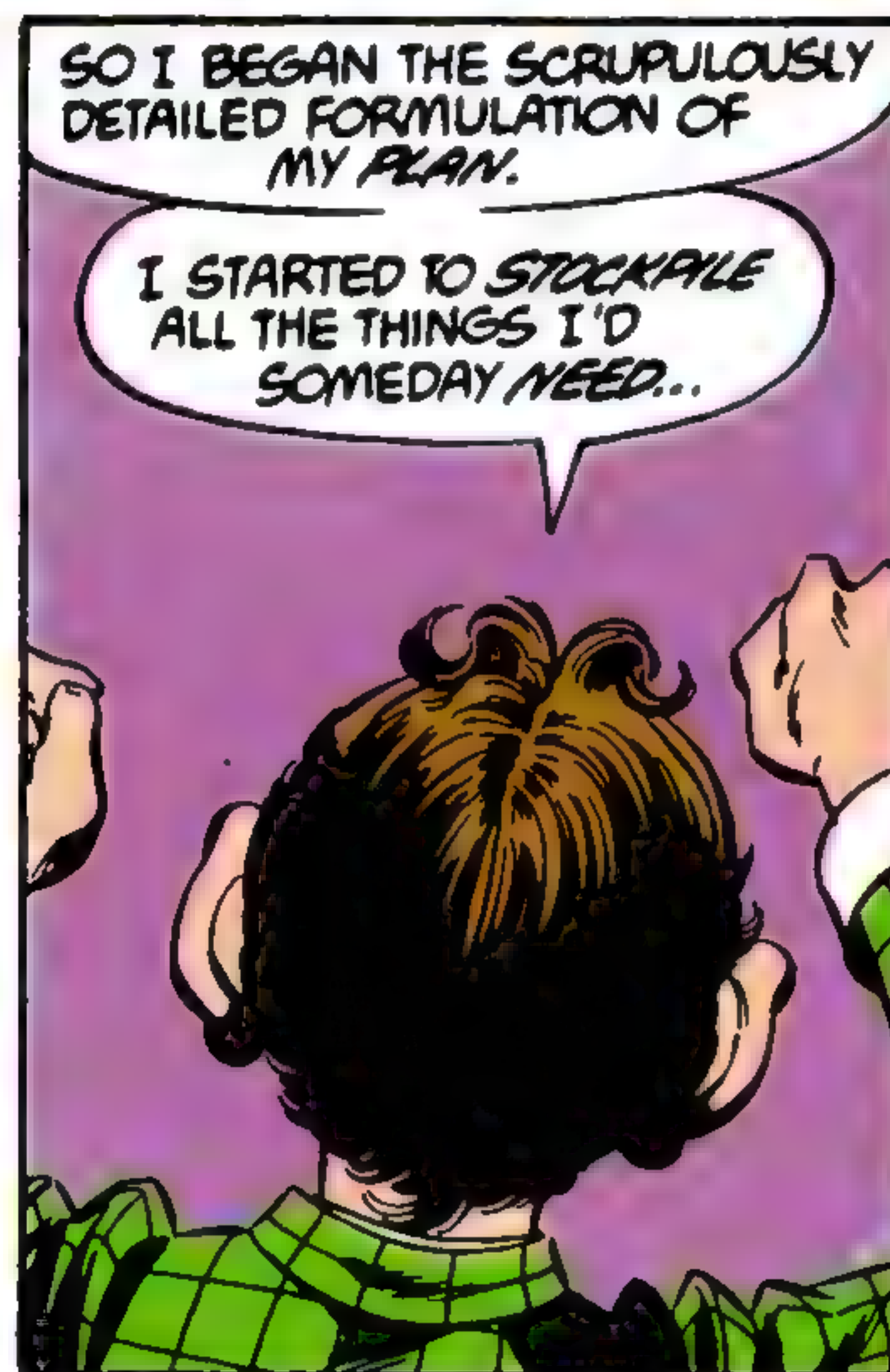
ALL THIS WAS... BEFORE, OF COURSE. BEFORE MY RATINGS STARTED TO DECLINE.

BEFORE MORGAN EDGE THREATENED TO REPLACE ME WITH PRE-PACKAGED CARTOONS!



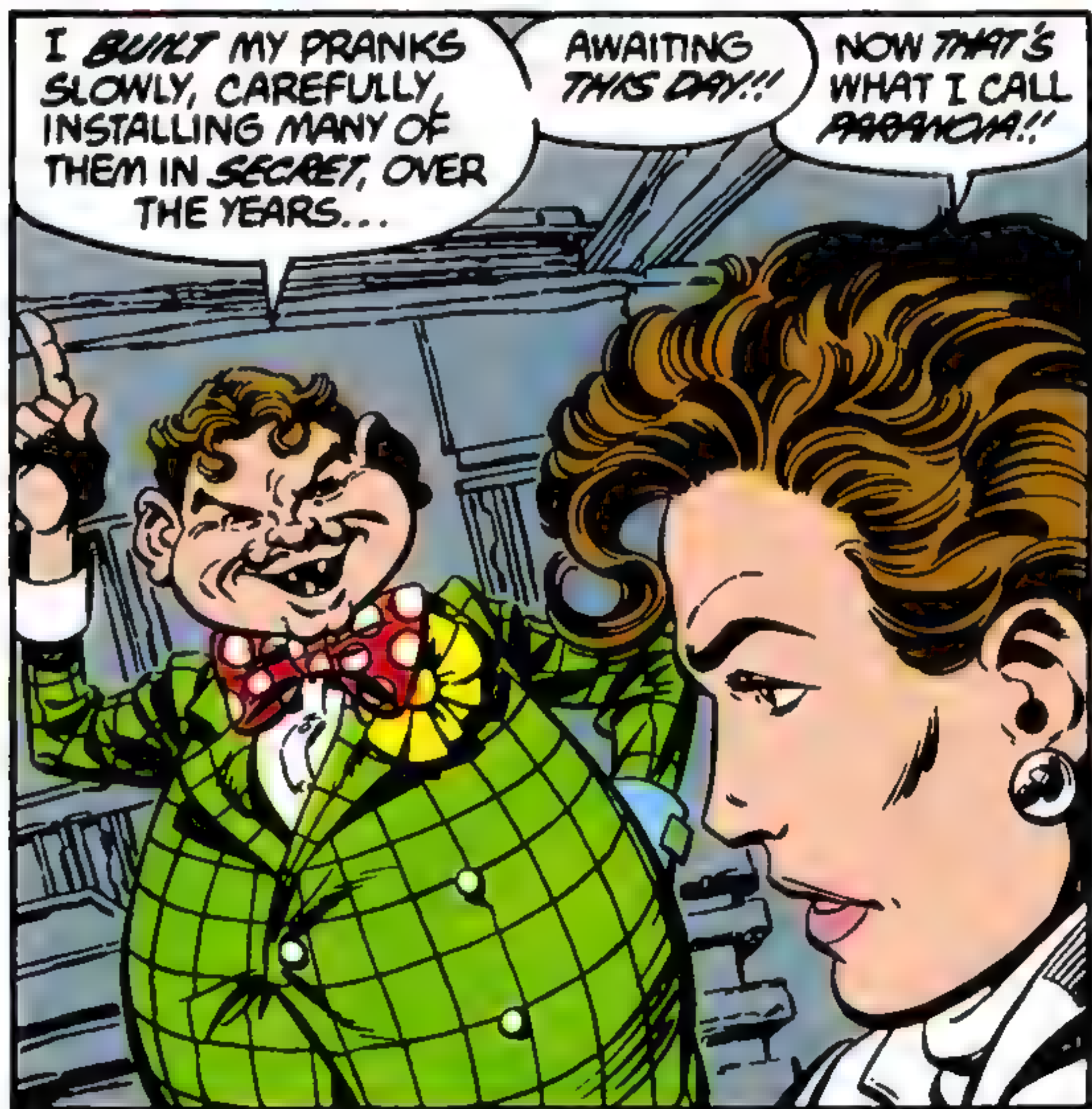
BUT I'VE BEEN SMART, YOU SEE, MISS LANE. FROM THE VERY BEGINNINGS I'VE RECOGNIZED THE VICISSITUDES OF TELEVISION PRODUCTION.

EVEN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN I HAD BARELY BEGUN, I KNEW MY RIDE WOULD NOT LAST FOREVER!



SO I BEGAN THE SCRUPULOUSLY DETAILED FORMULATION OF MY PLAN.

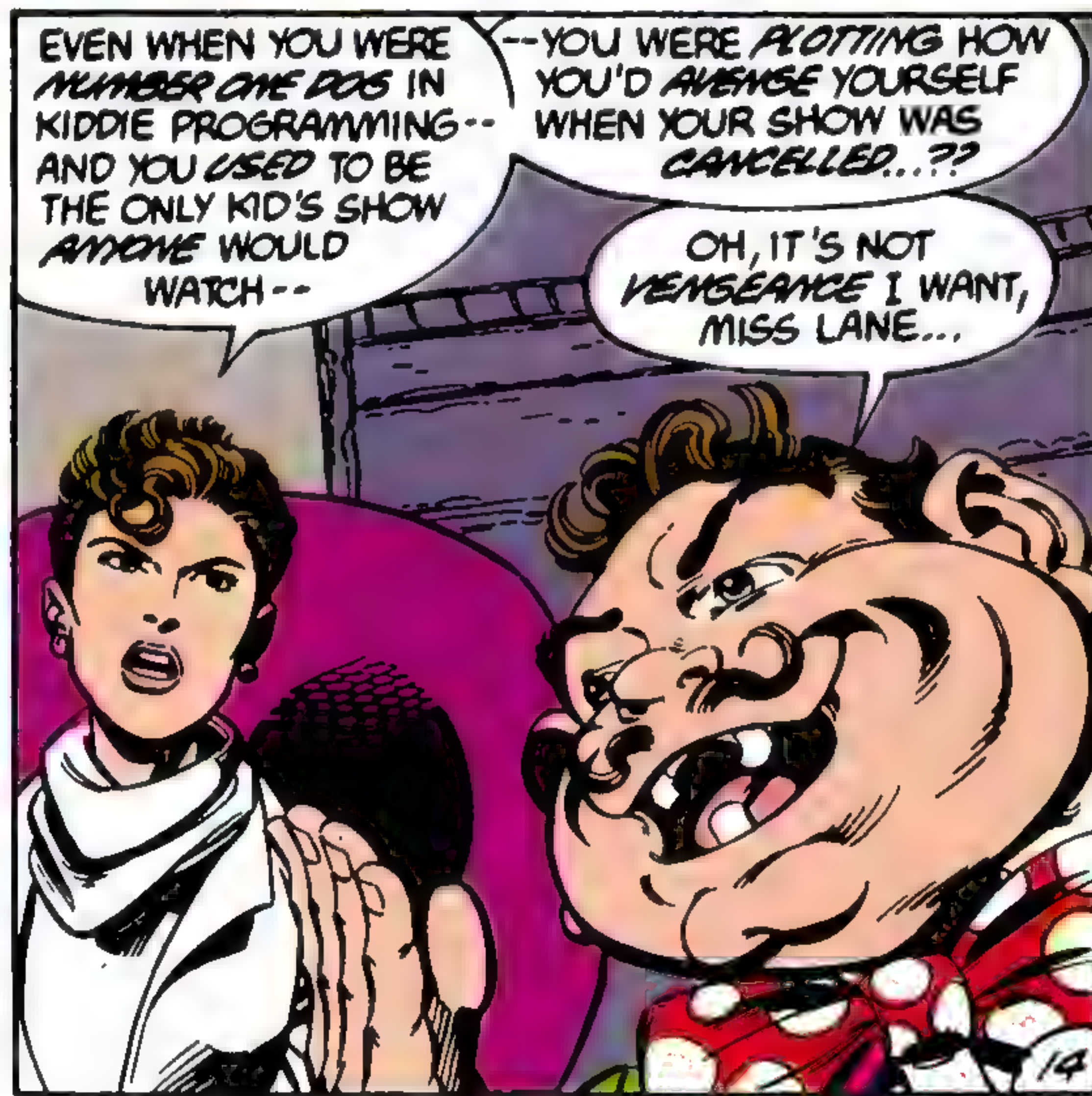
I STARTED TO STOCKPILE ALL THE THINGS I'D SOMEDAY NEED...



I BUILT MY PRANKS SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, INSTALLING MANY OF THEM IN SECRET, OVER THE YEARS...

AWAITING THIS DAY!!!

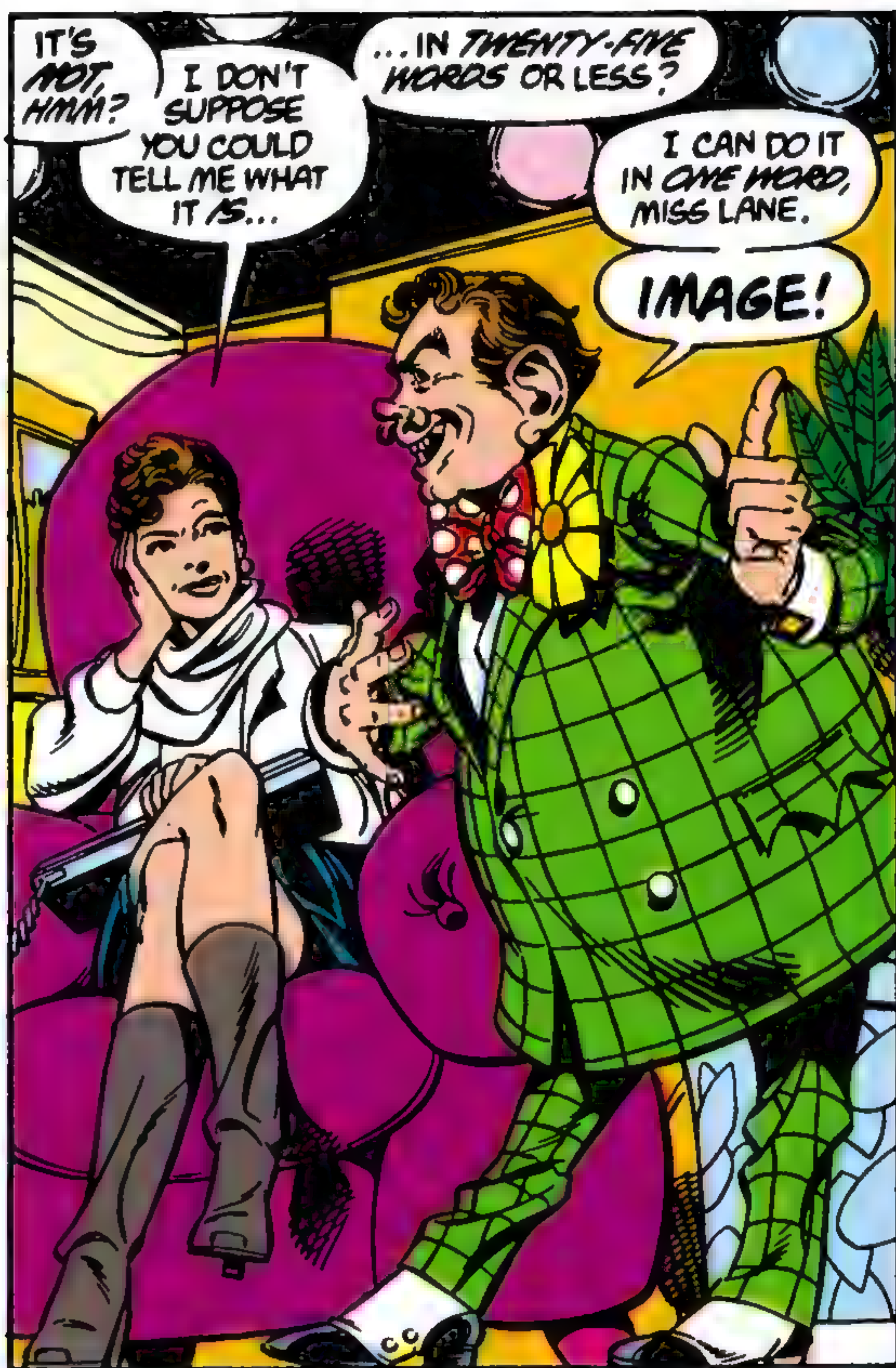
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL PARANOID!!!

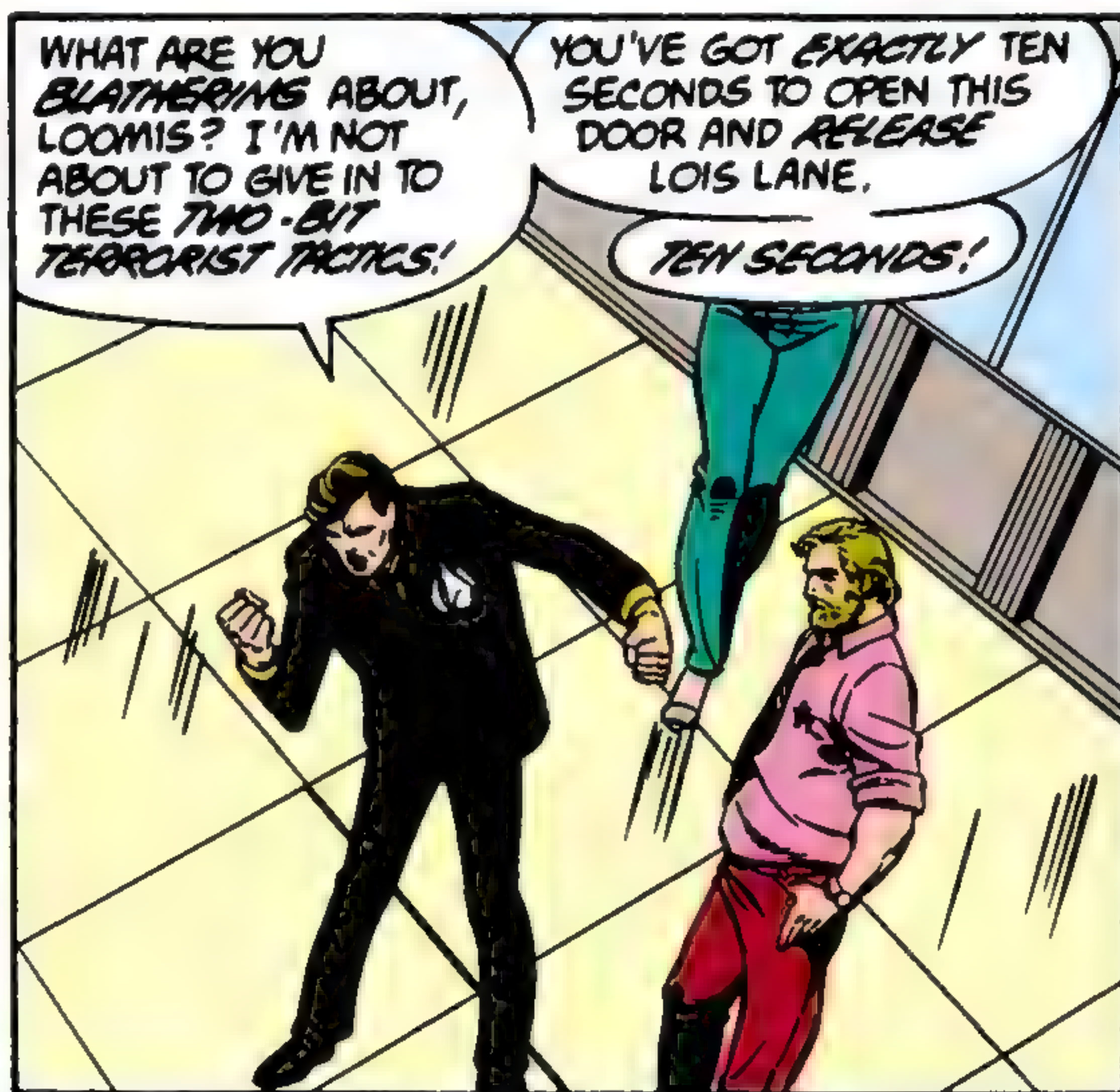
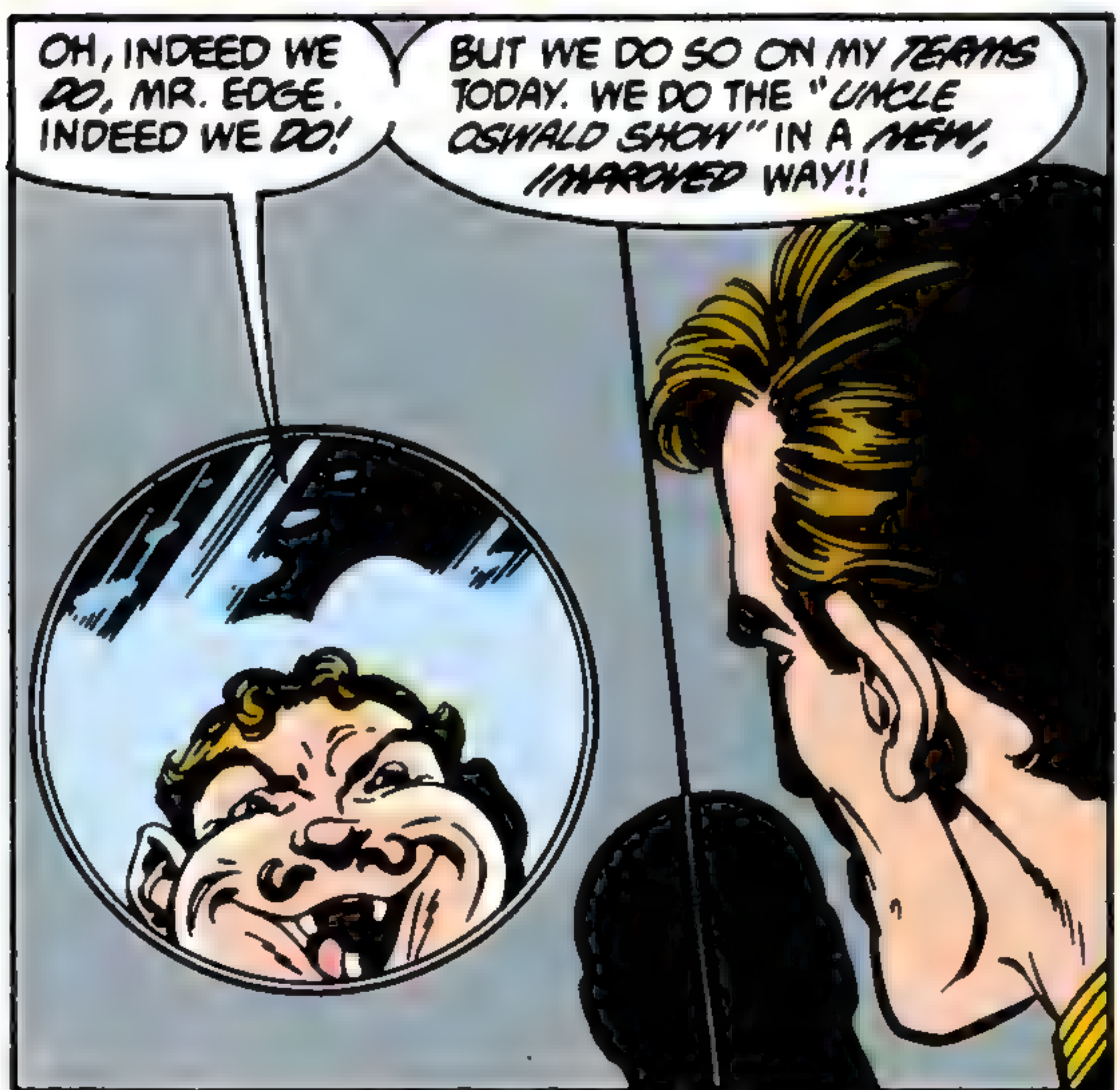
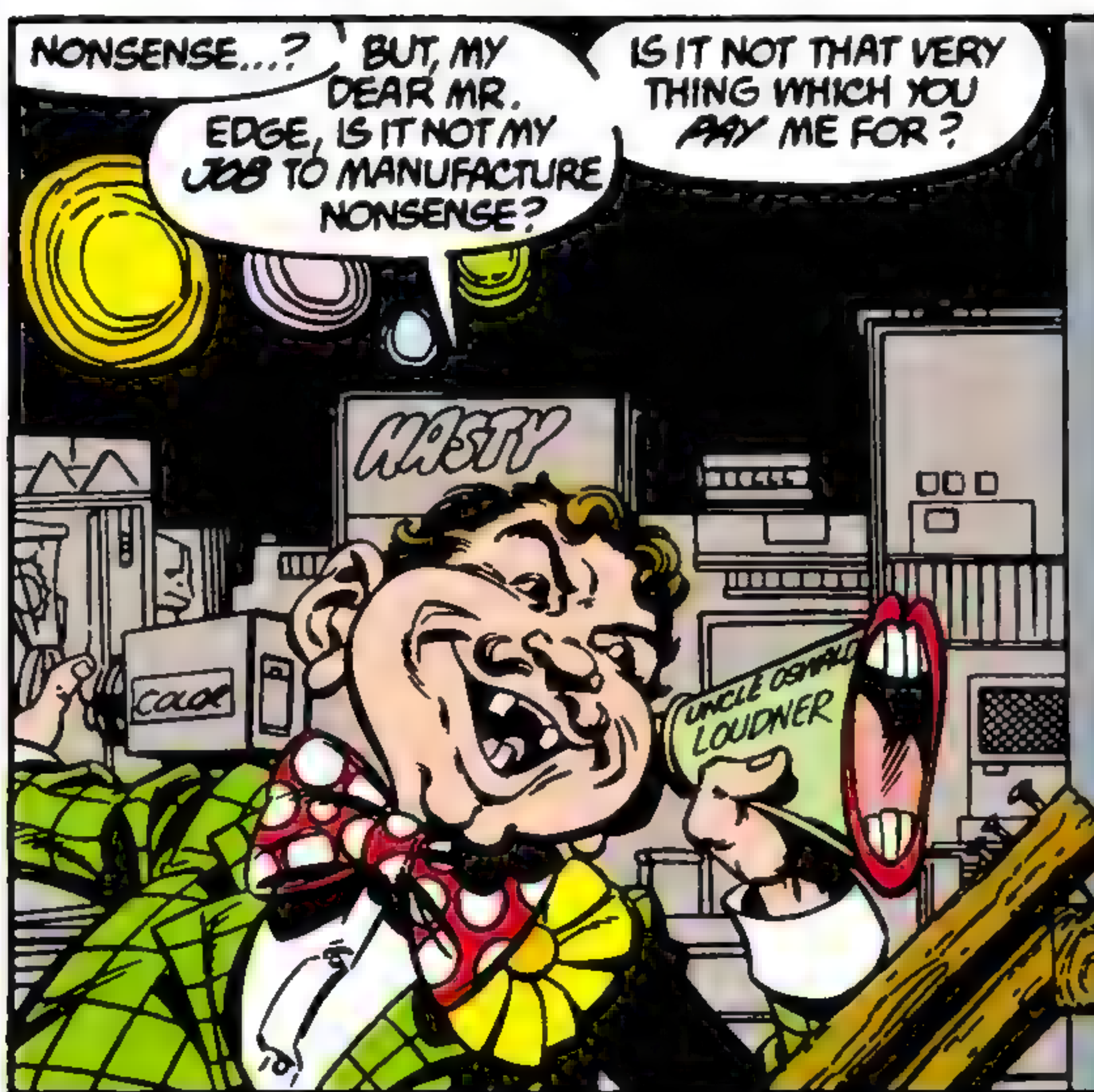


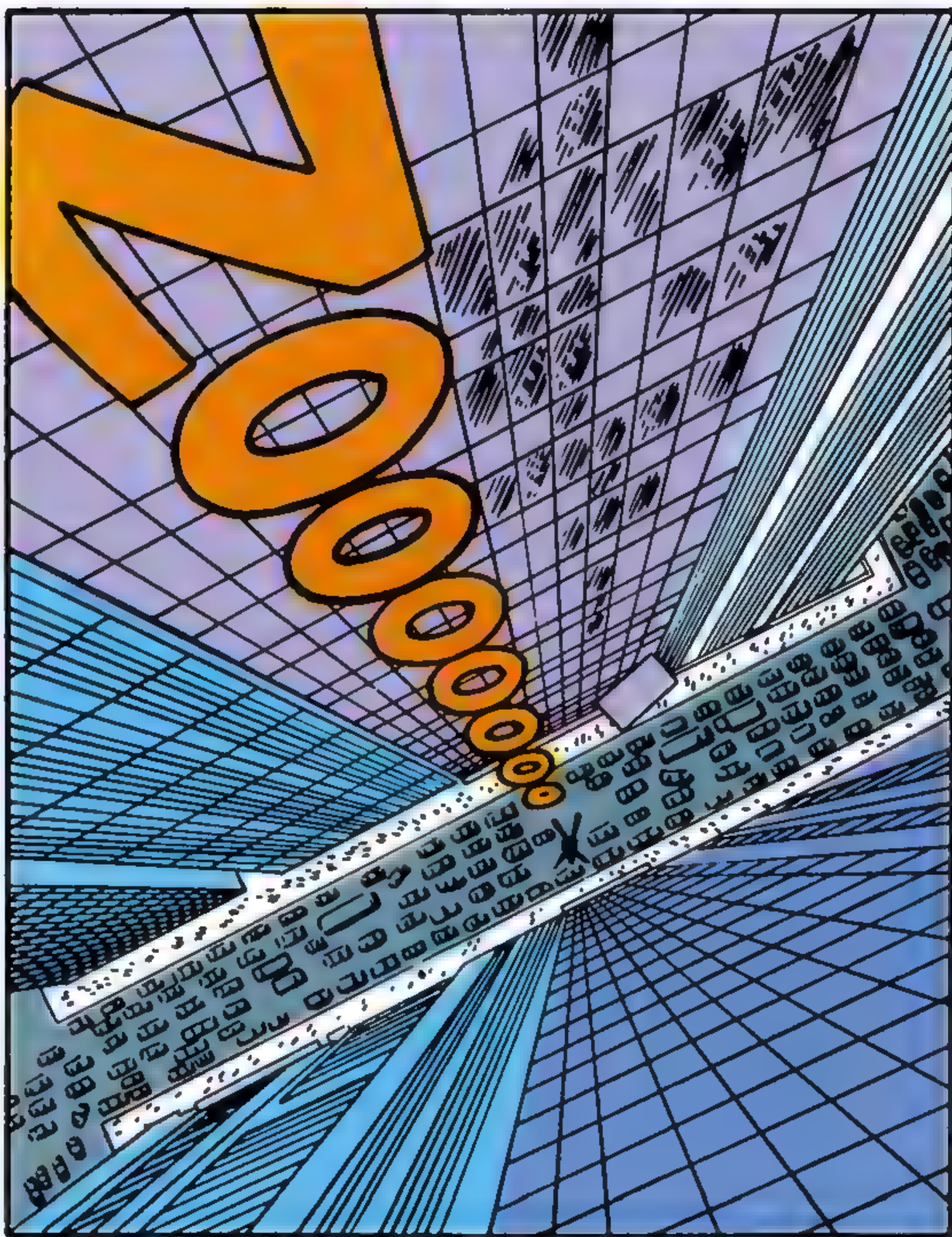
EVEN WHEN YOU WERE NUMBER ONE DOG IN KIDDIE PROGRAMMING-- AND YOU USED TO BE THE ONLY KID'S SHOW ANYONE WOULD WATCH--

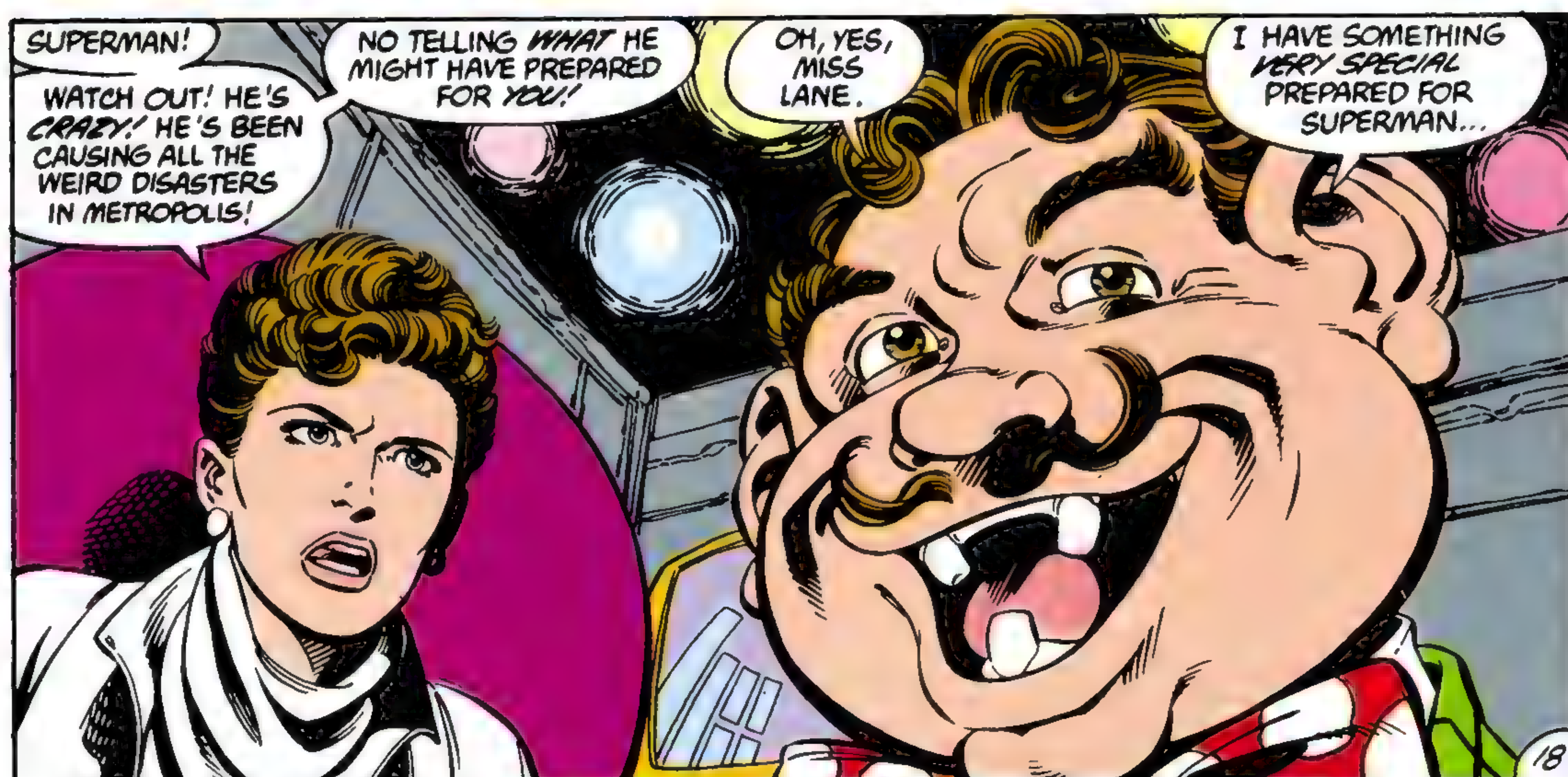
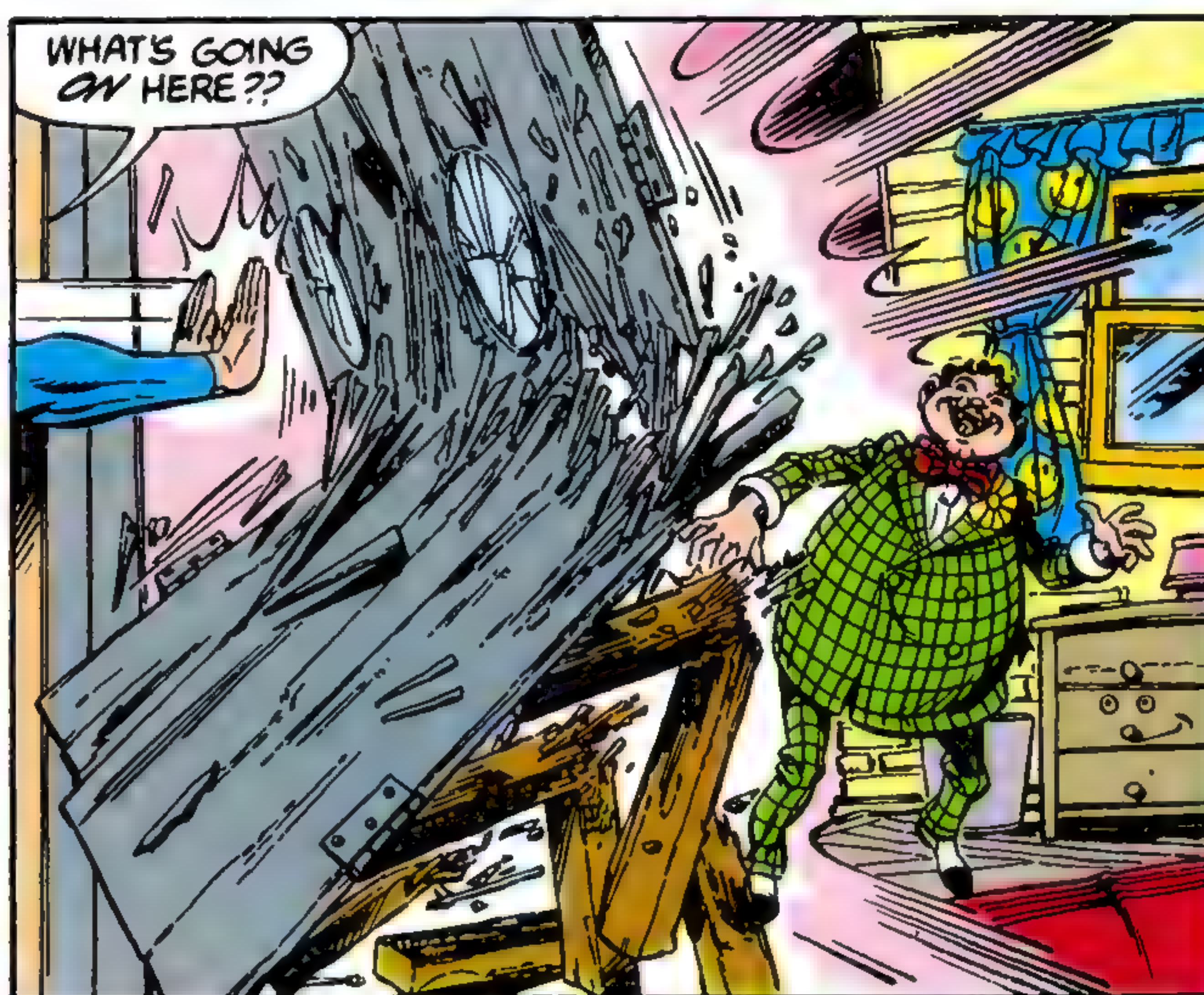
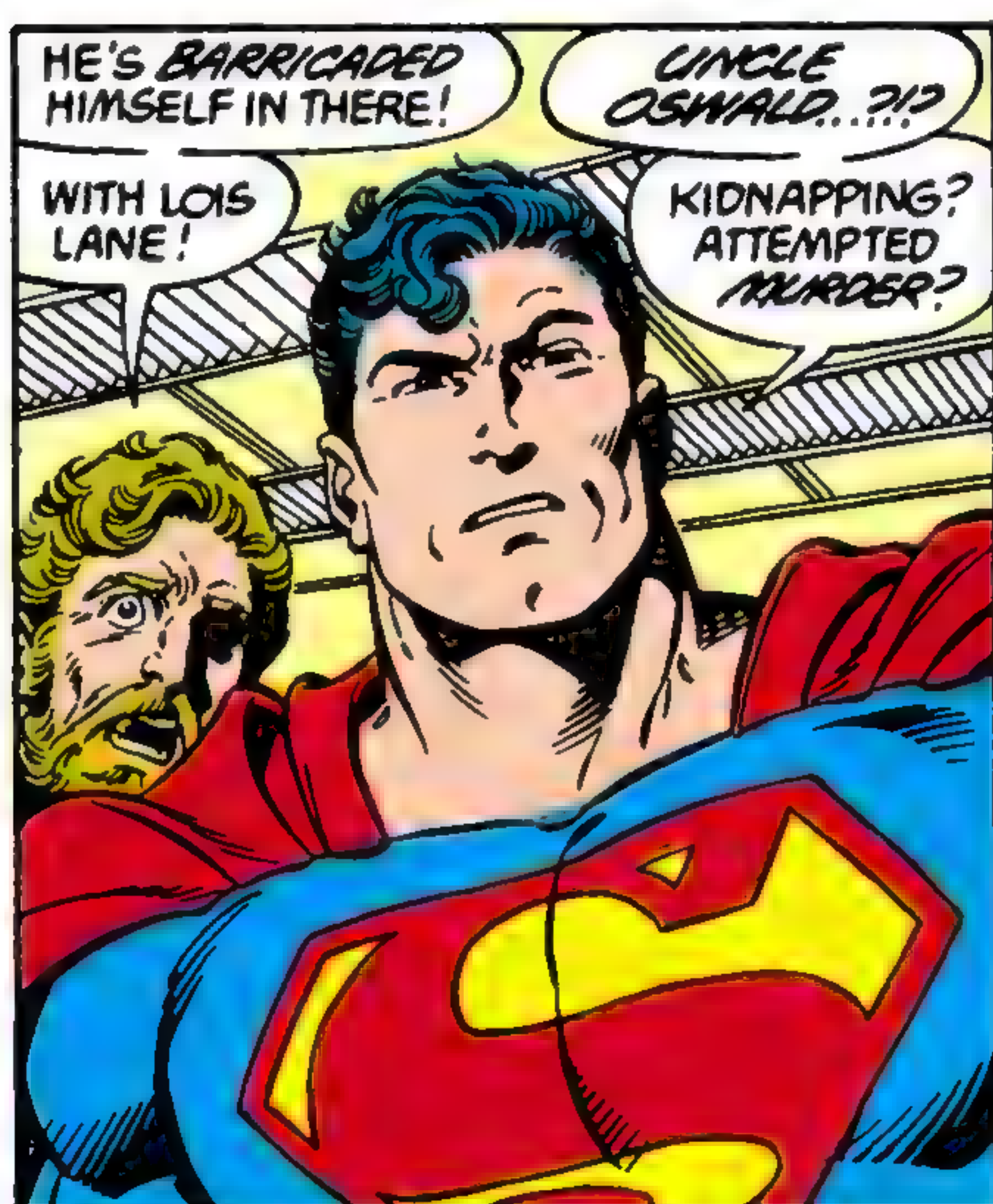
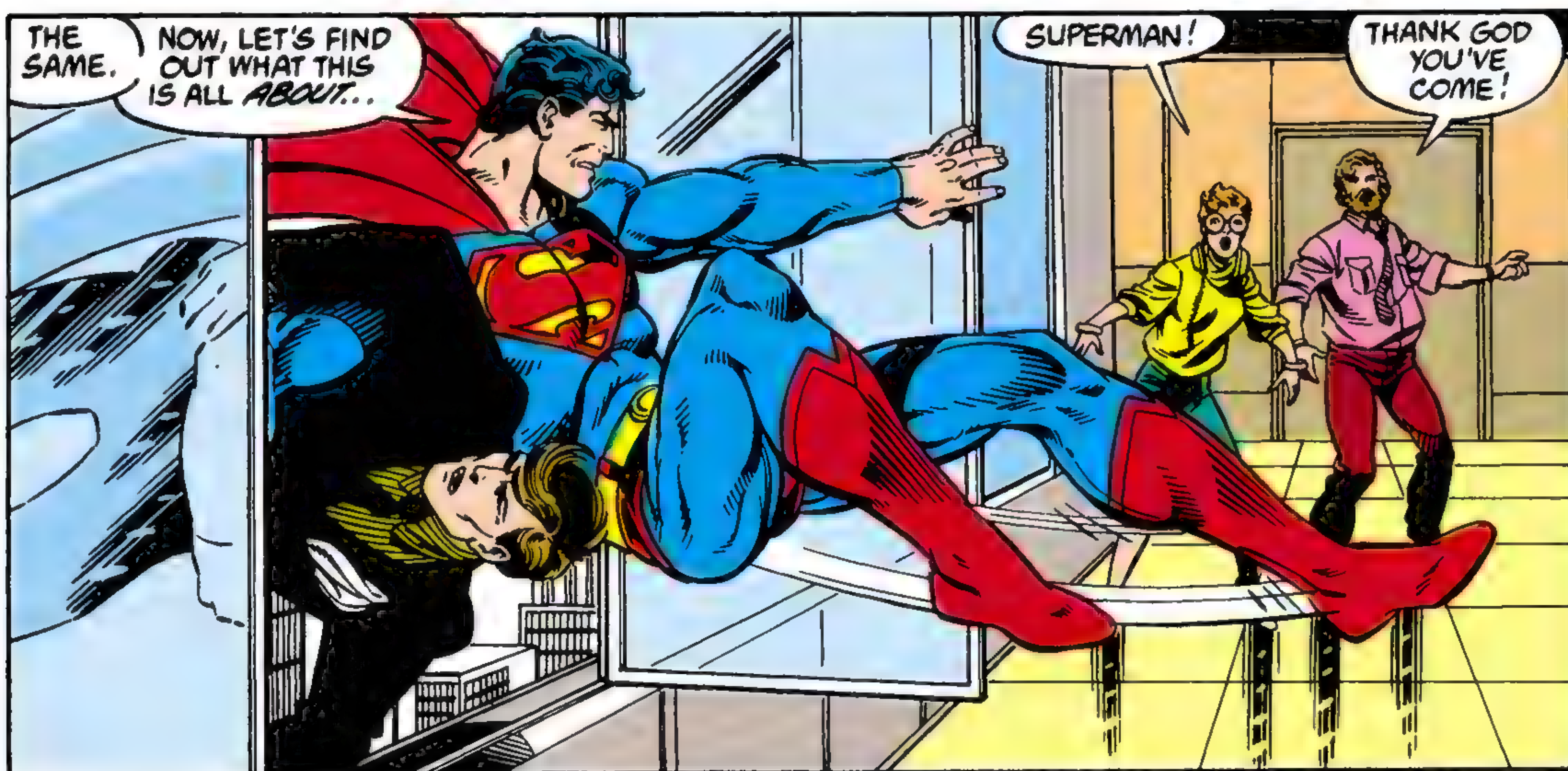
--YOU WERE PLOTTING HOW YOU'D AVENGE YOURSELF WHEN YOUR SHOW WAS CANCELLED...??

OH, IT'S NOT VENGEANCE I WANT, MISS LANE...

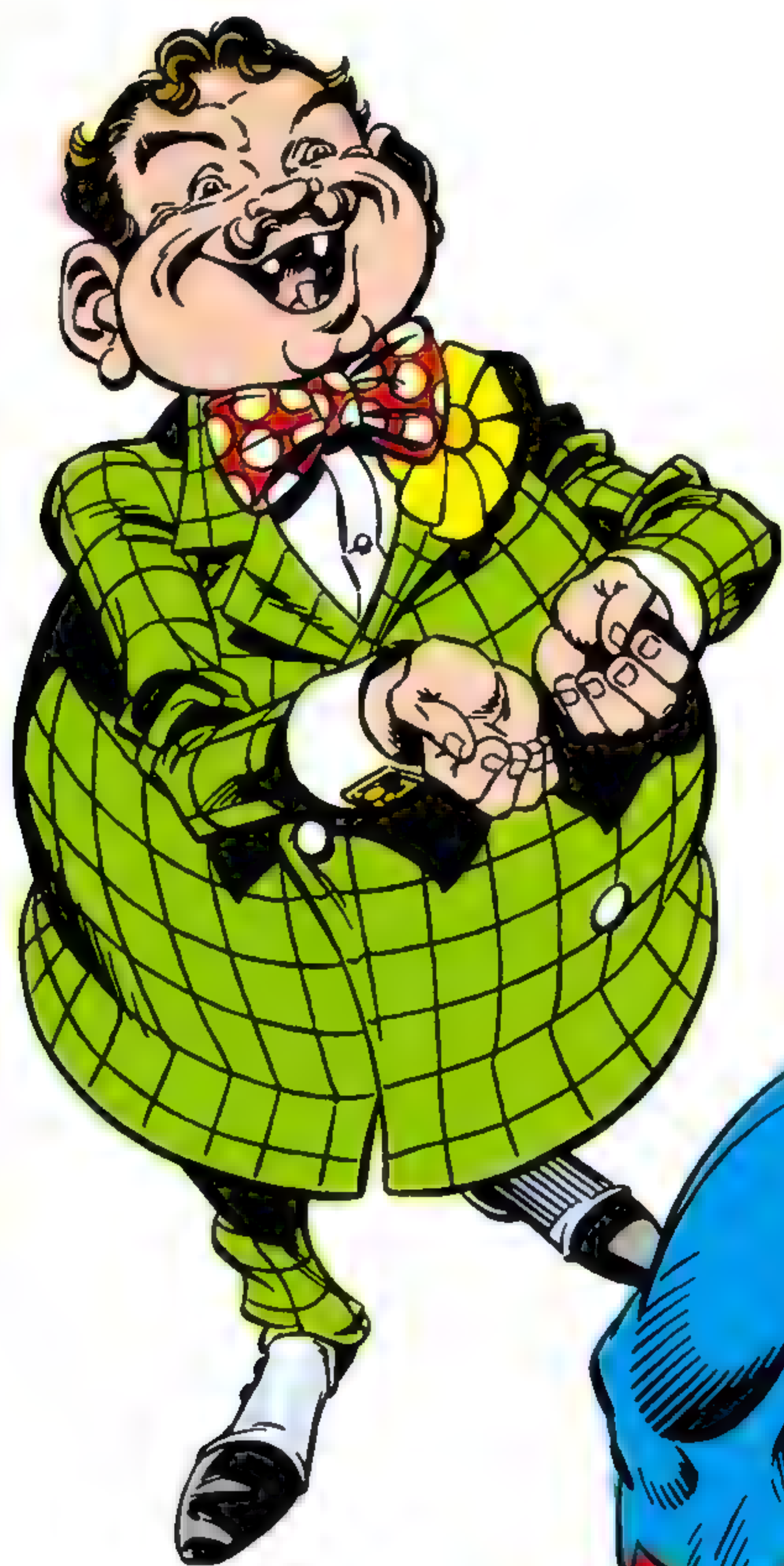


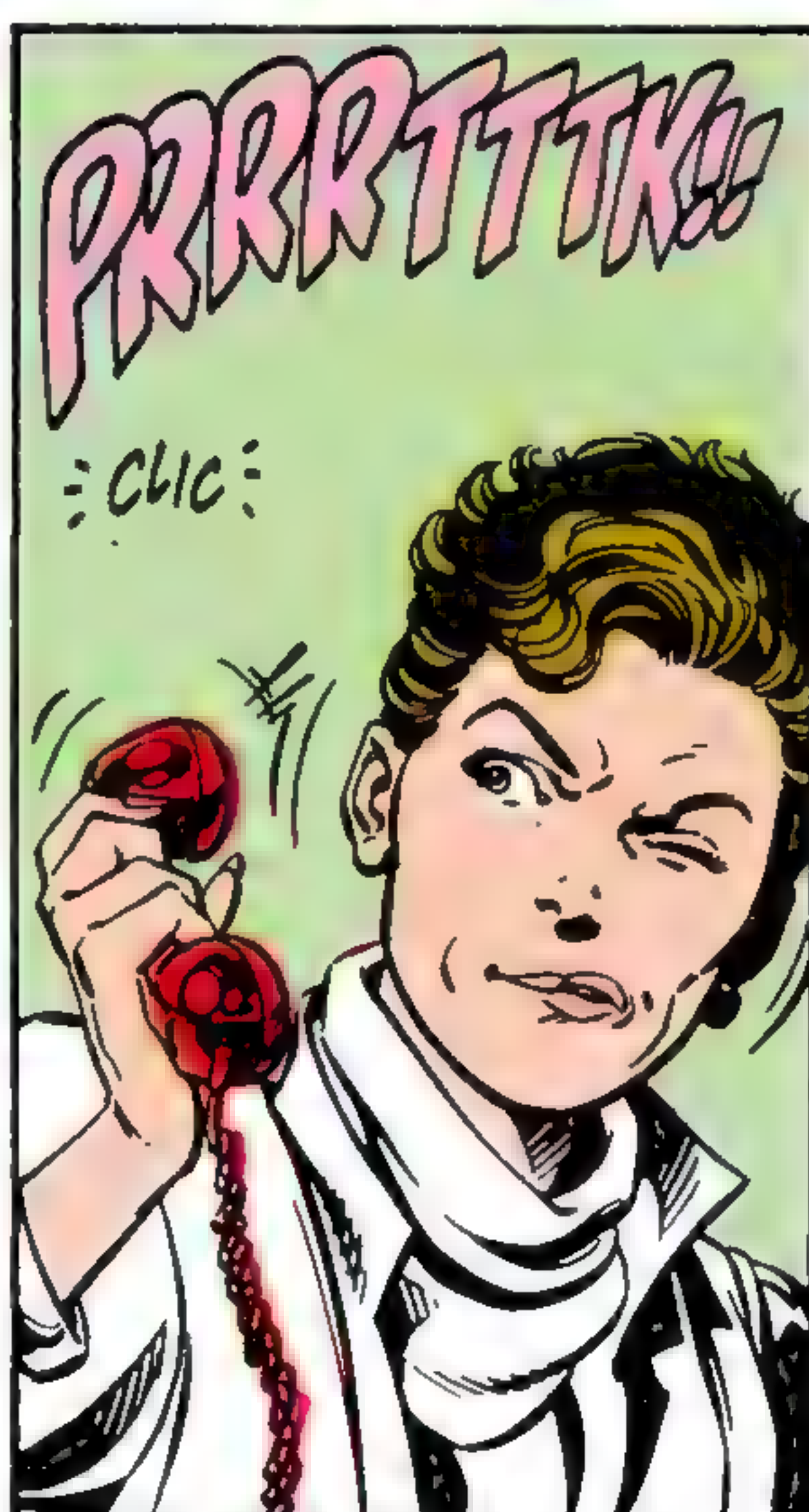
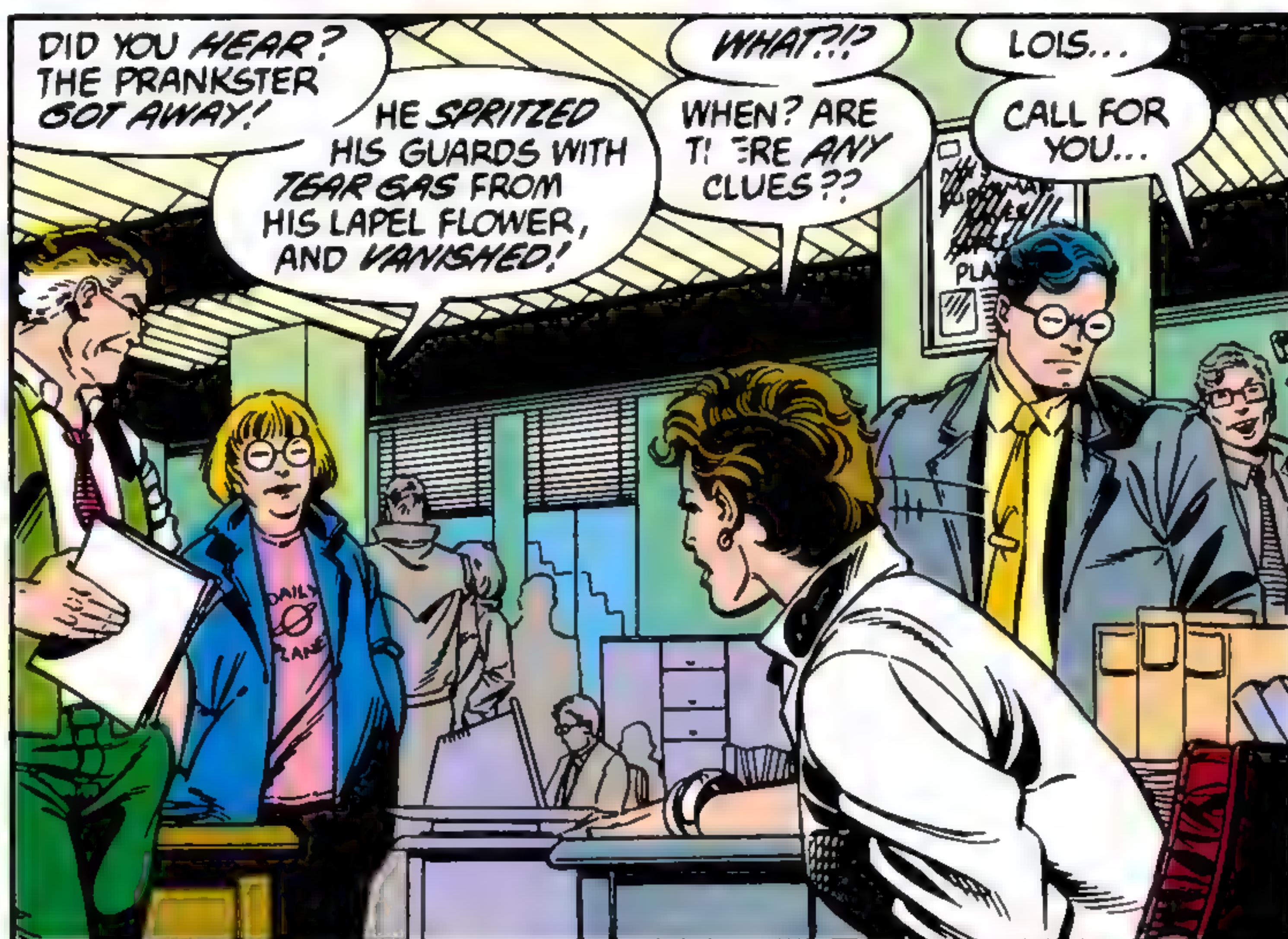
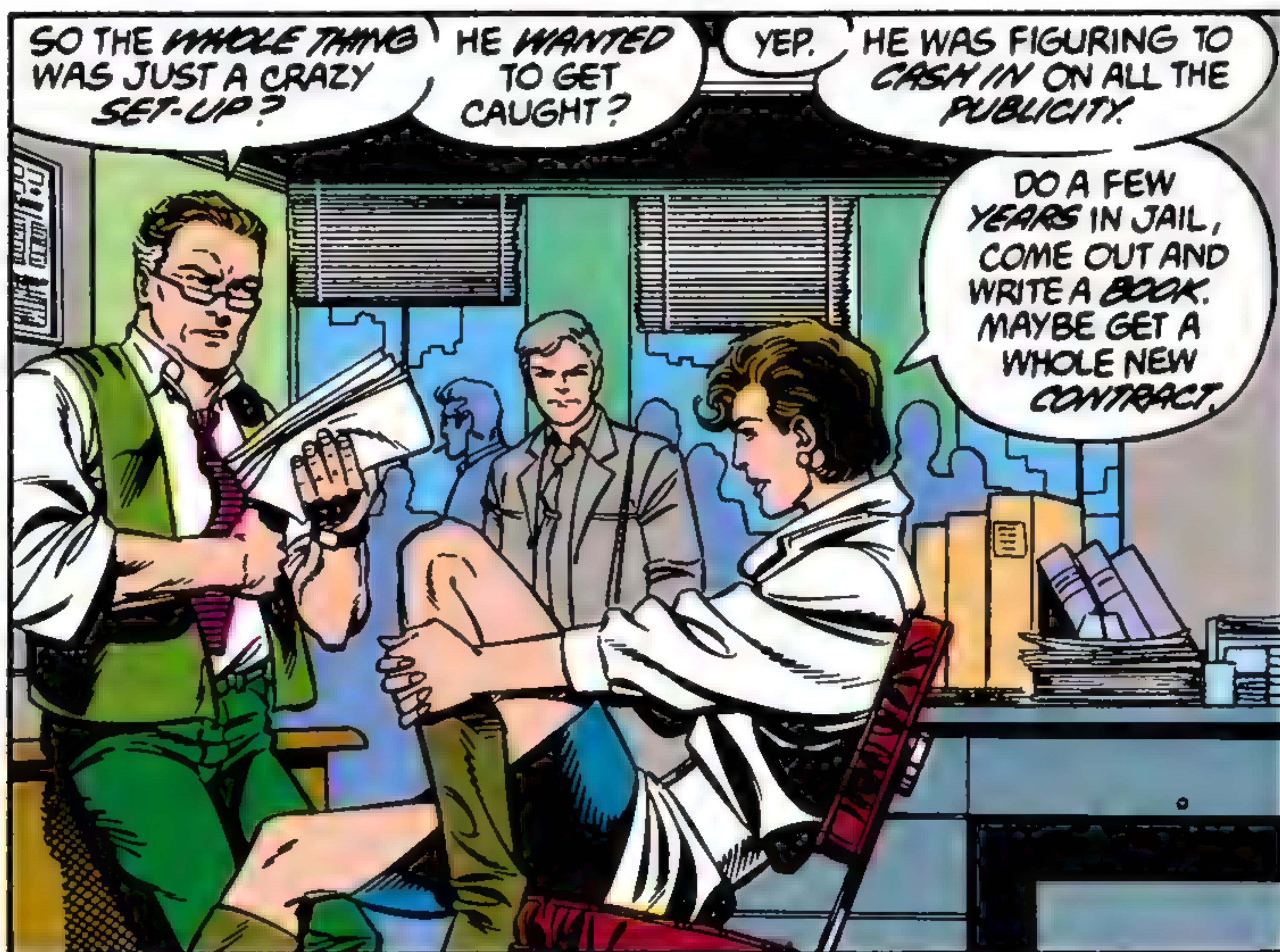


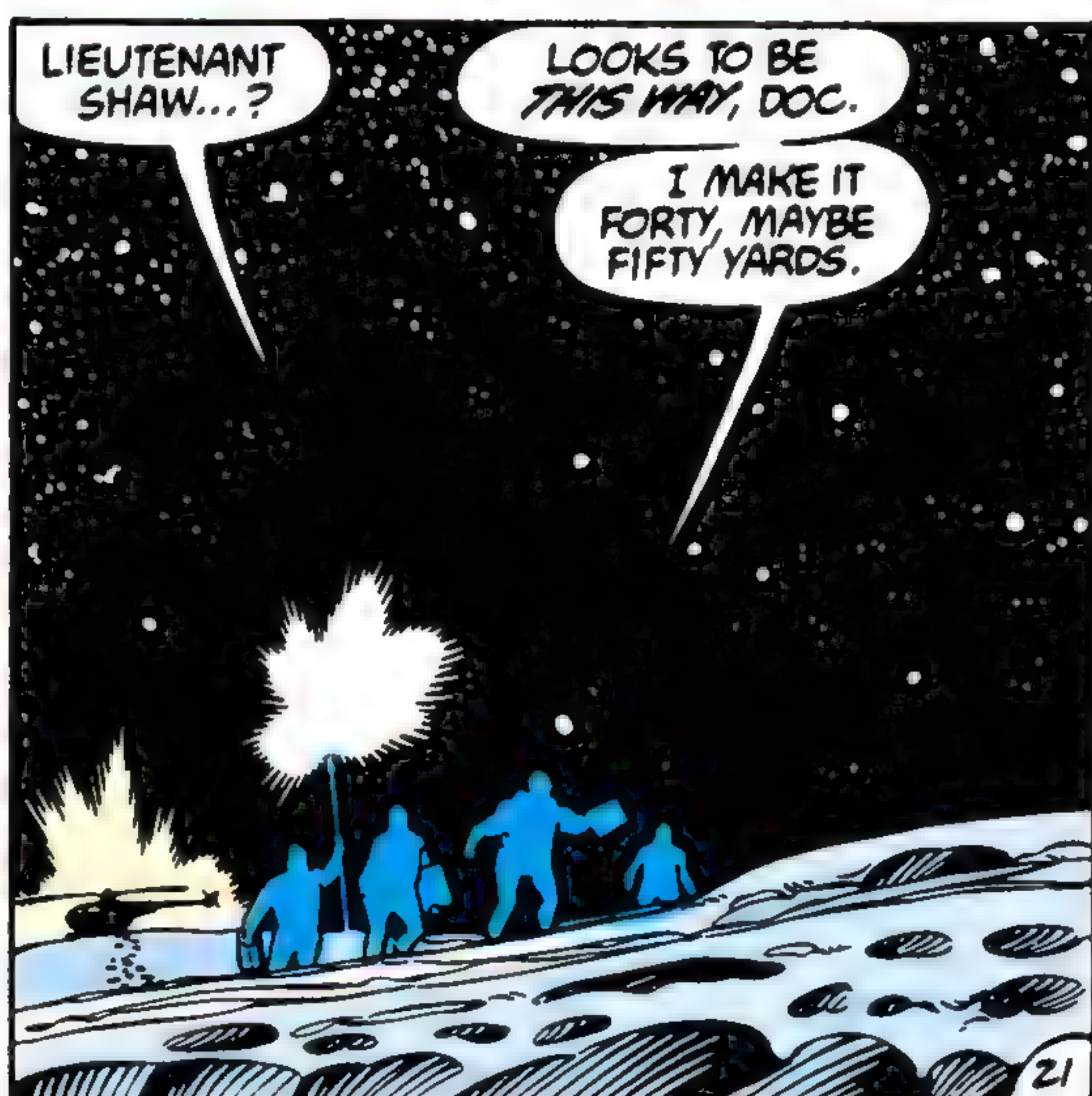
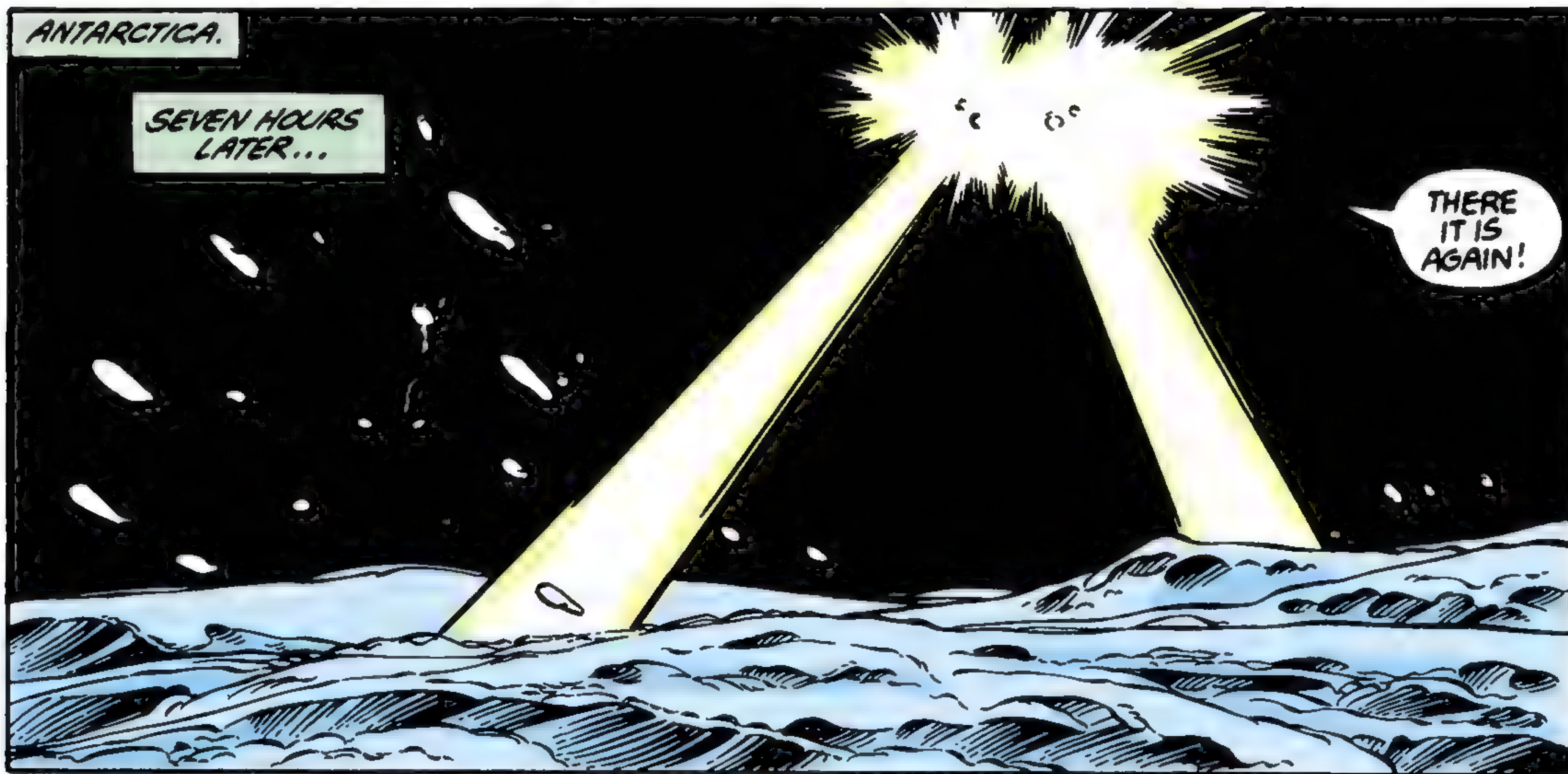


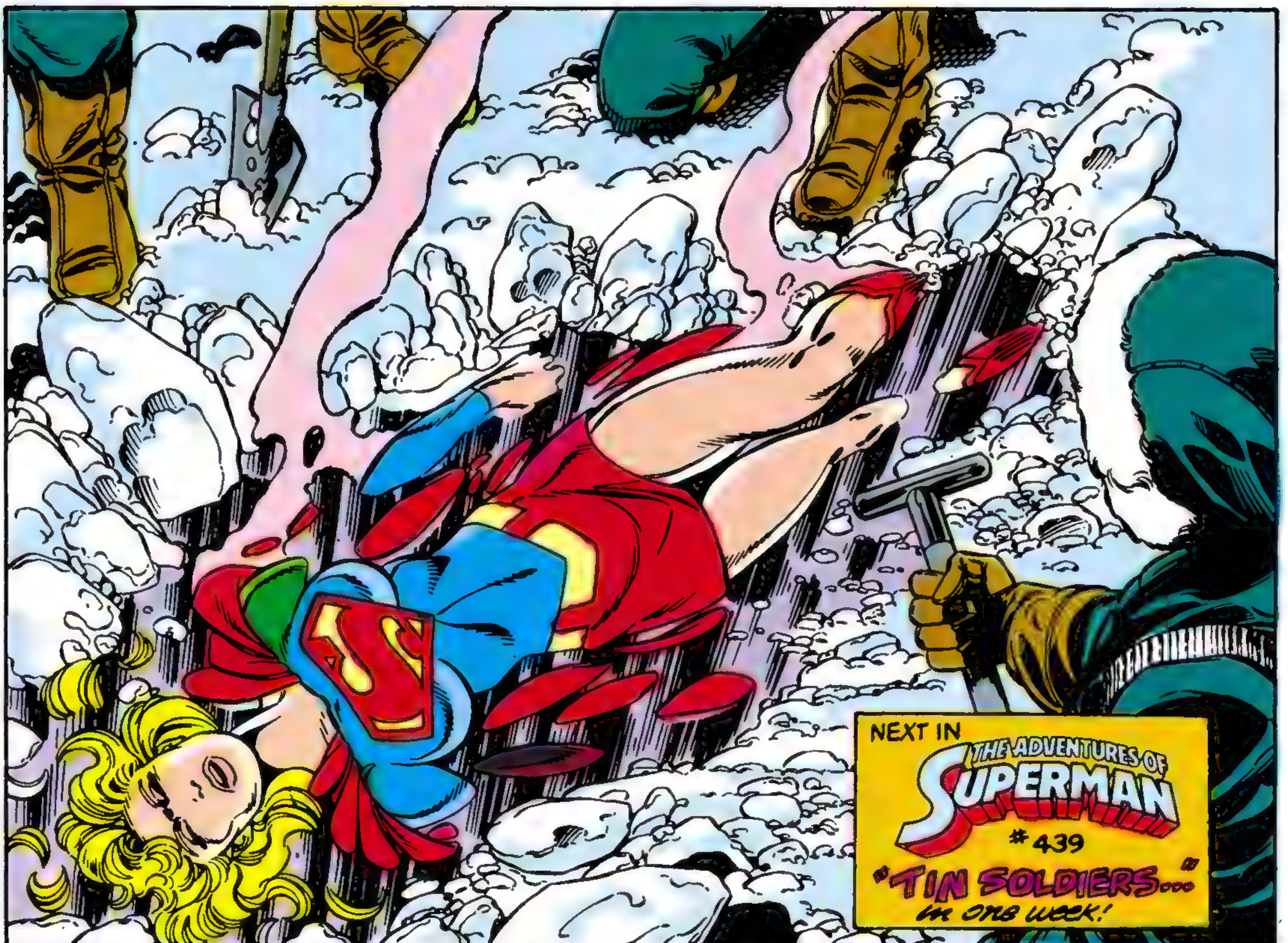


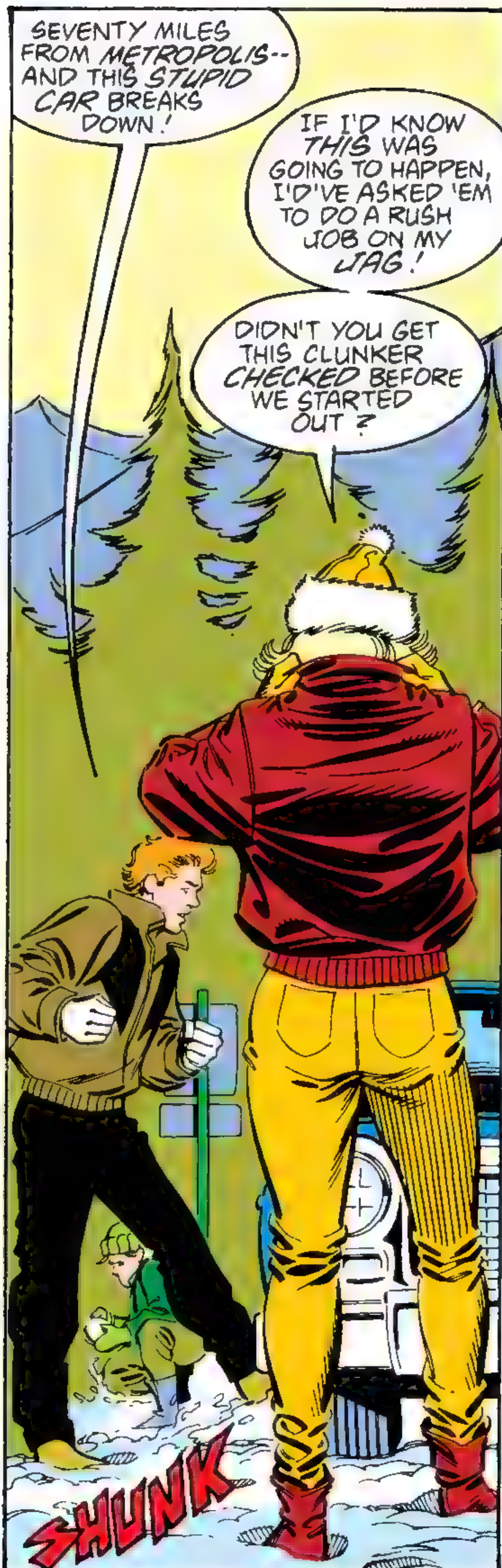
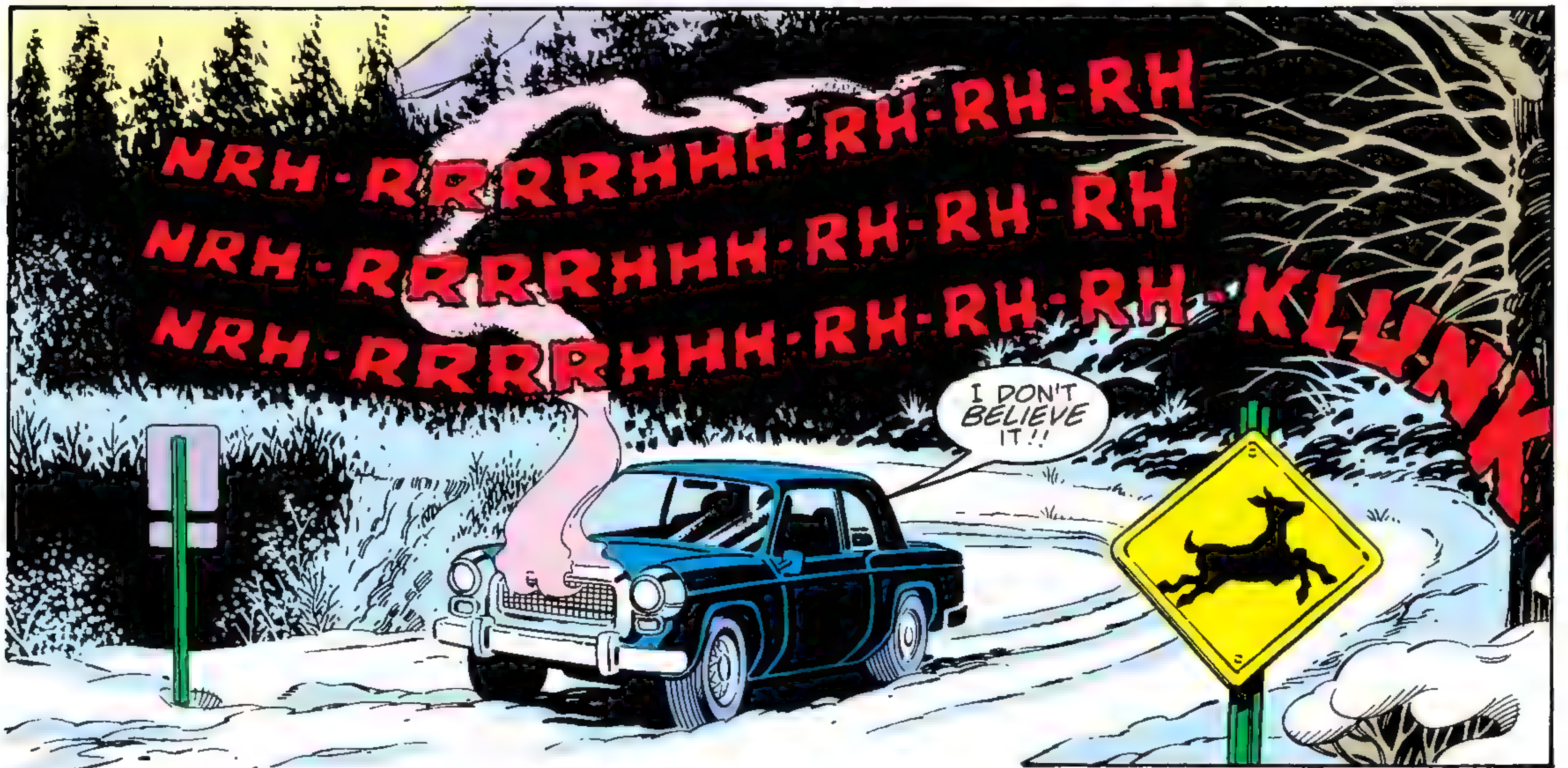
MY
SURRENDER!













**THE ADVENTURES OF
SUPERMAN**

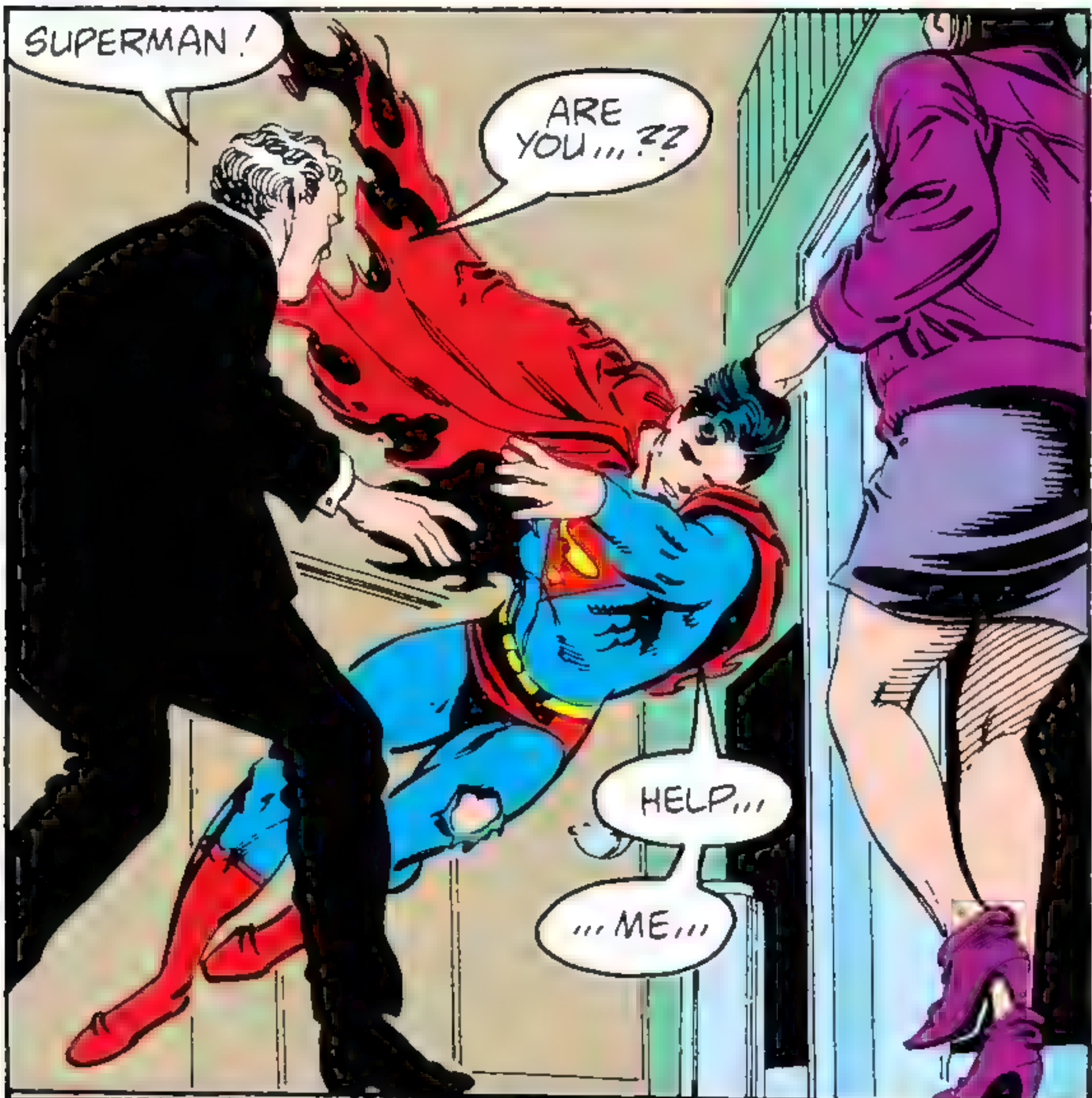
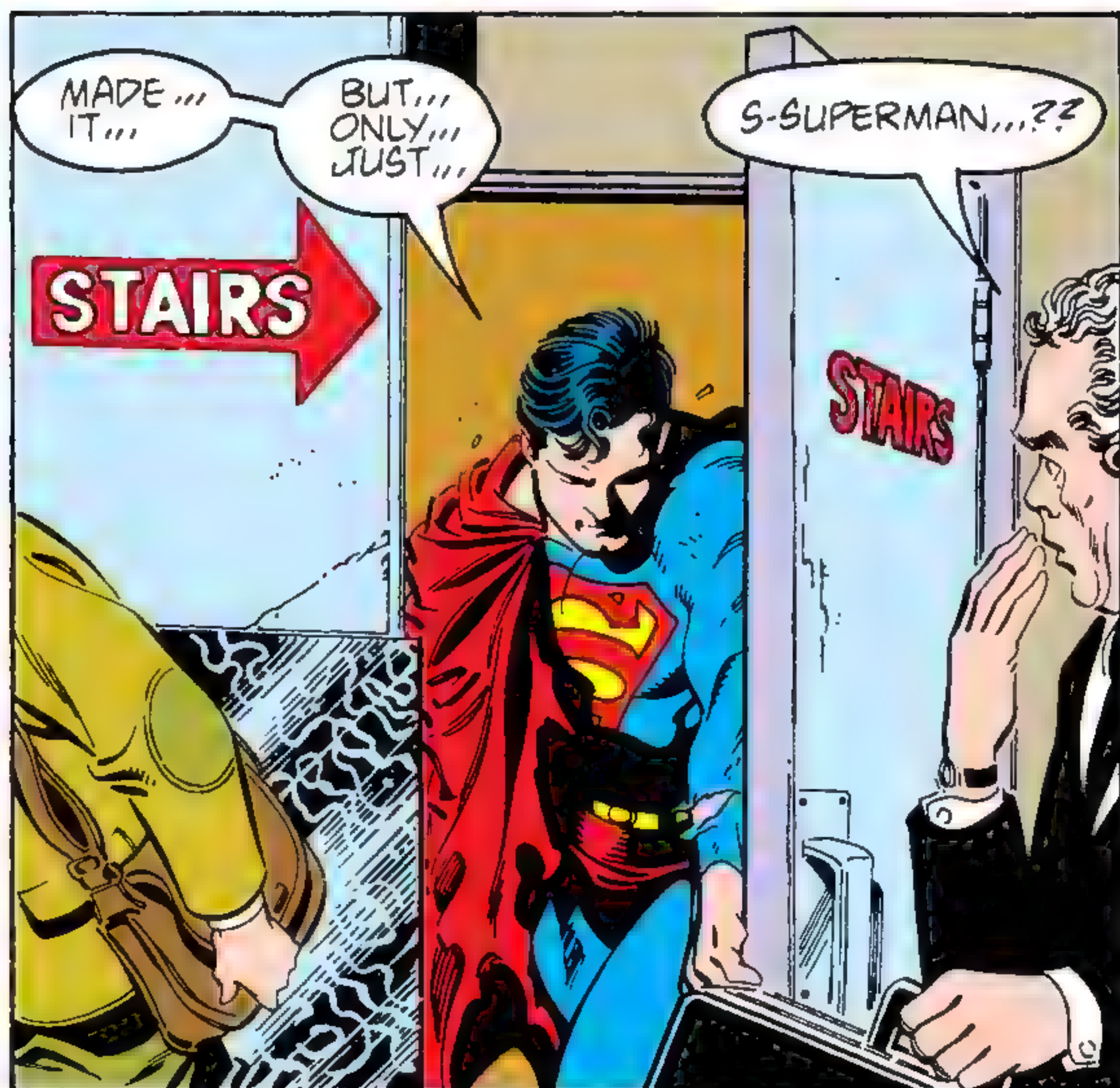
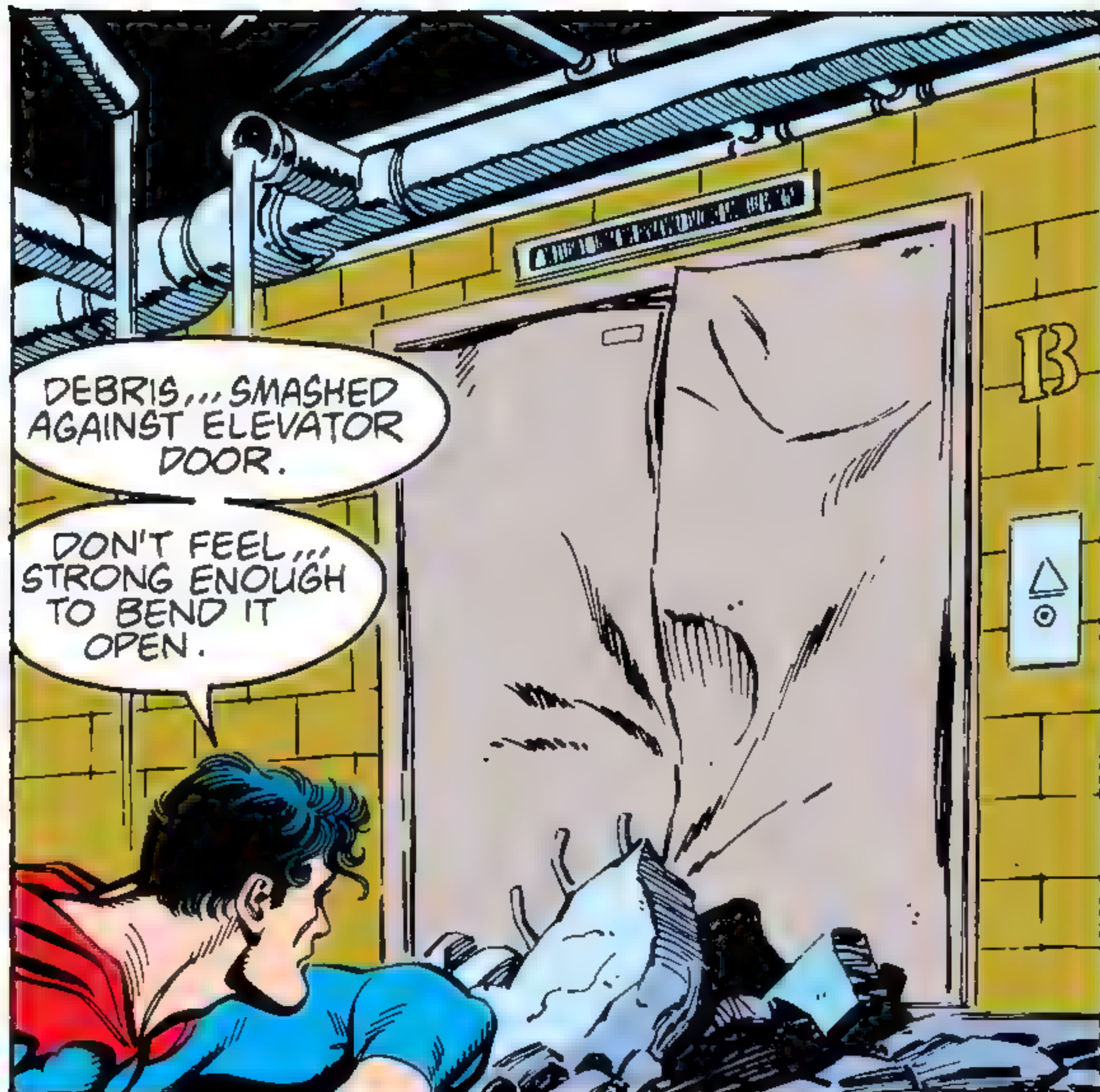
Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

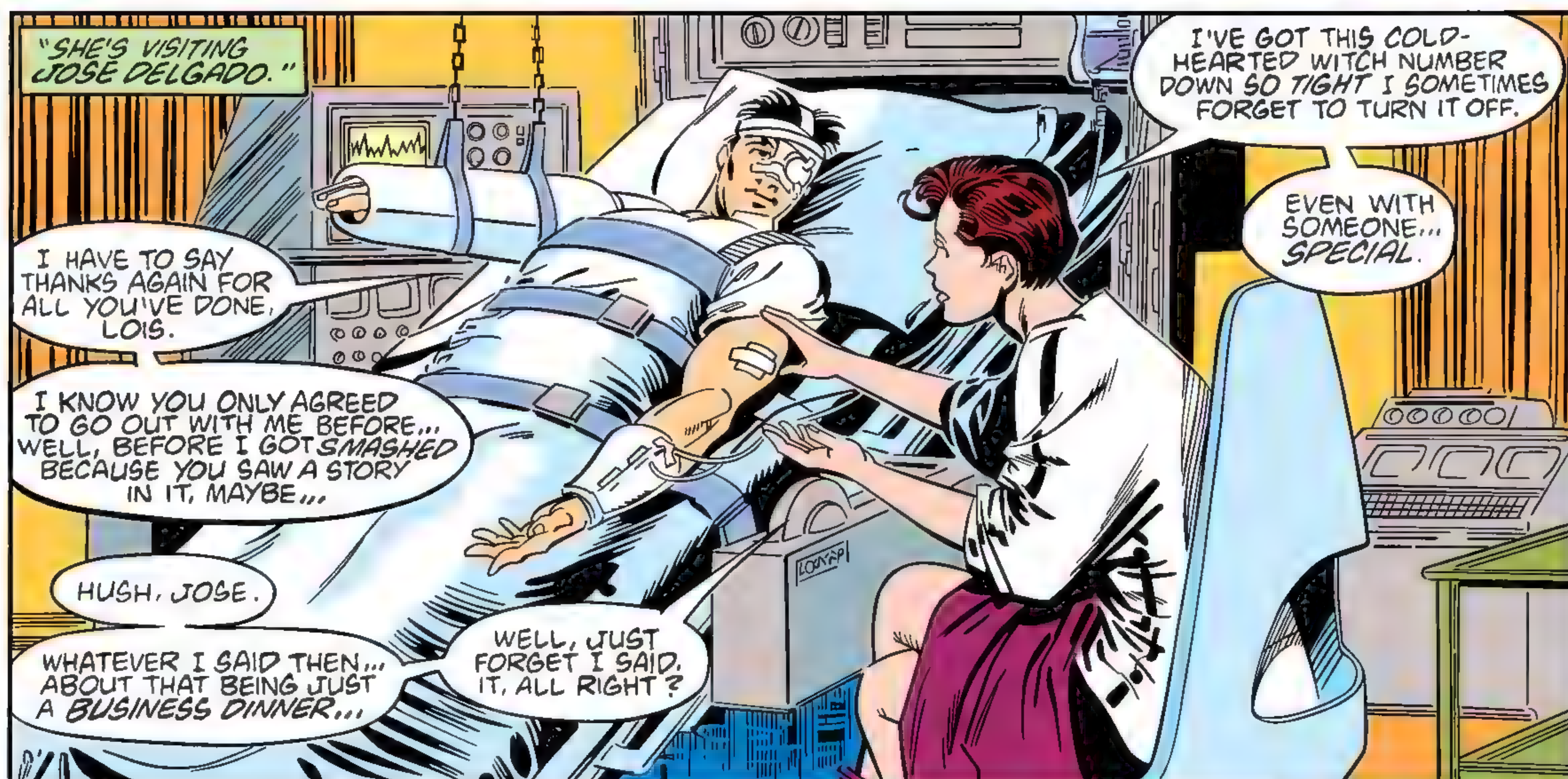
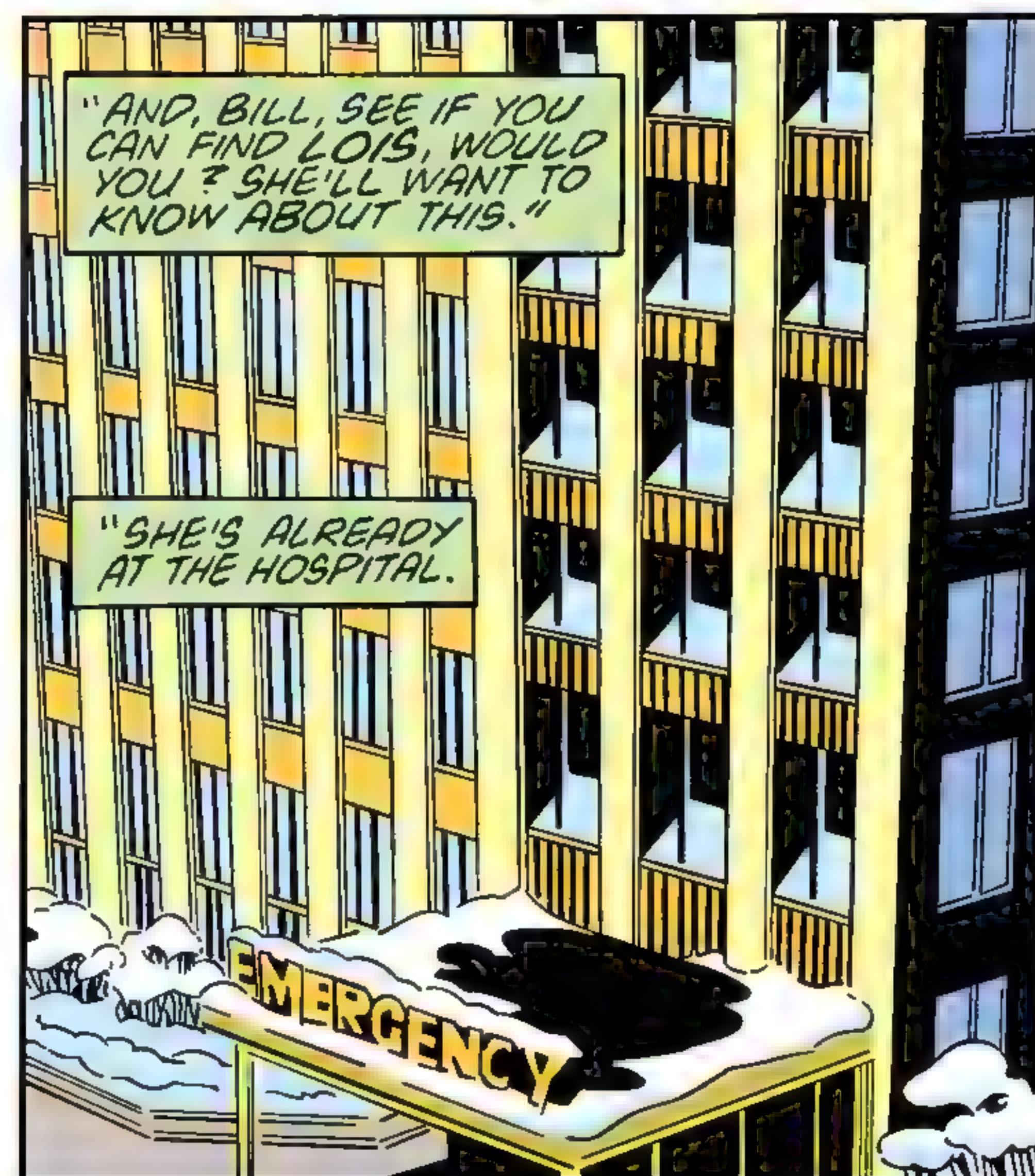
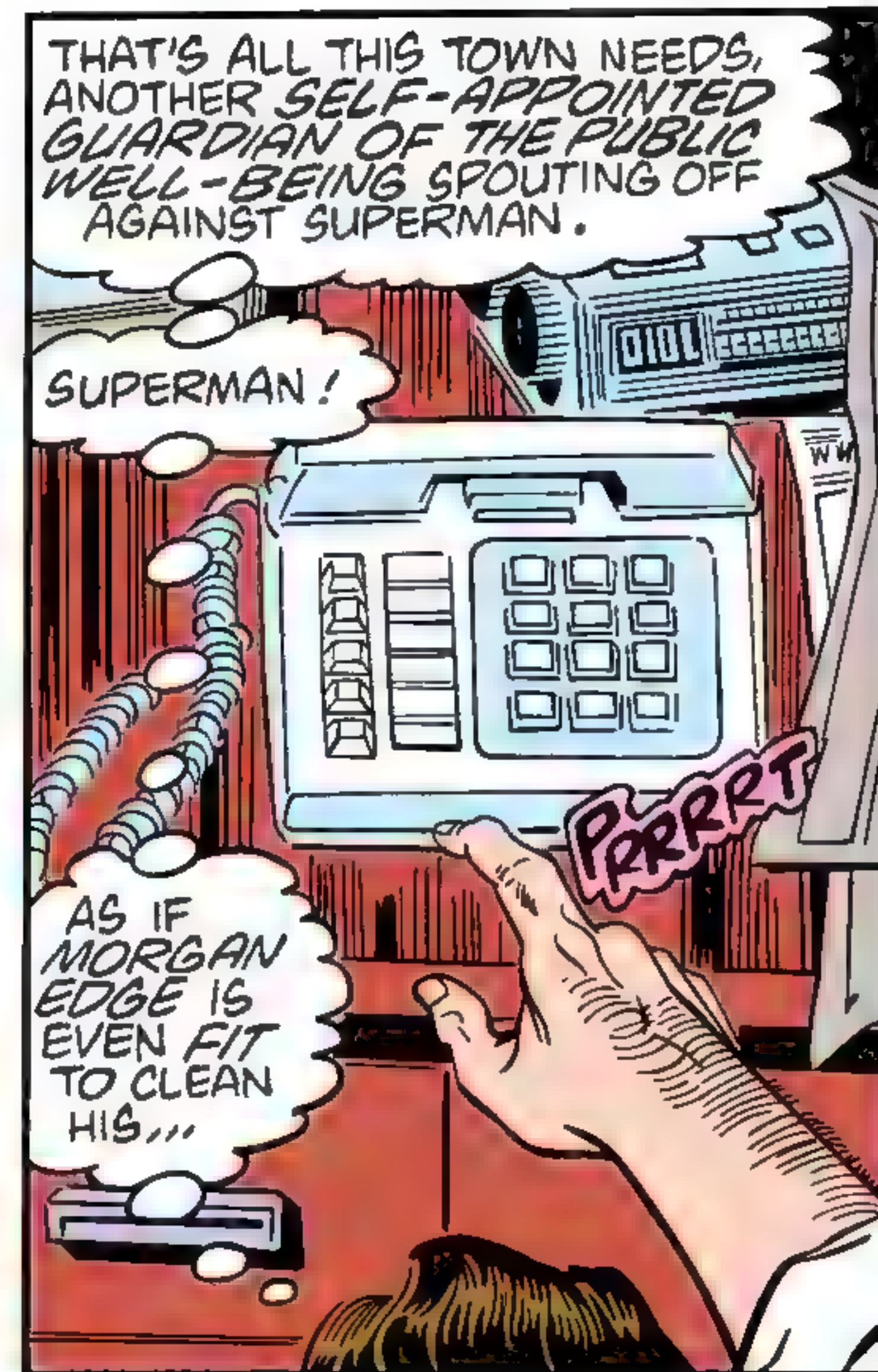
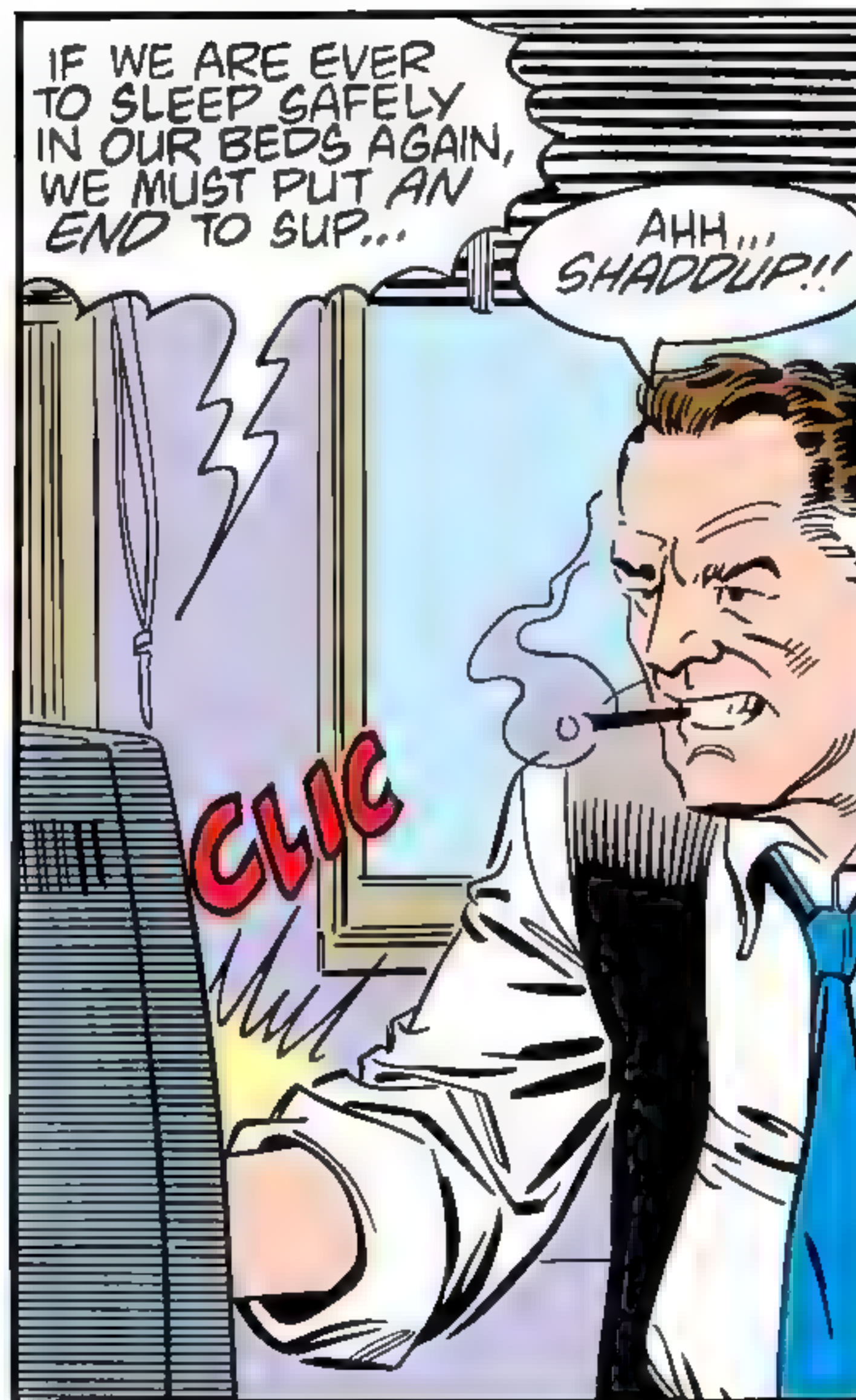
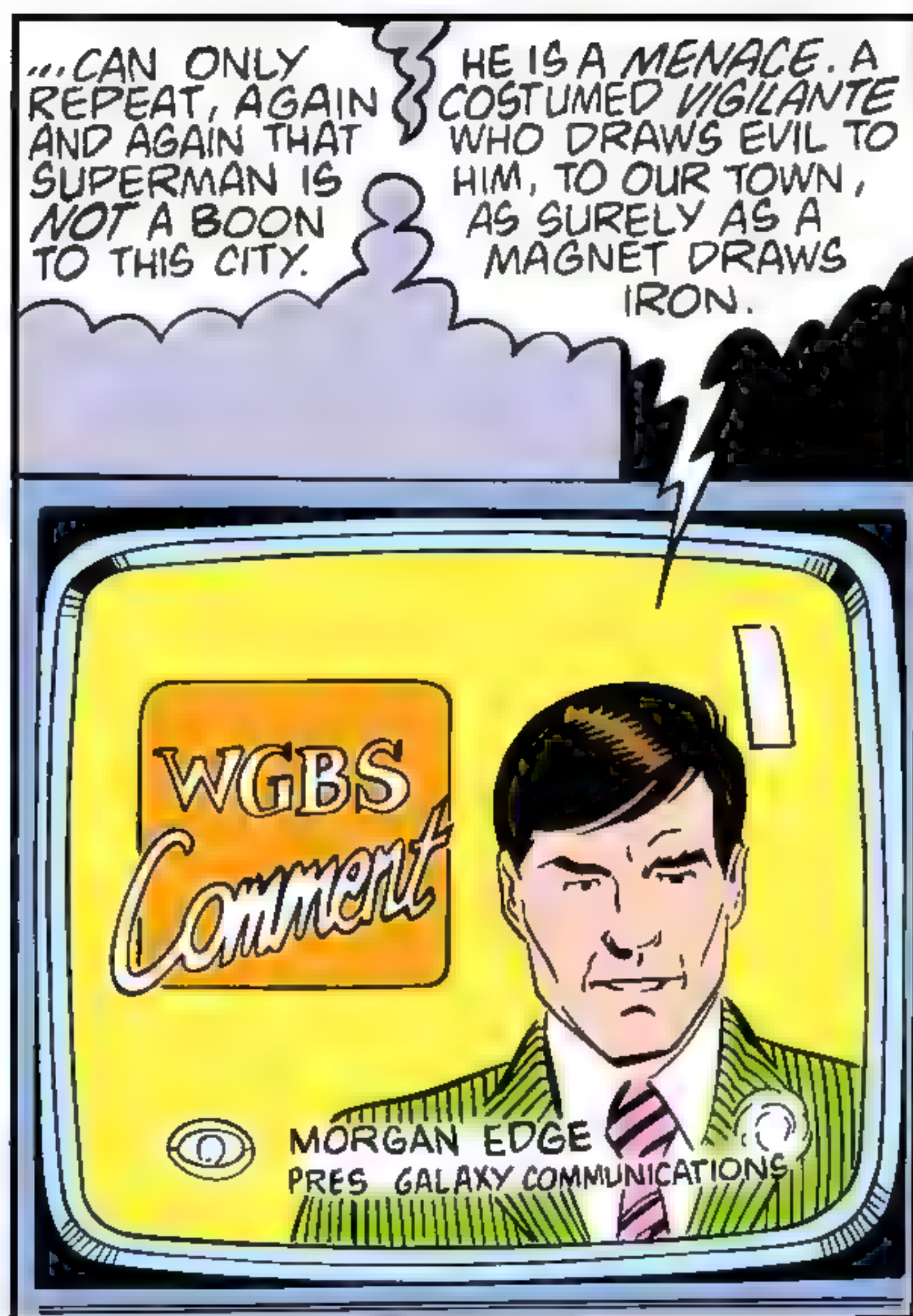
JOHN BYRNE • JERRY ORDWAY
WRITER / CO-PLOTTERS / PENCILLER

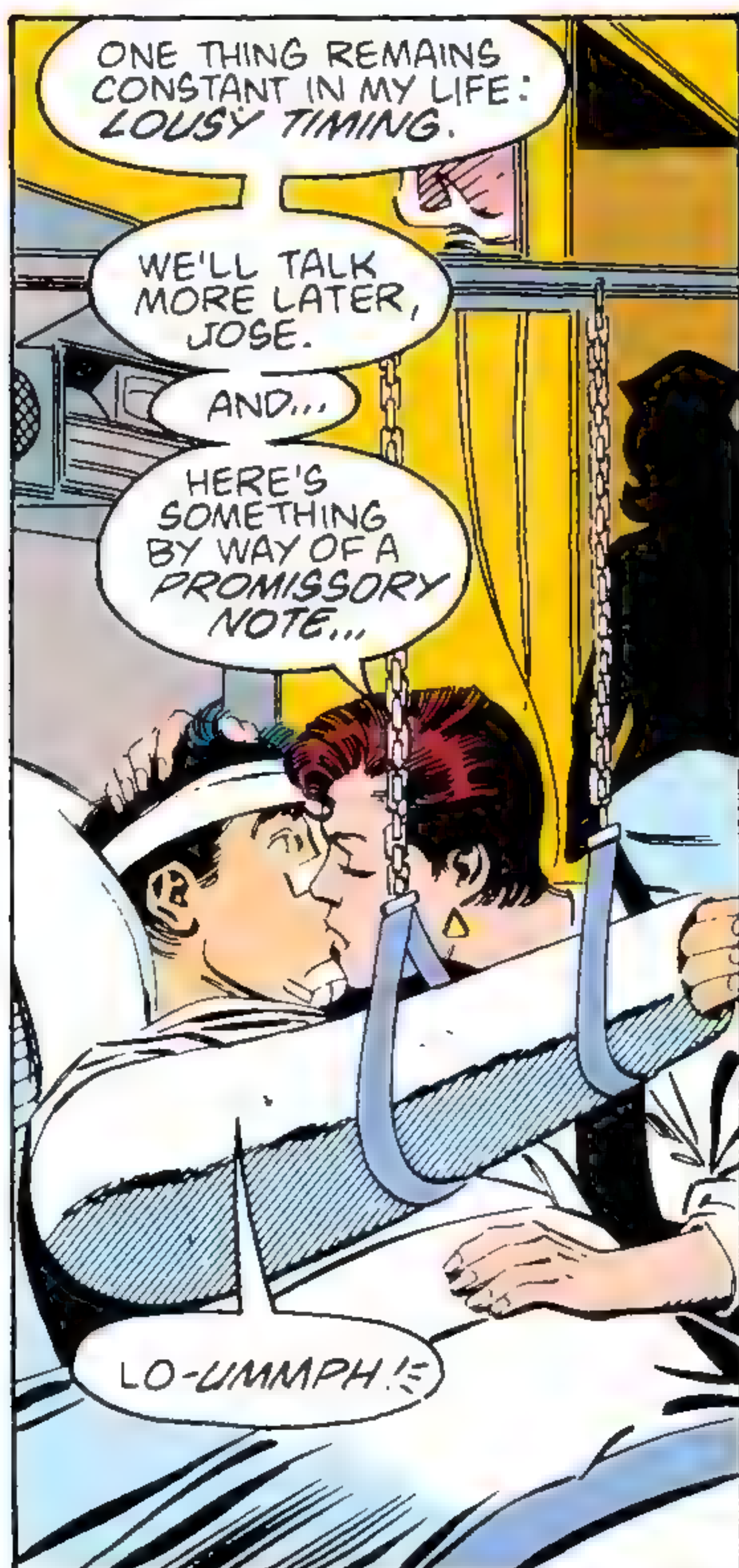
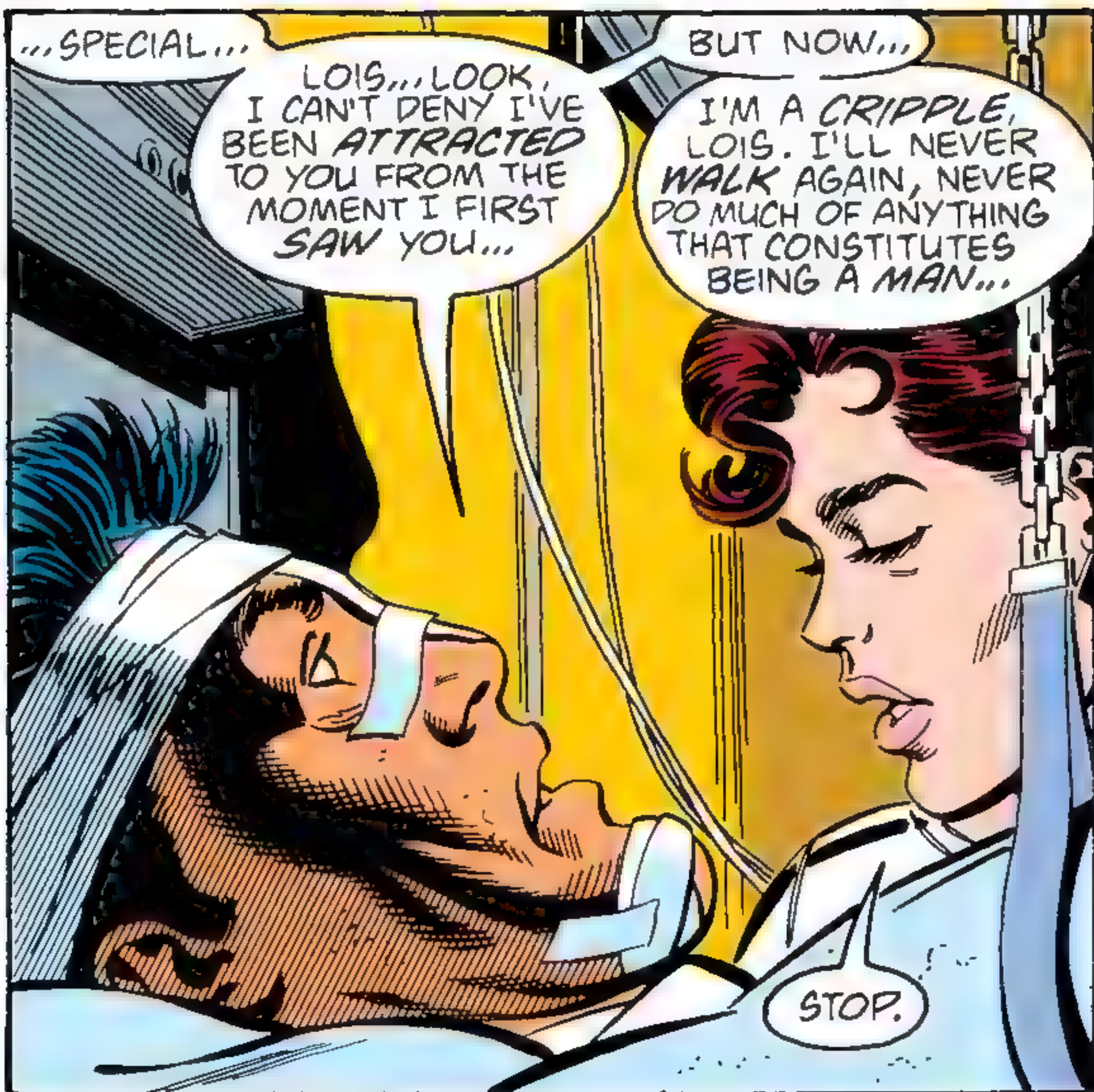
JOHN BEATTY
INKER
ALBERT DE GUZMAN
LETTERER
TONY TOLLIN
COLORIST
MIKE CARLIN
EDITOR

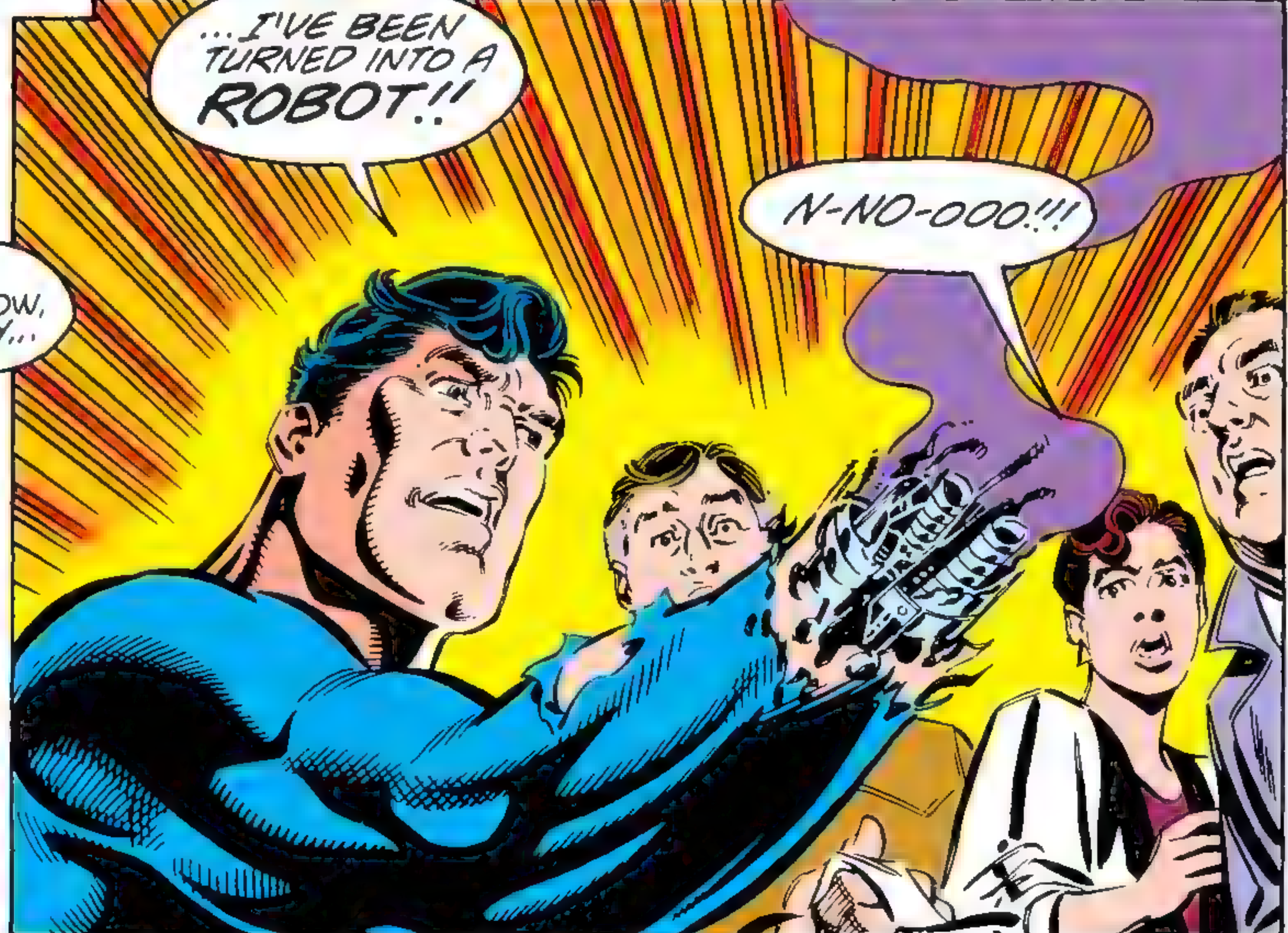
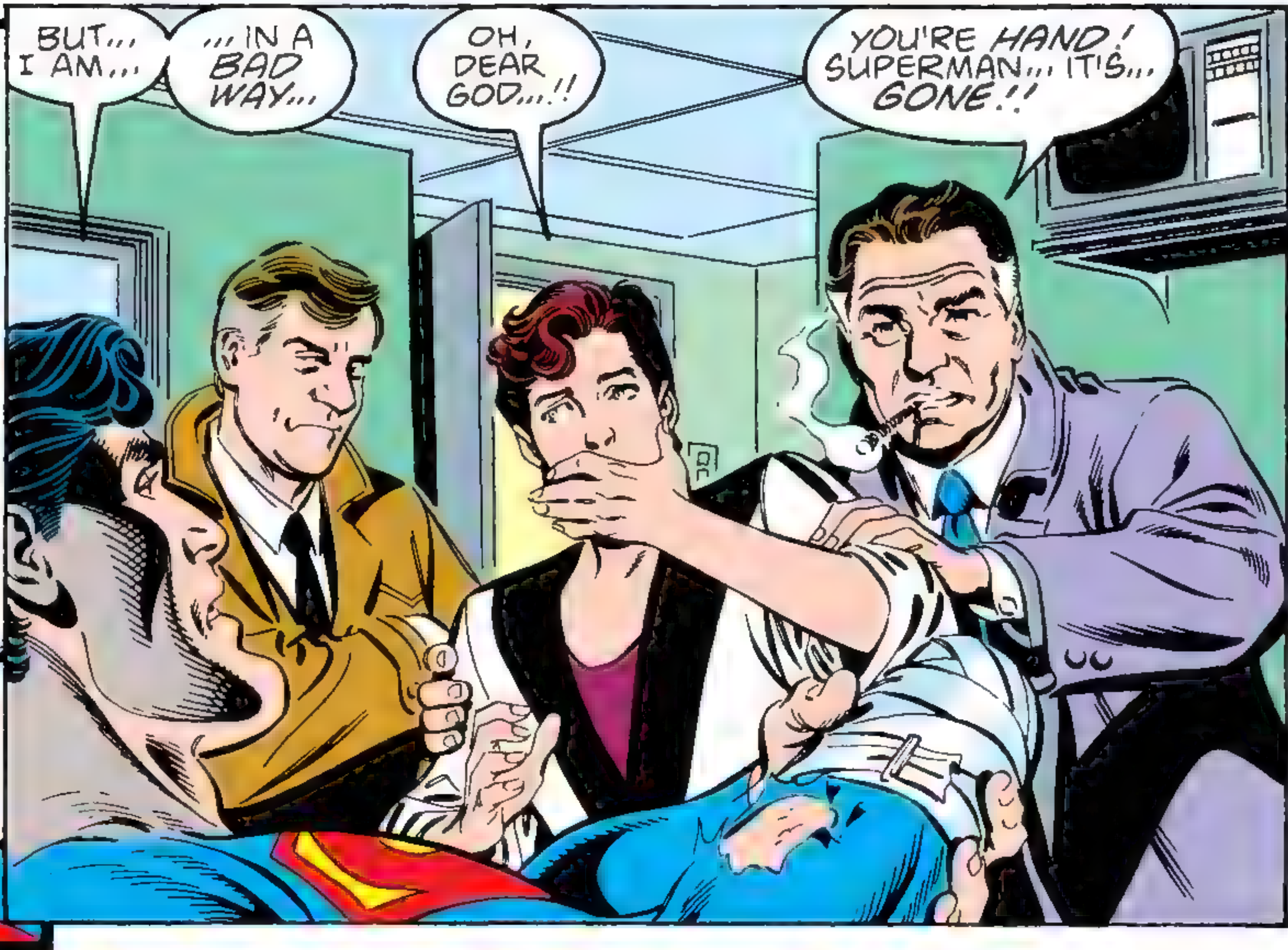
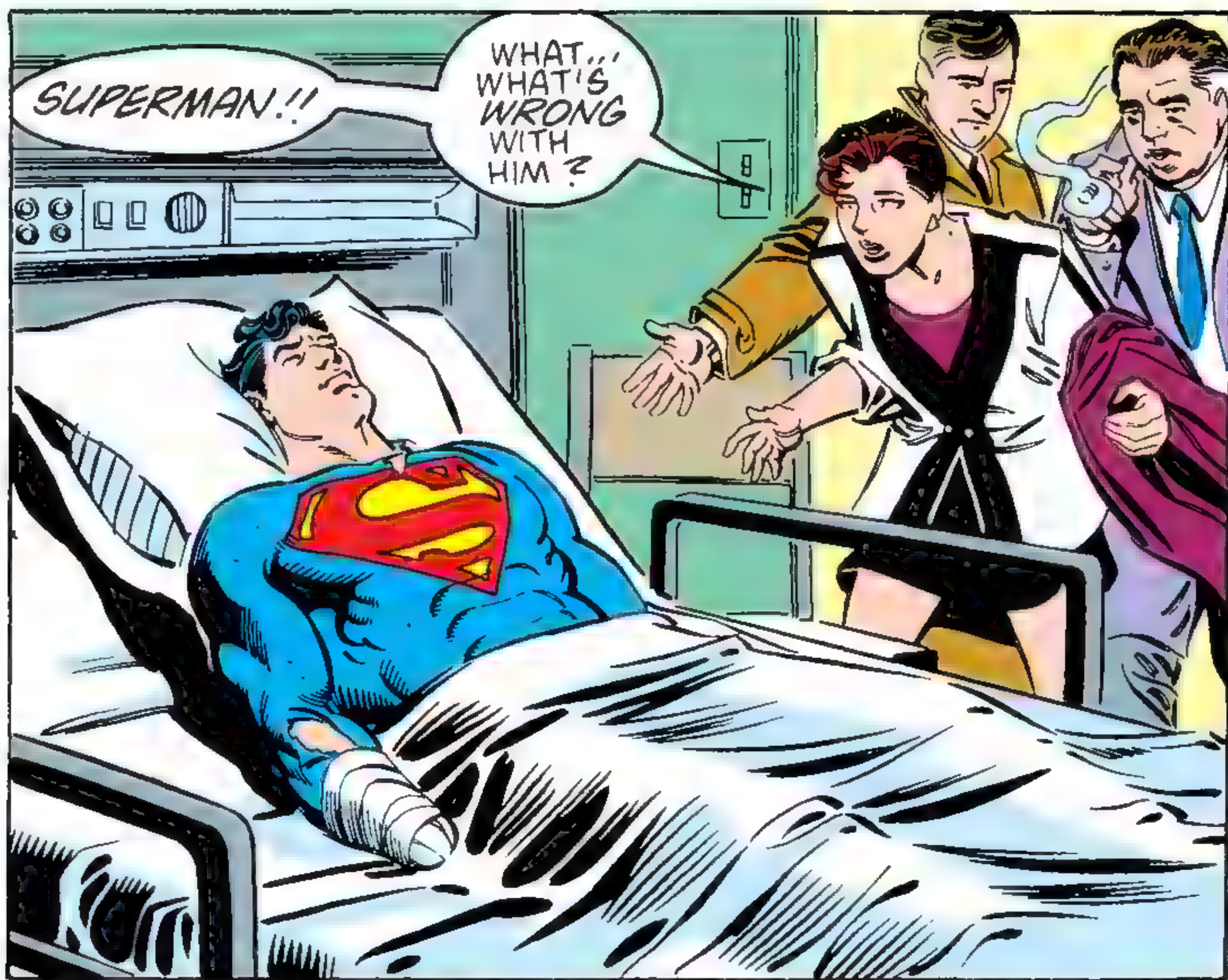
TIN SOLDIERS

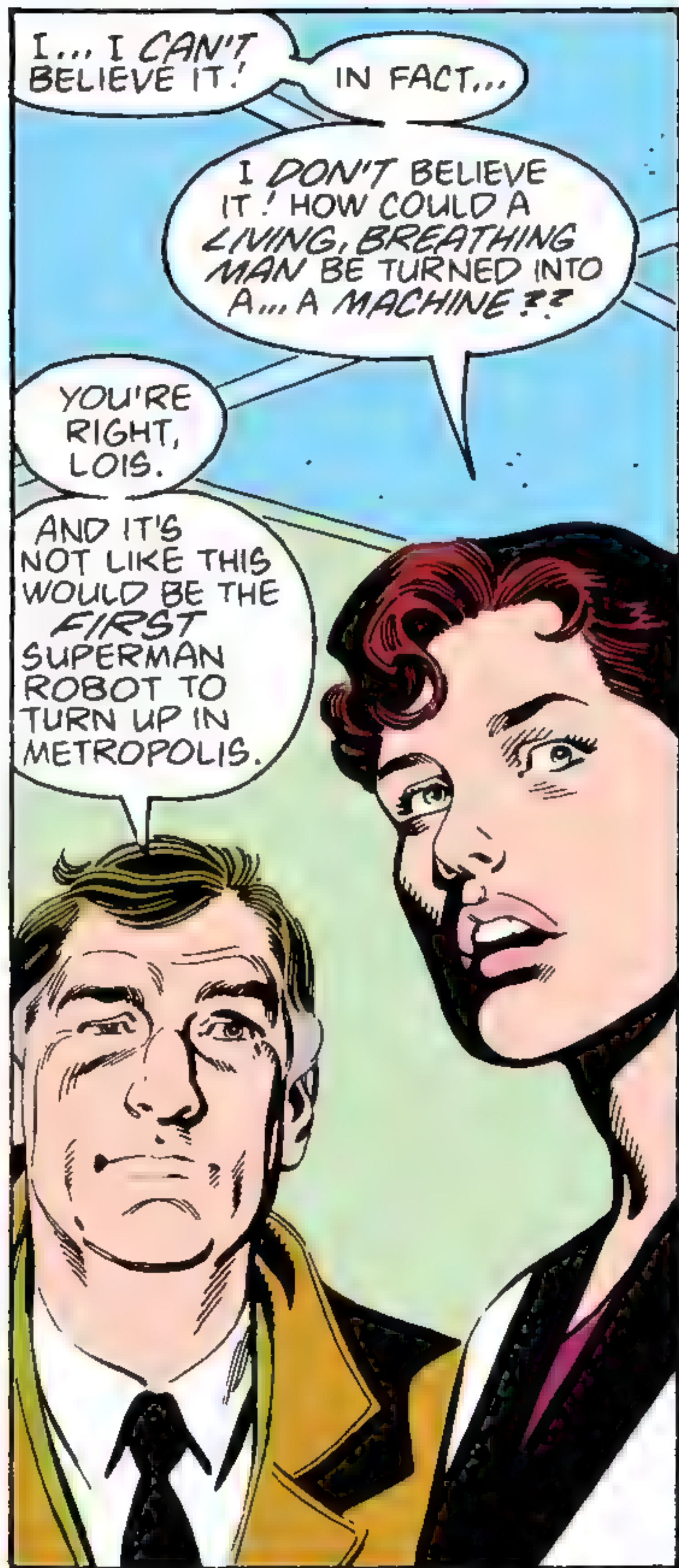


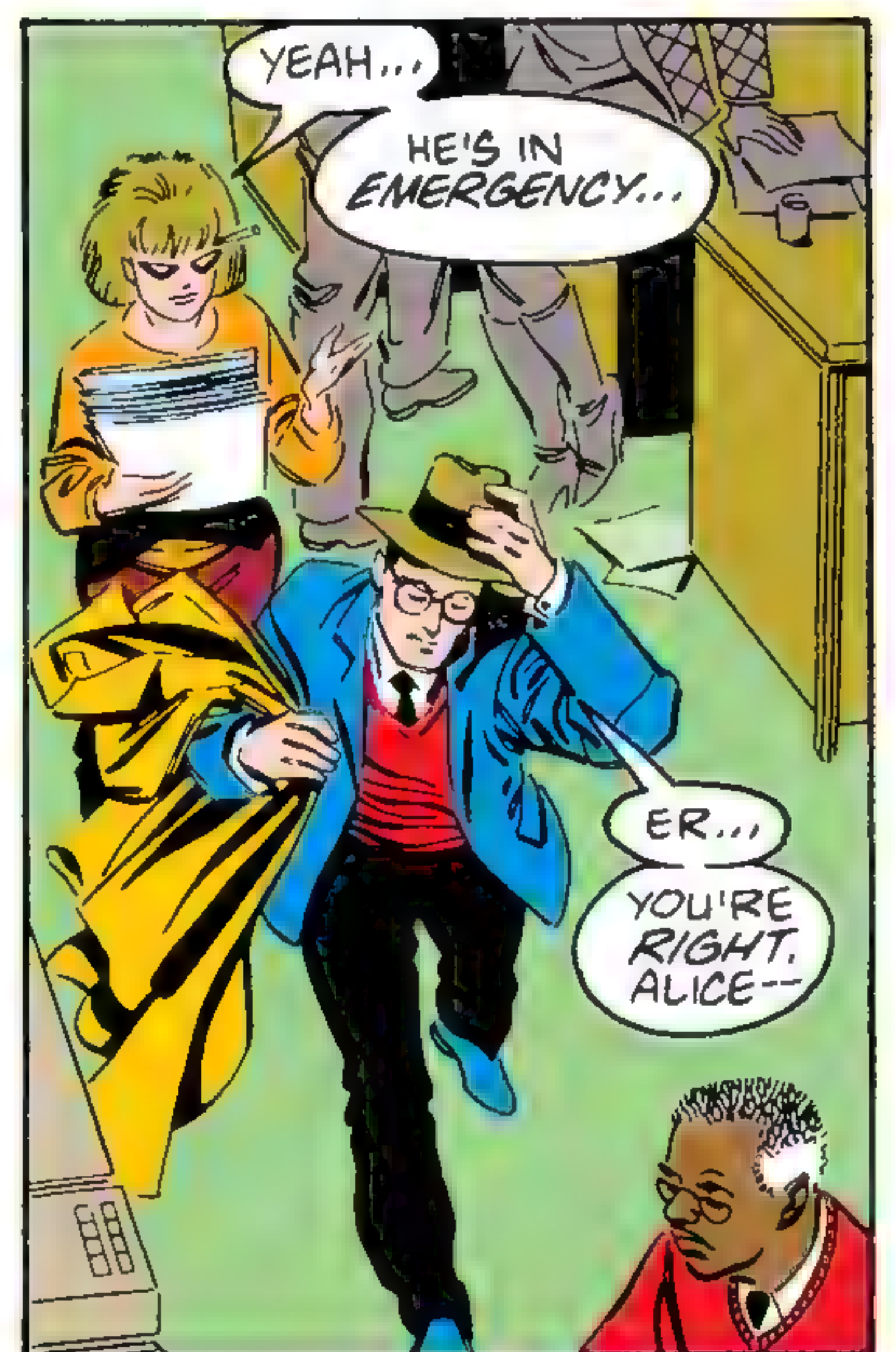
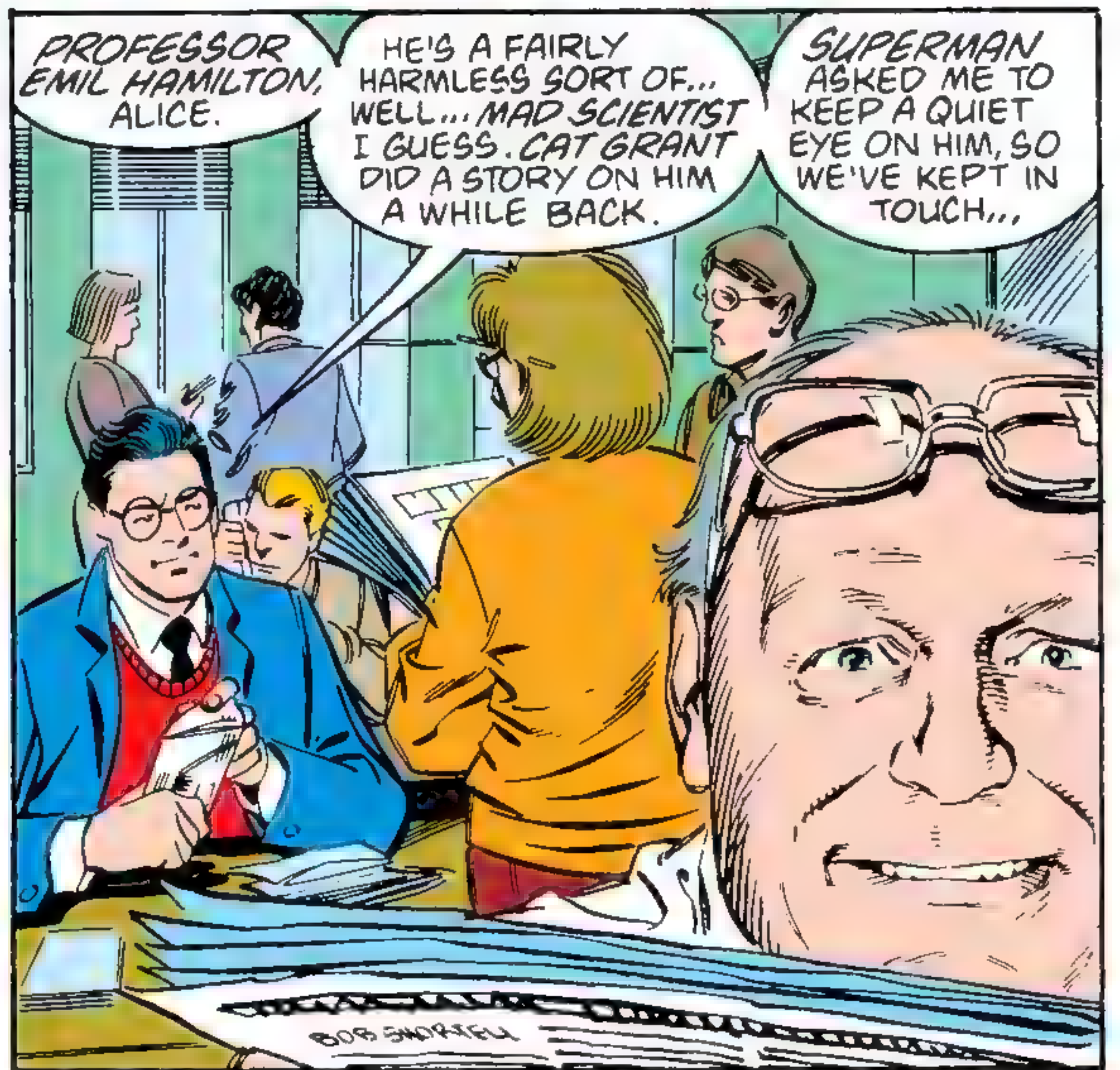
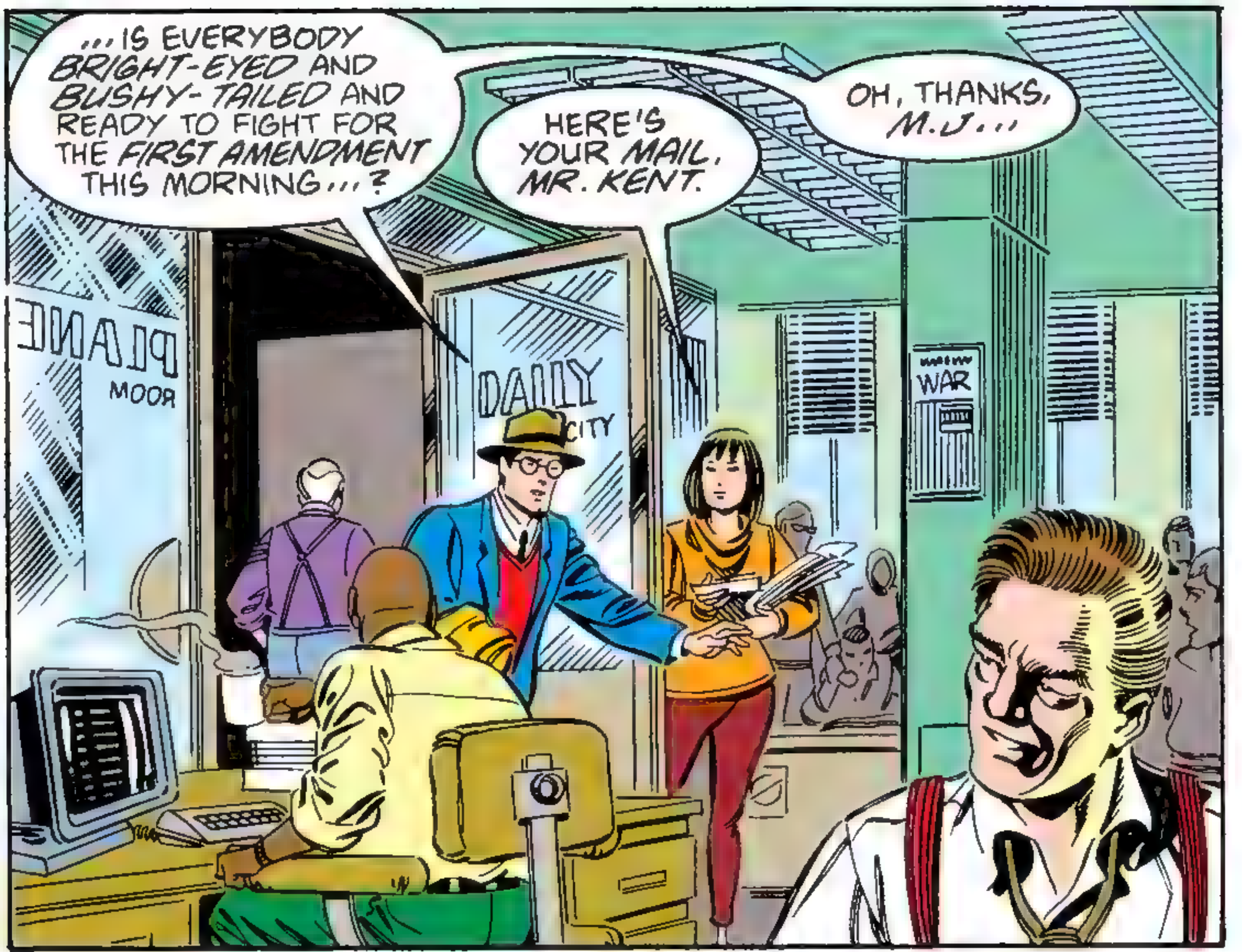
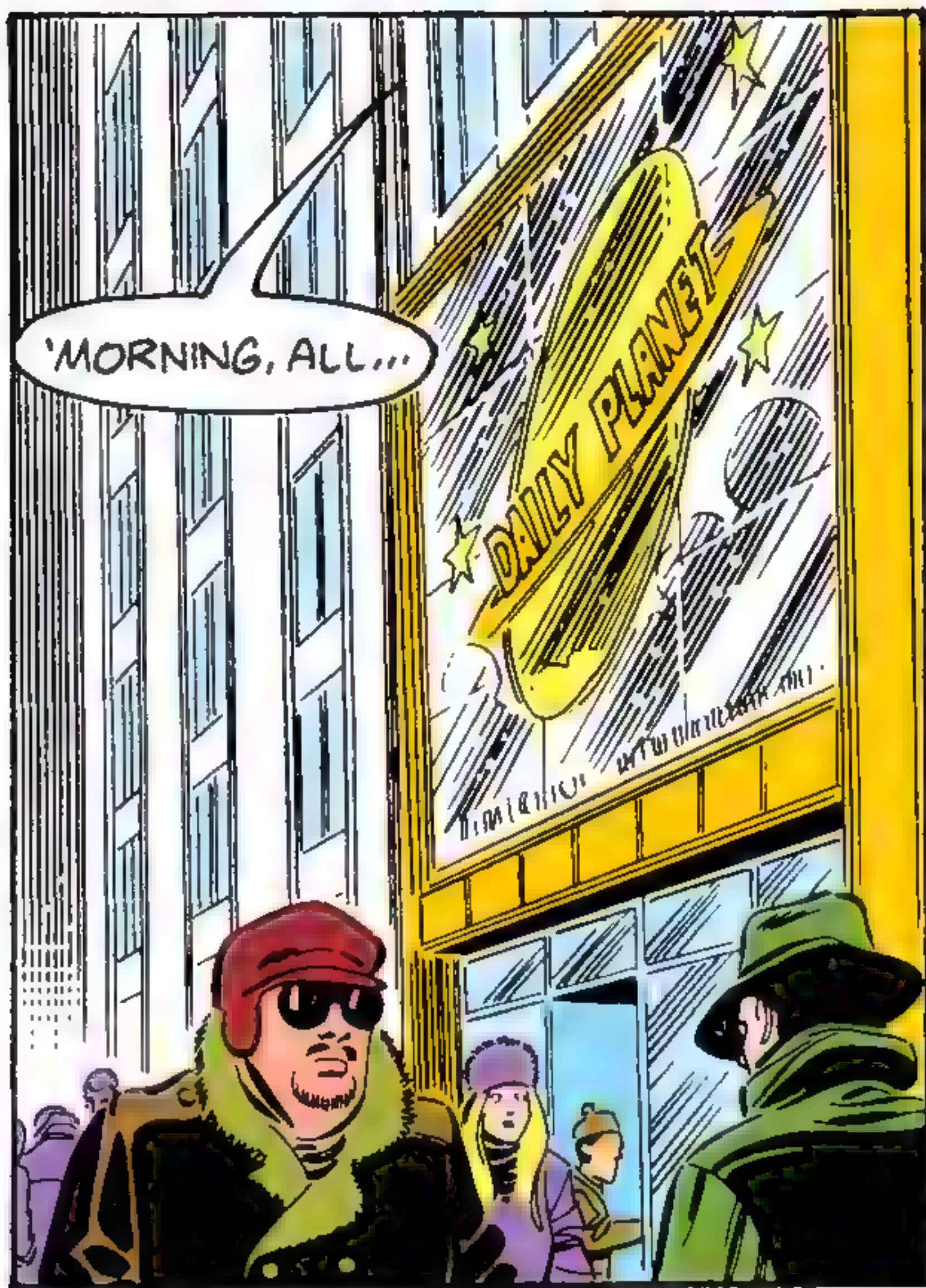


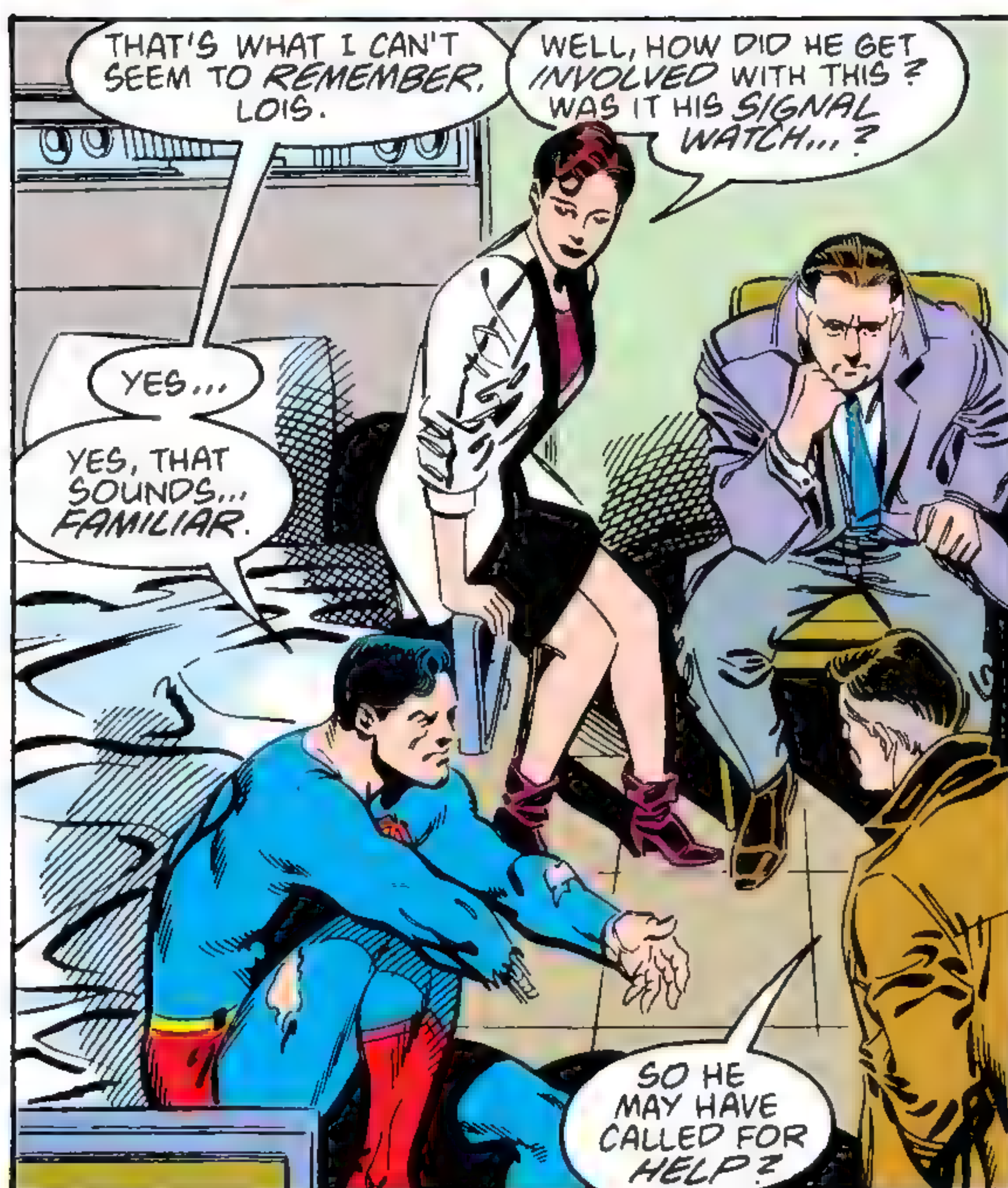
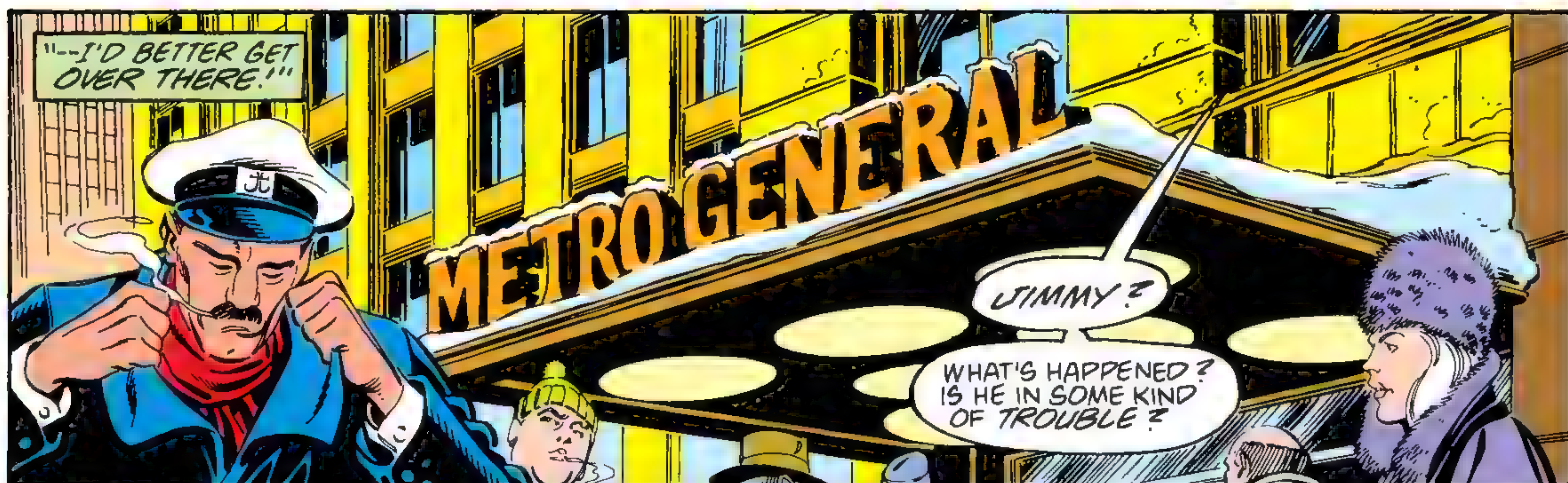


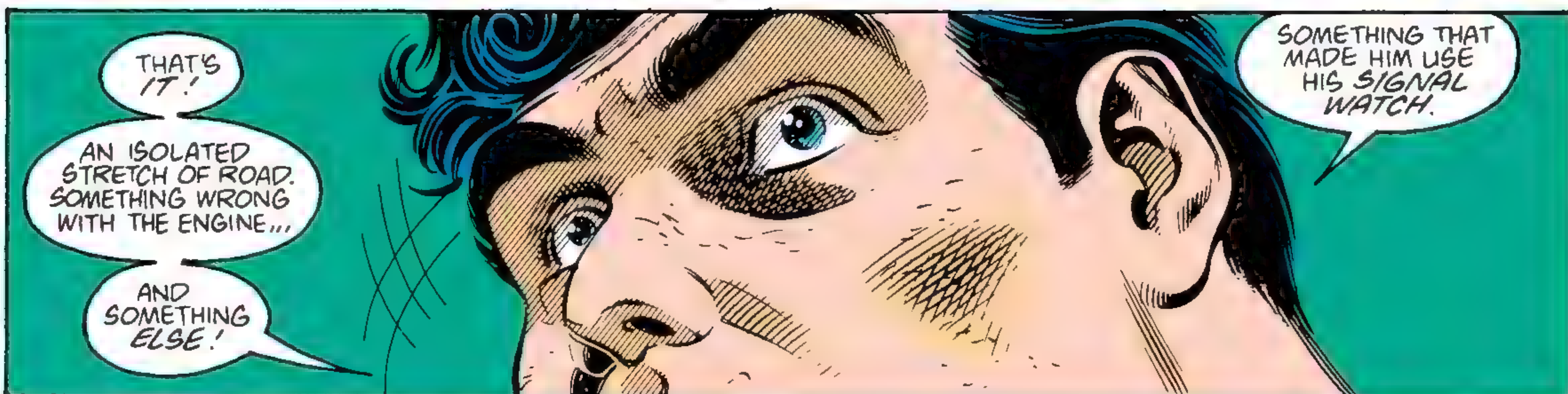
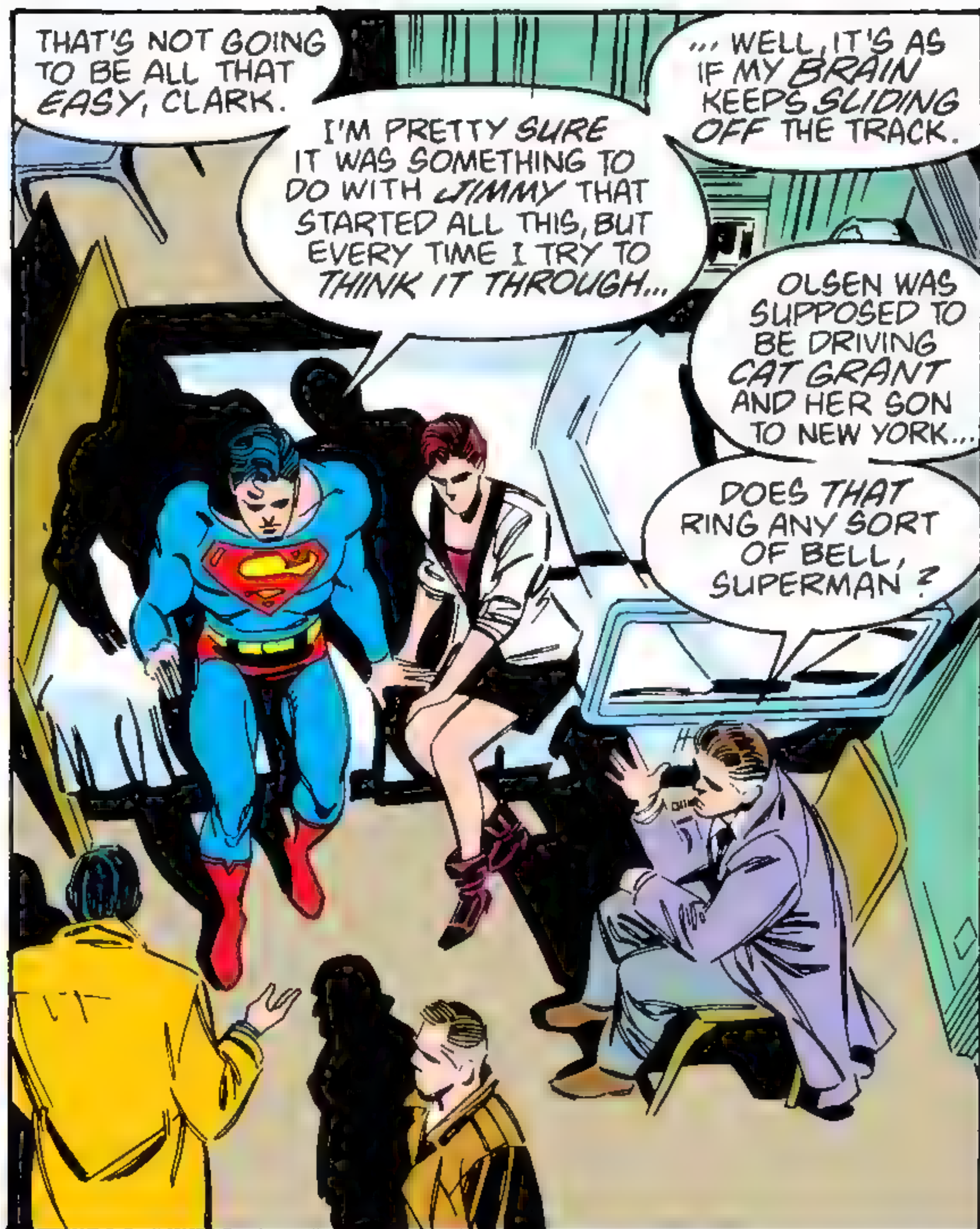


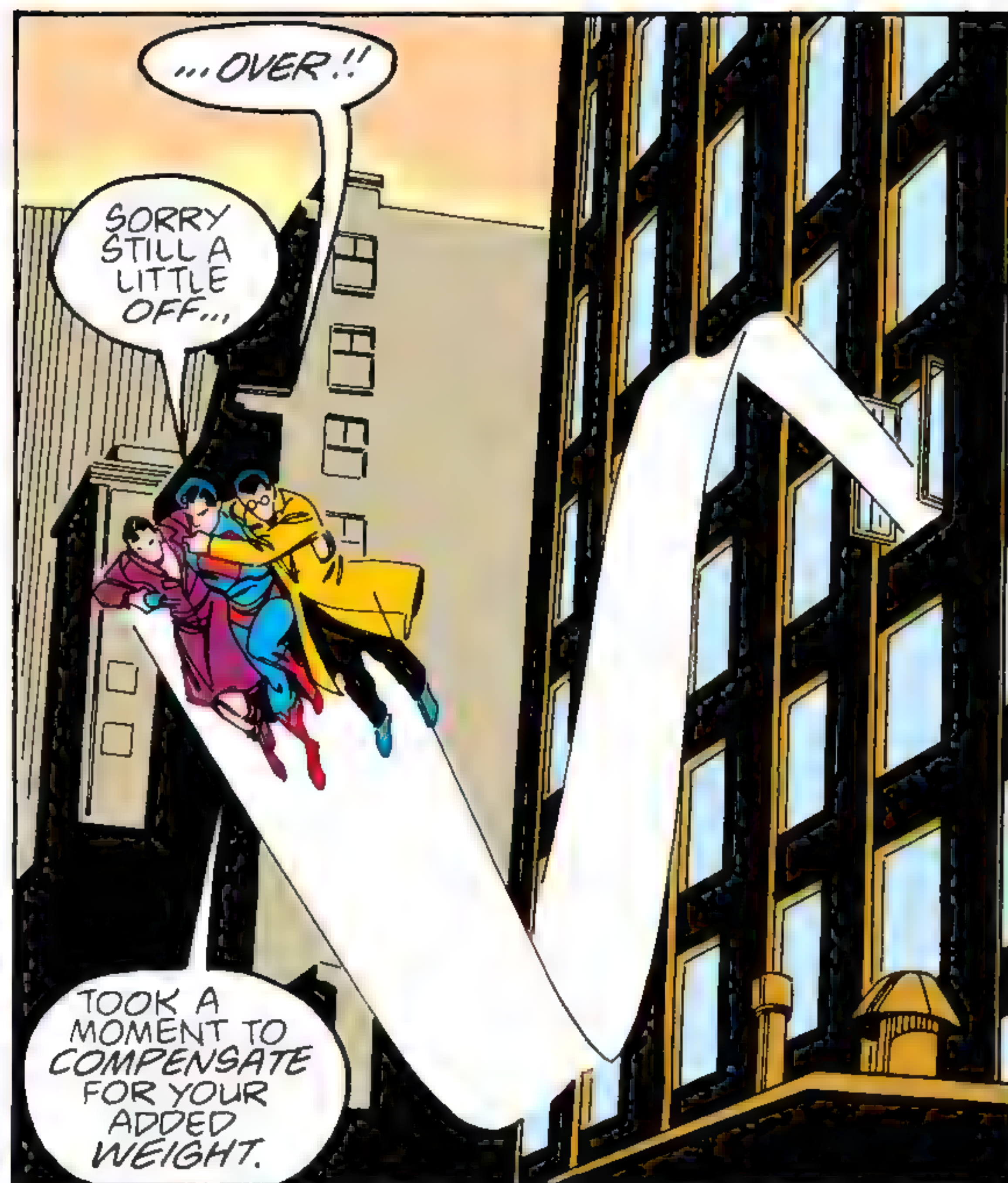


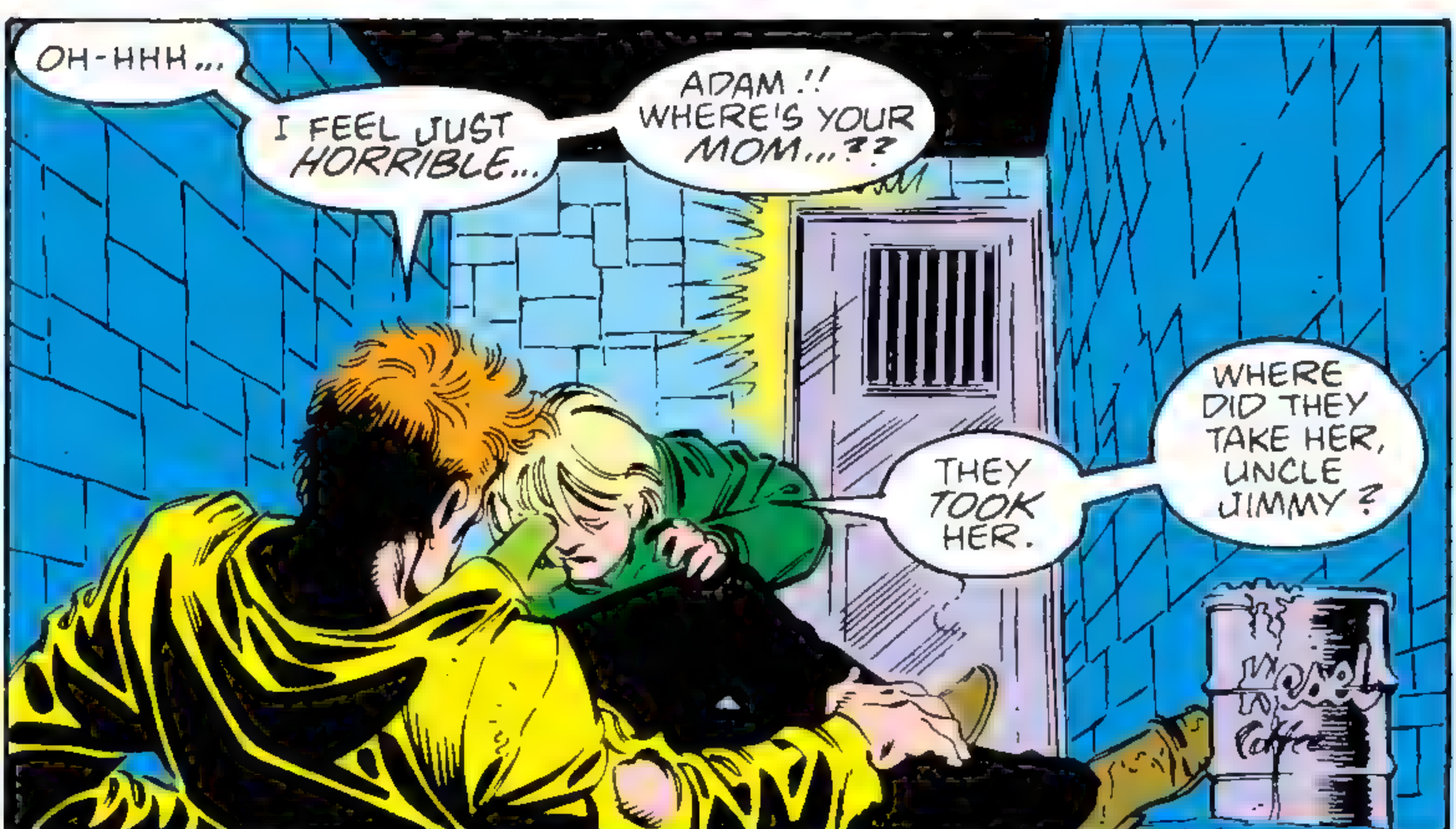
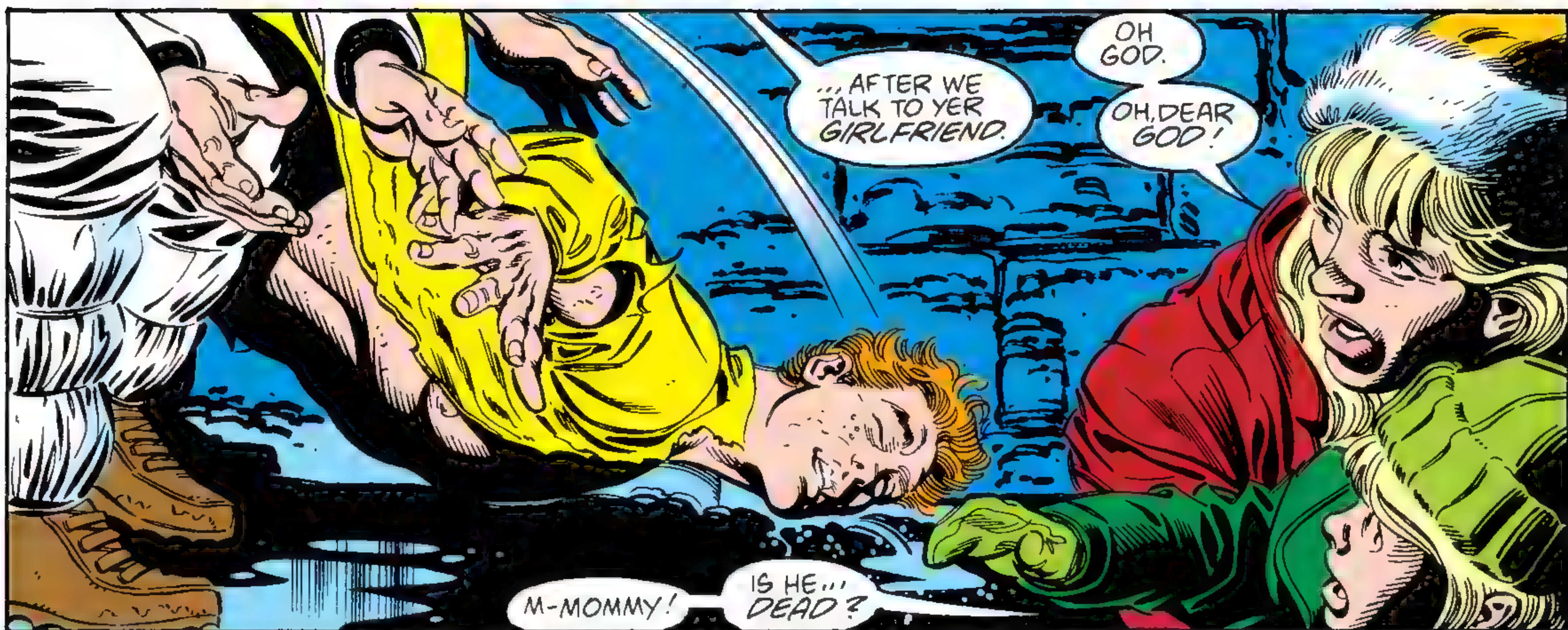














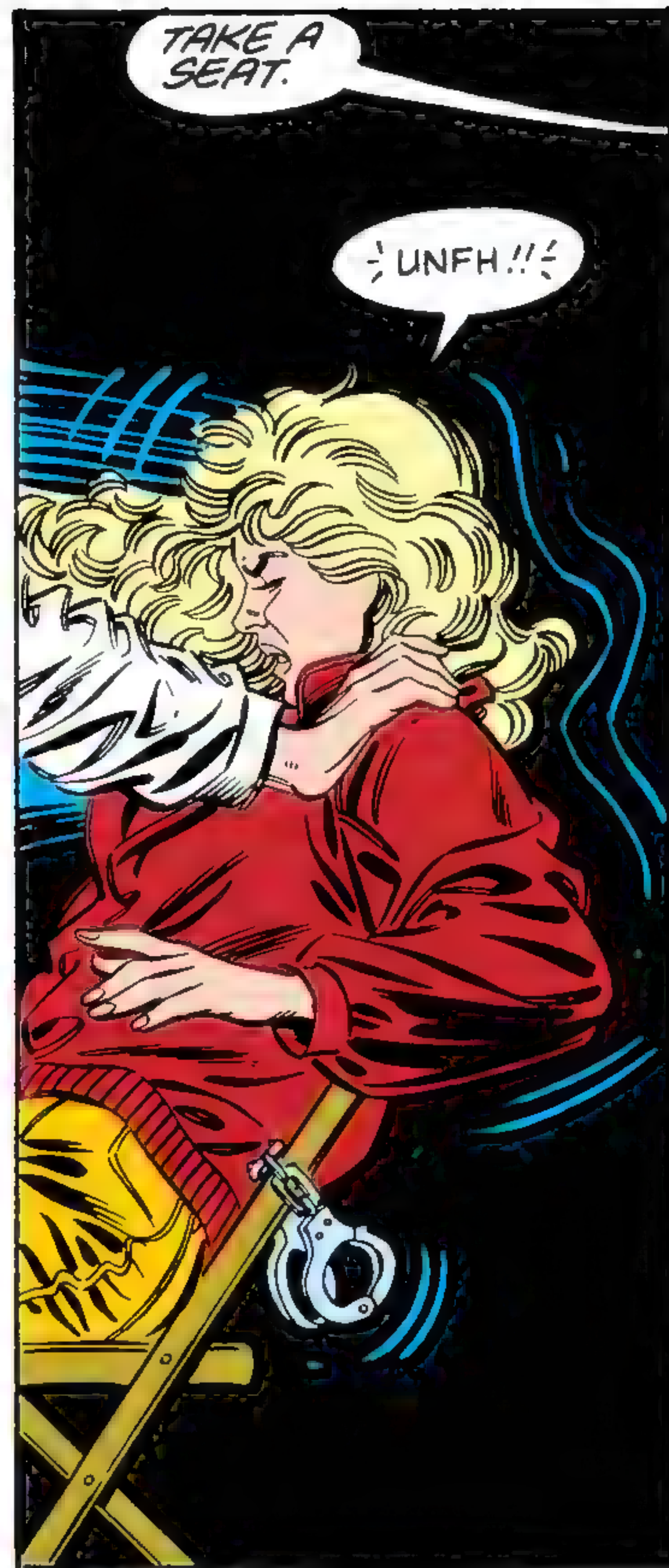
"WHERE DID THEY TAKE HER??"

YOU CAN QUIT YER SCRAPIN' ANY TIME, BABE.

AIN'T GONNA DO YA NO MORE GOOD THAN IT DID YER BOYFRIEND.



NOW, WHY'N'T WE PLAY THIS NICE AN' POLITE LIKE?



TAKE A SEAT.

UNFH!!!



YOU... YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M A REPORTER FOR THE DAILY PLANET! THIS IS AMERICA.

I'VE GOT RIGHTS!!



OUTSIDE THESE WALLS THAT MIGHT BE TRUE, MISS GRANT. FOR THE PRESENT, AT LEAST. IN ANY CASE, IT'S A SITUATION WE INTEND TO SEE RECTIFIED.

NOW, BEGIN BY TELLING ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT US, AND WHO ELSE KNOWS WHAT YOU KNOW.

WHAT...??



LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, PAL.

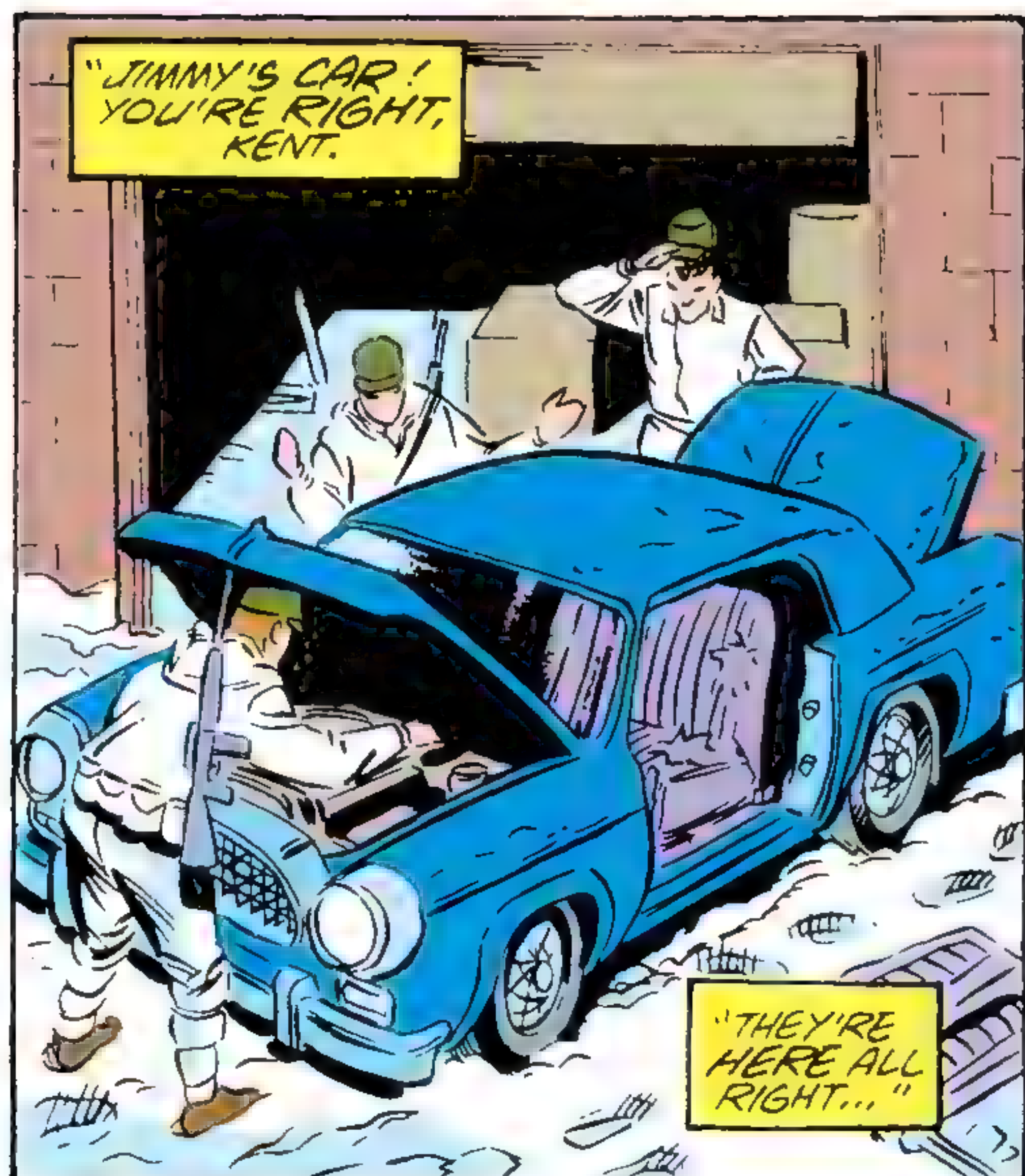
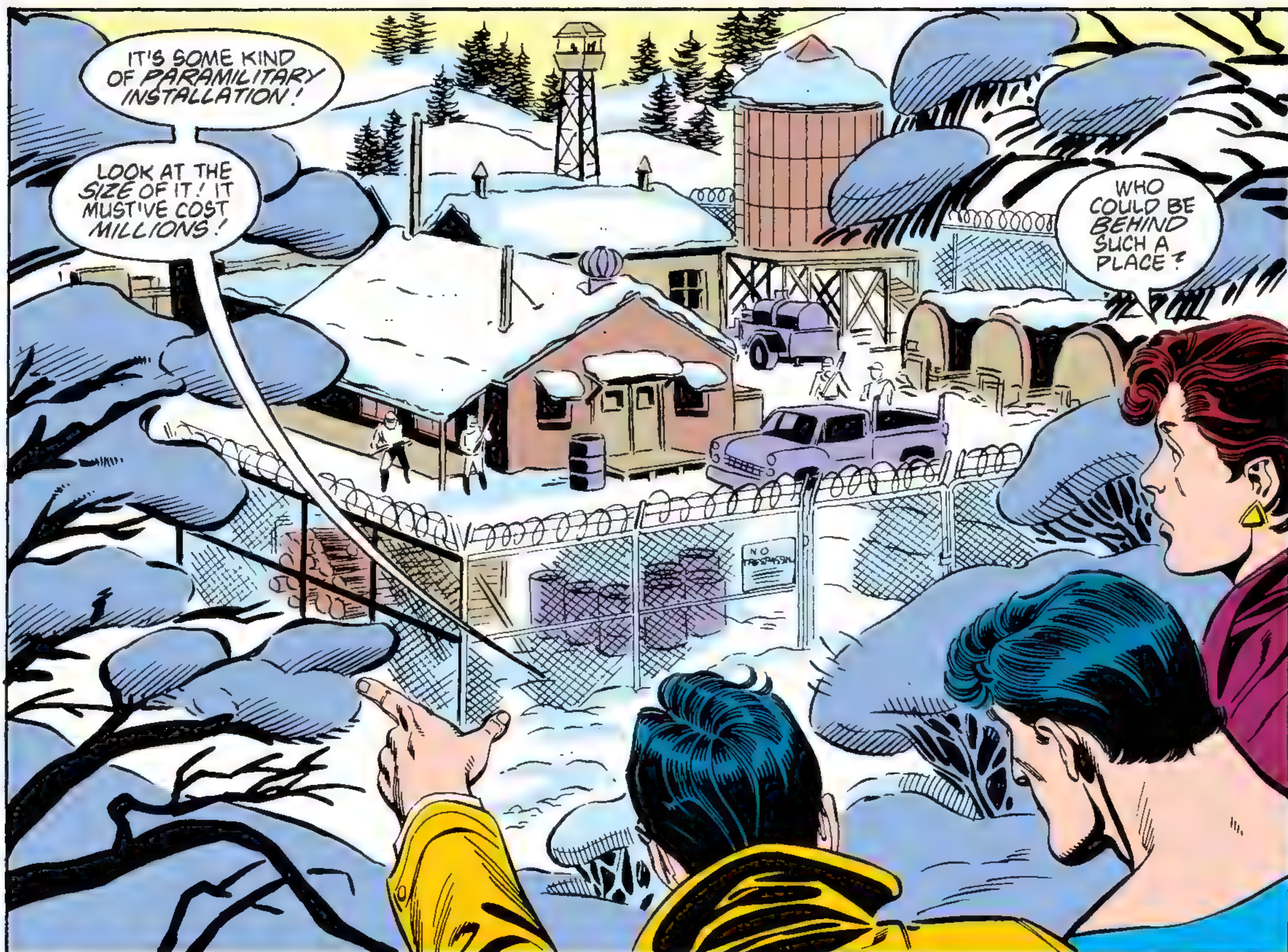
IF YOU KNOW MY NAME YOU MUST'VE GONE THROUGH MY WALLET. YOU KNOW WHO I AM. WHAT I DO.

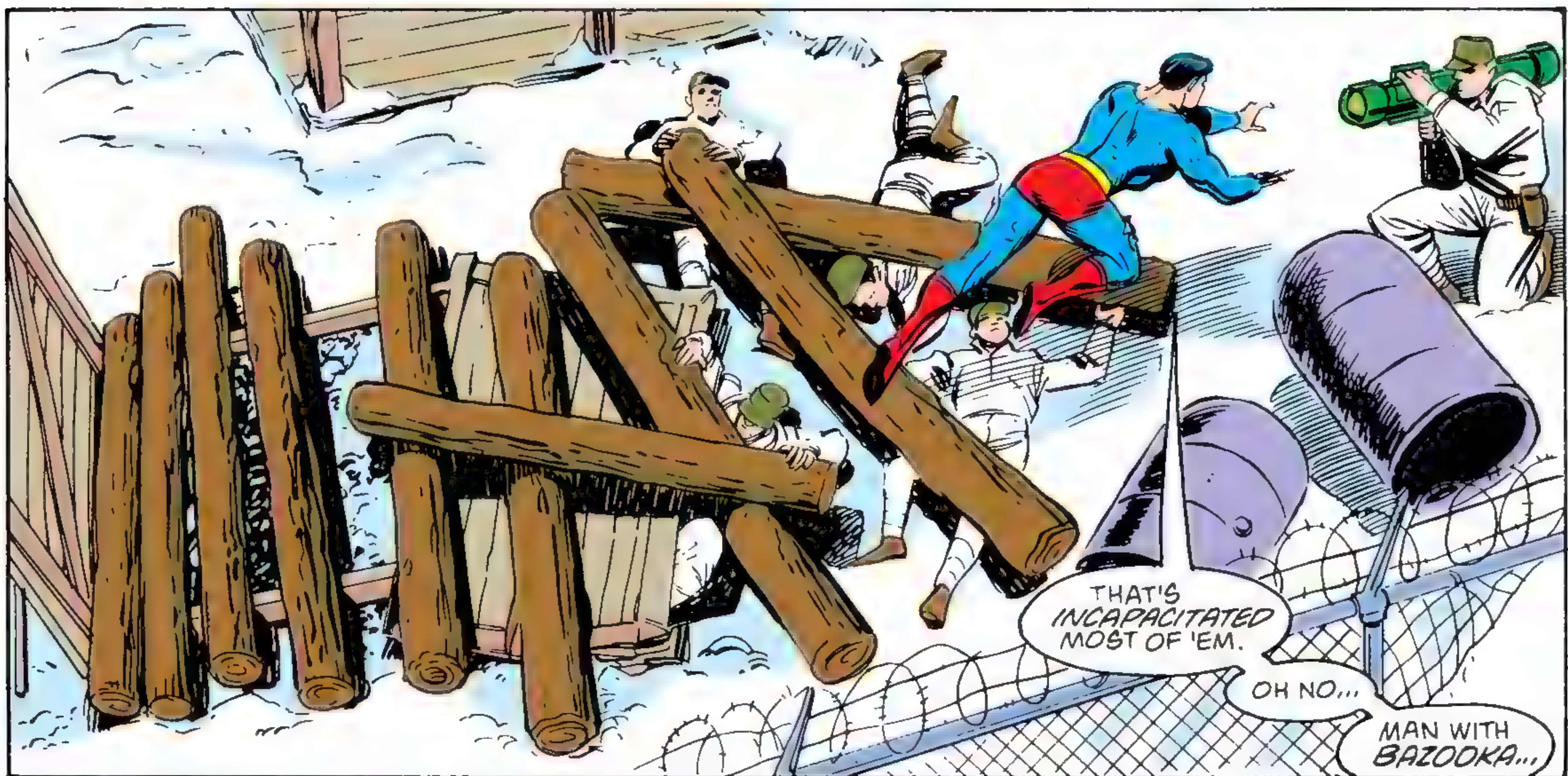
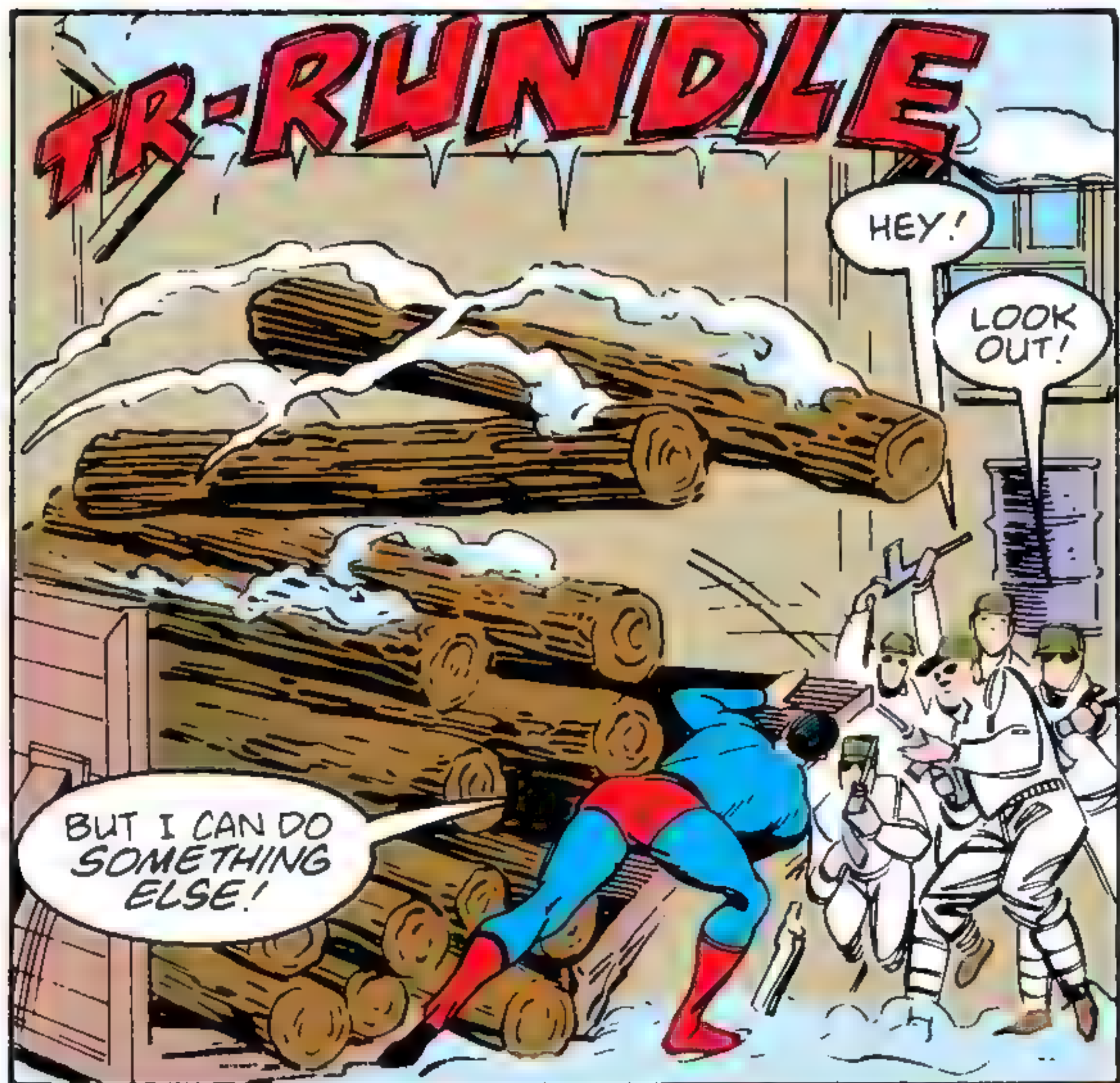
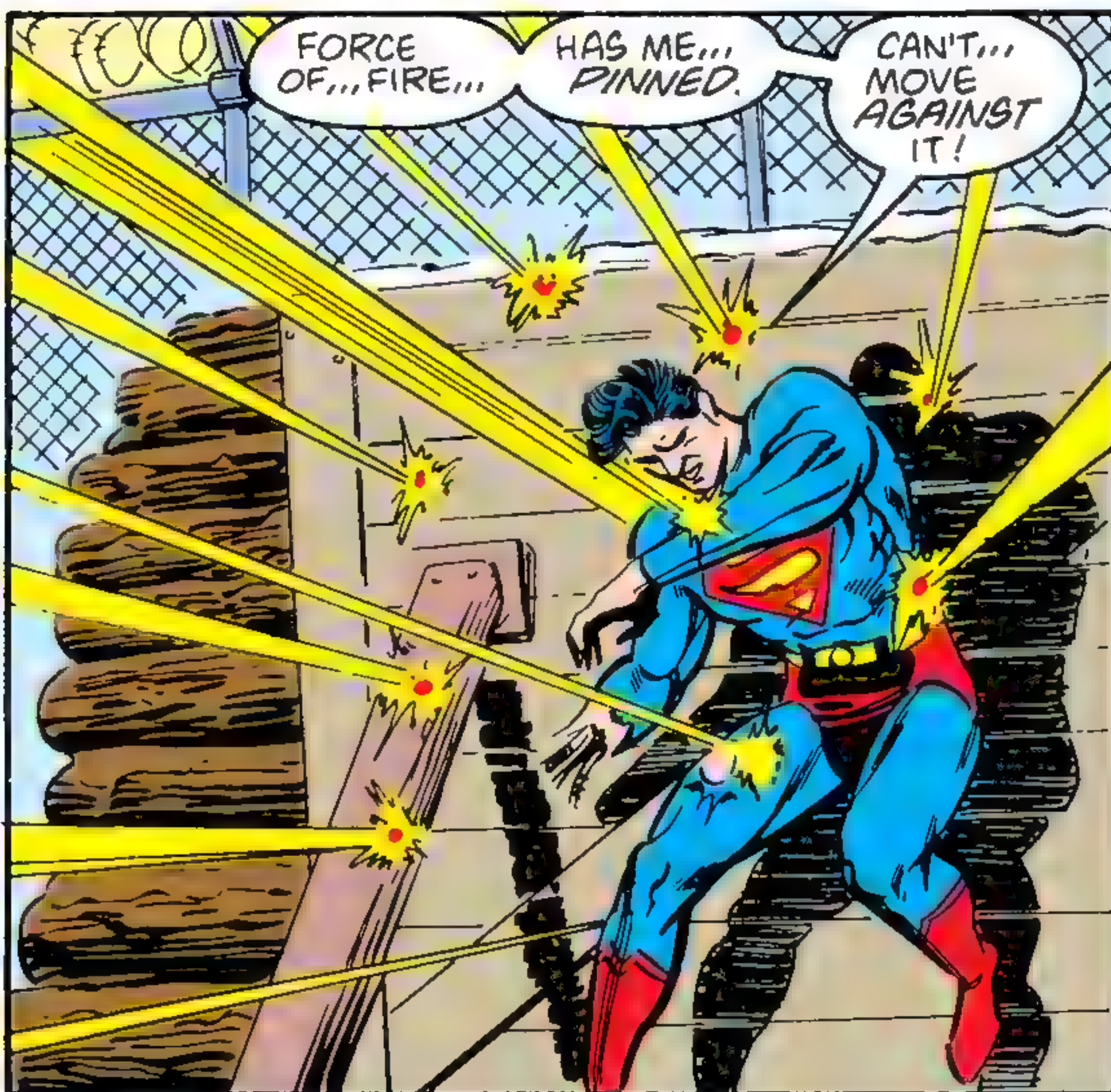
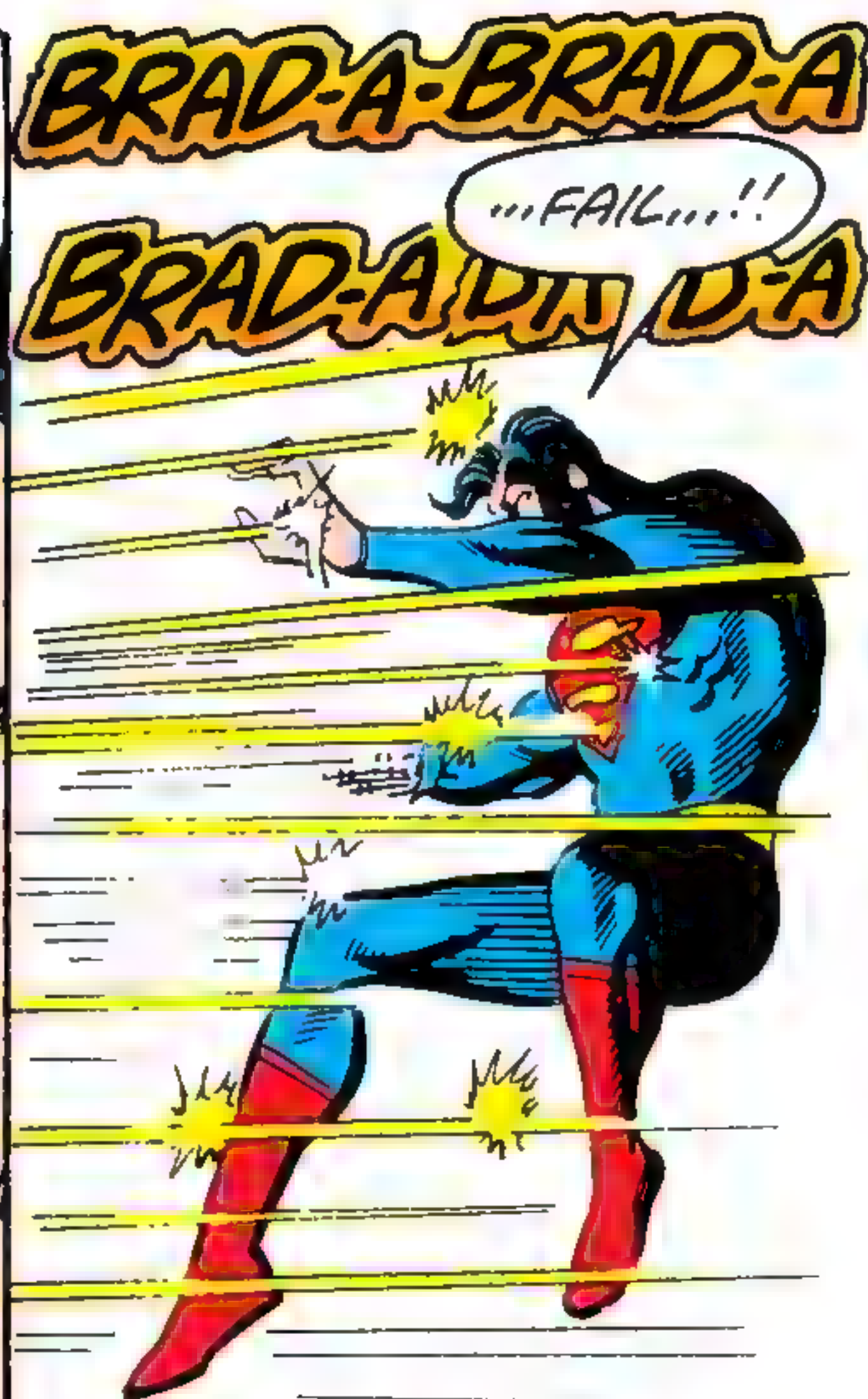
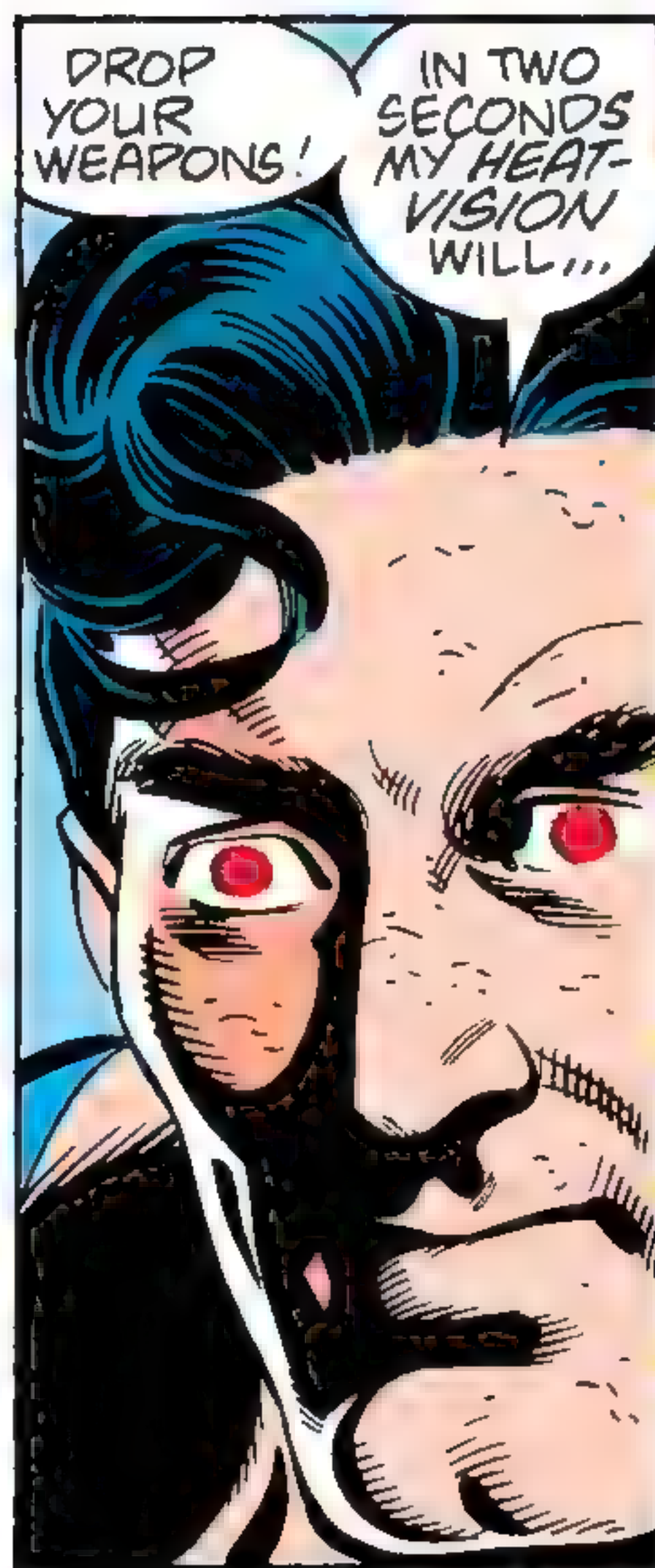
I WRITE A BLOODY GOSSIP COLUMN FOR PETE'S SARE!

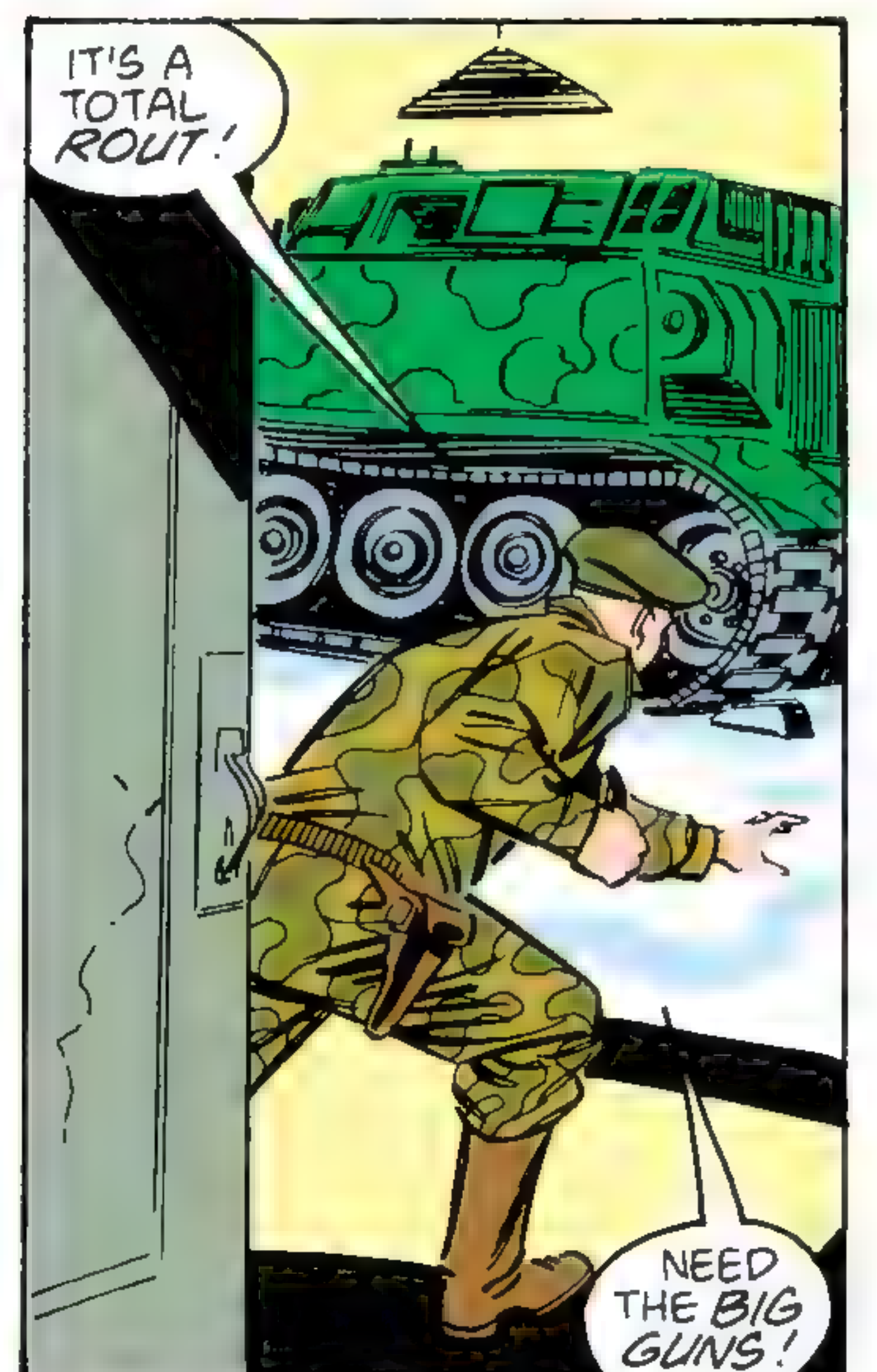
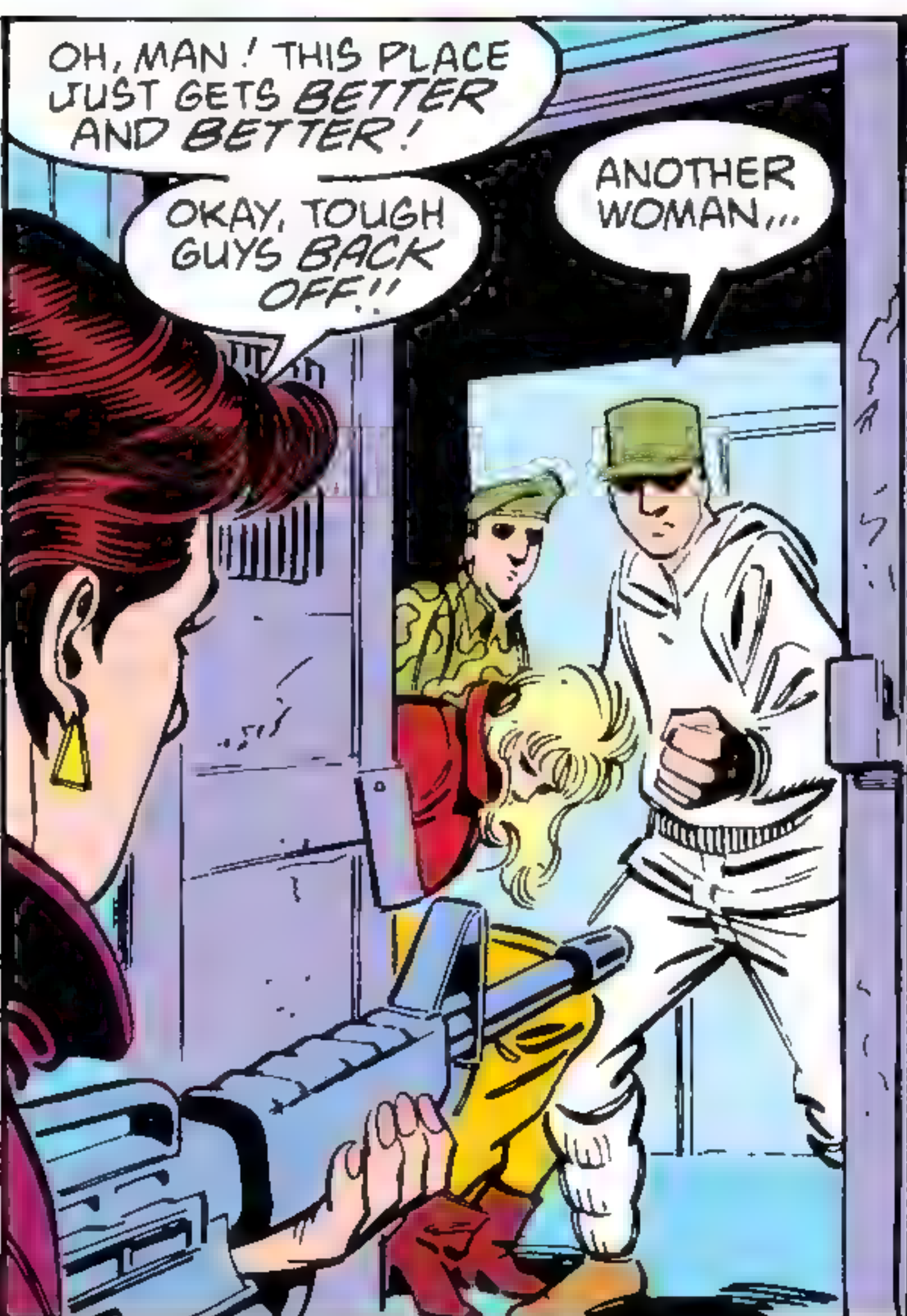
WHATEVER YOU BOYS ARE PLAYING AT HERE, IT DOESN'T MEAN SQUAT TO ME!

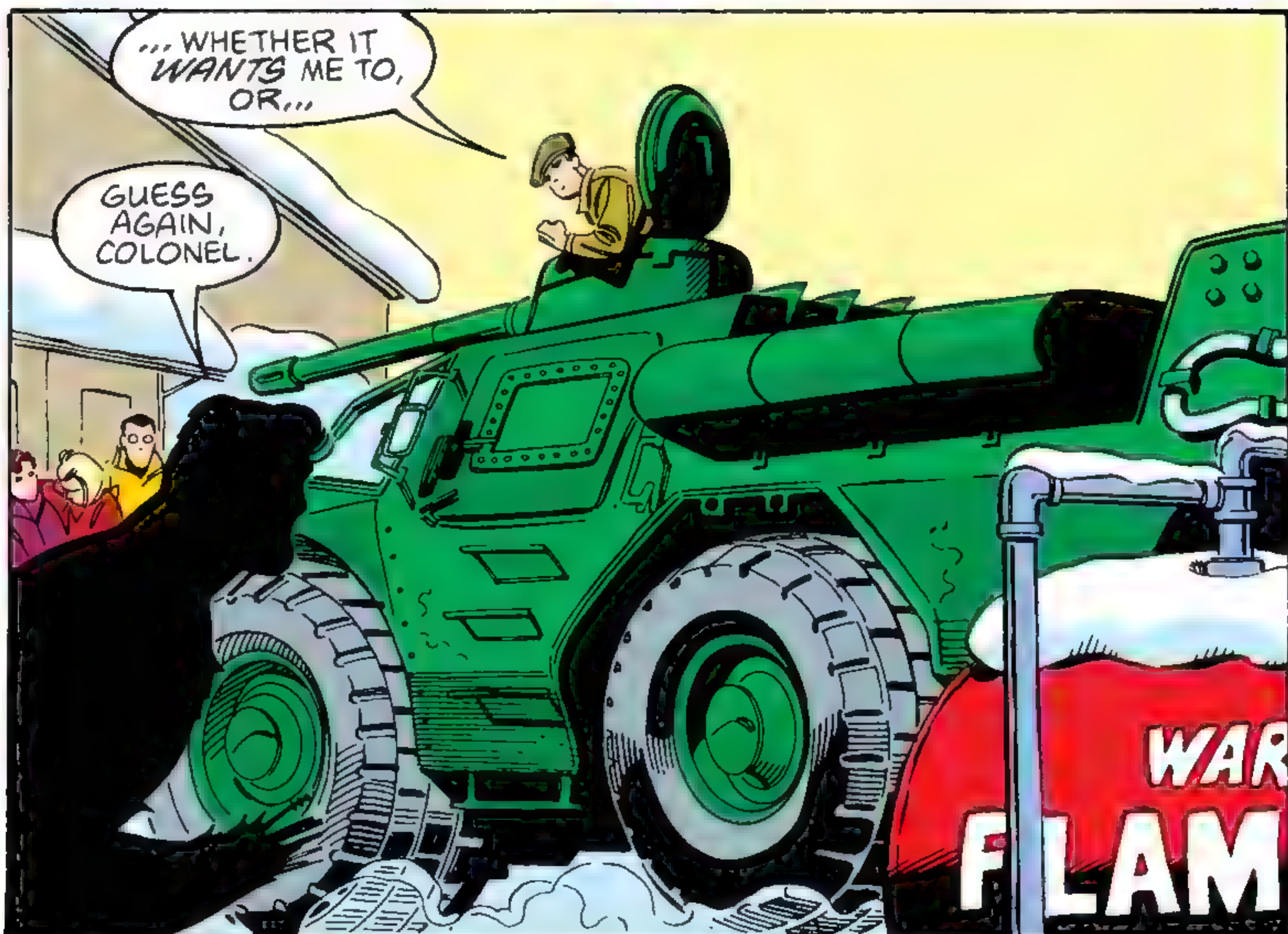
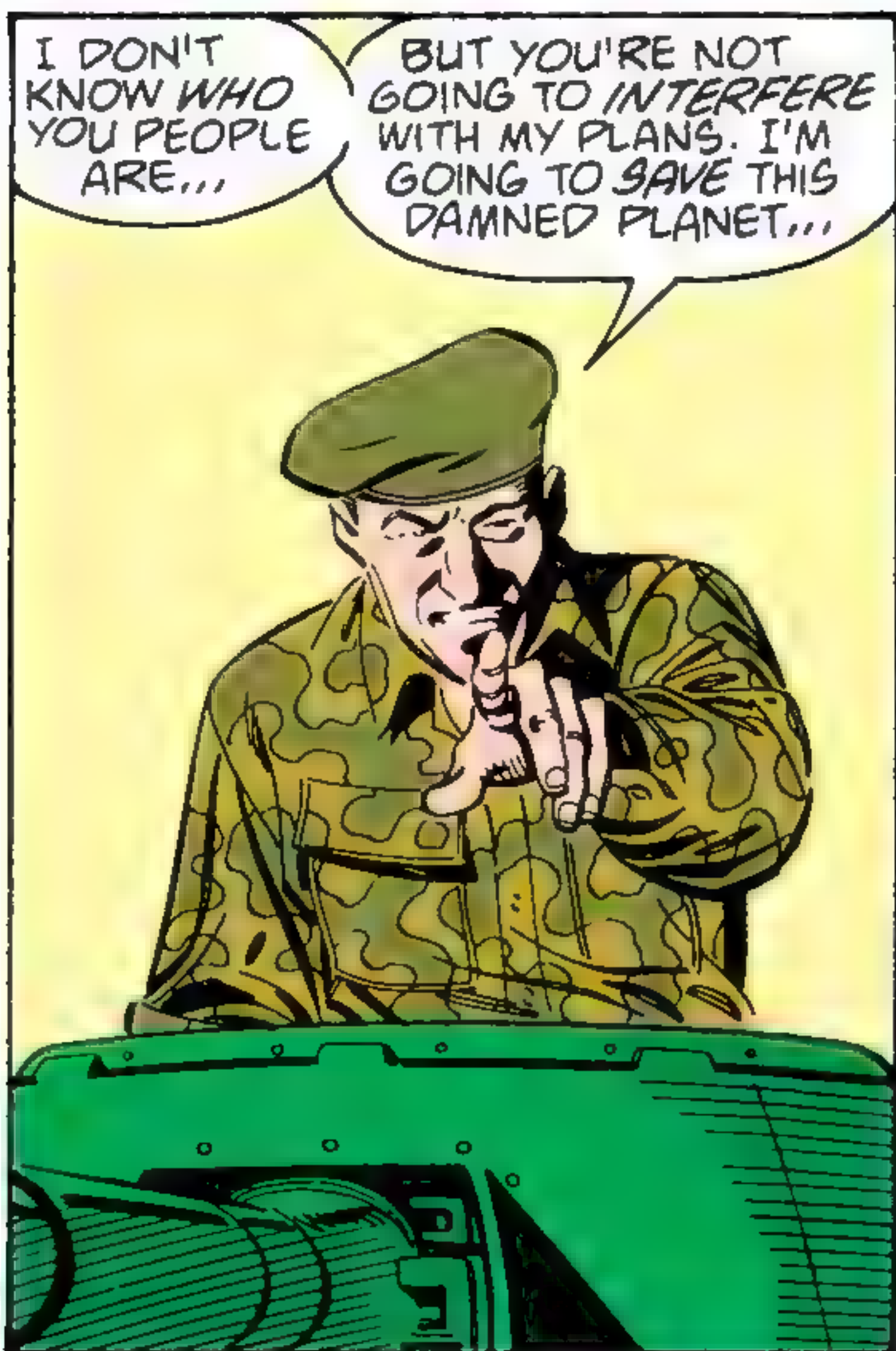
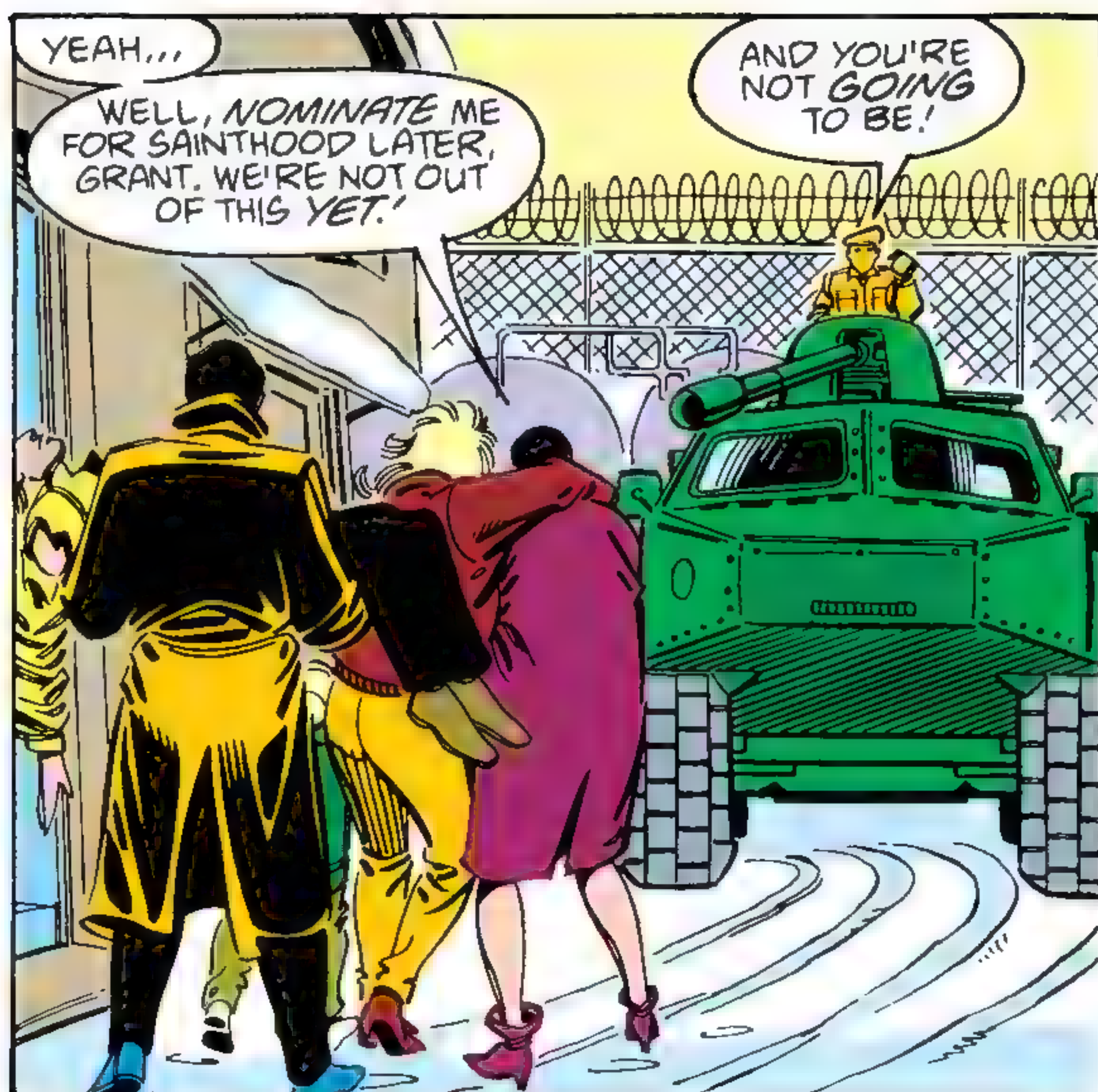
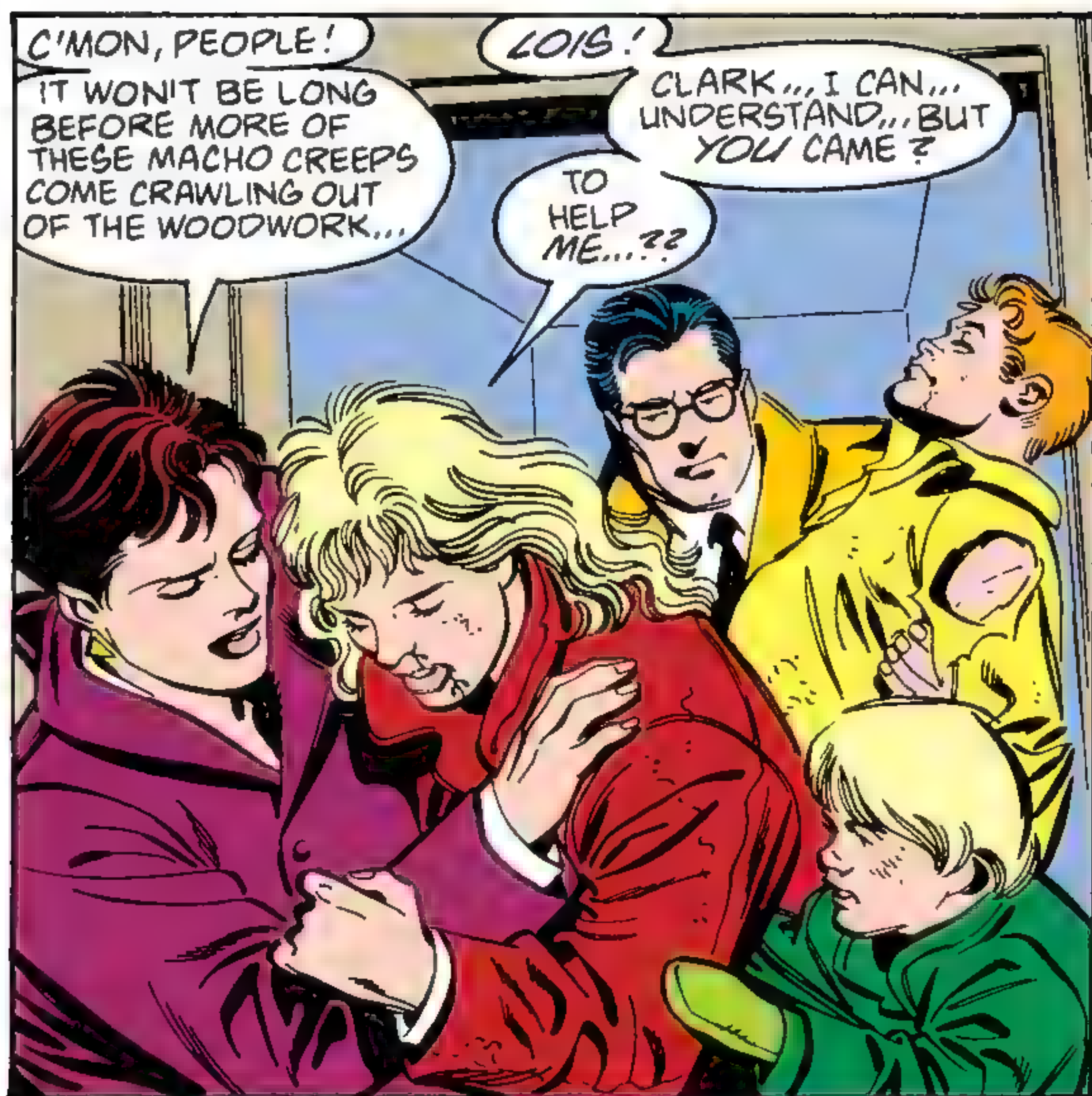


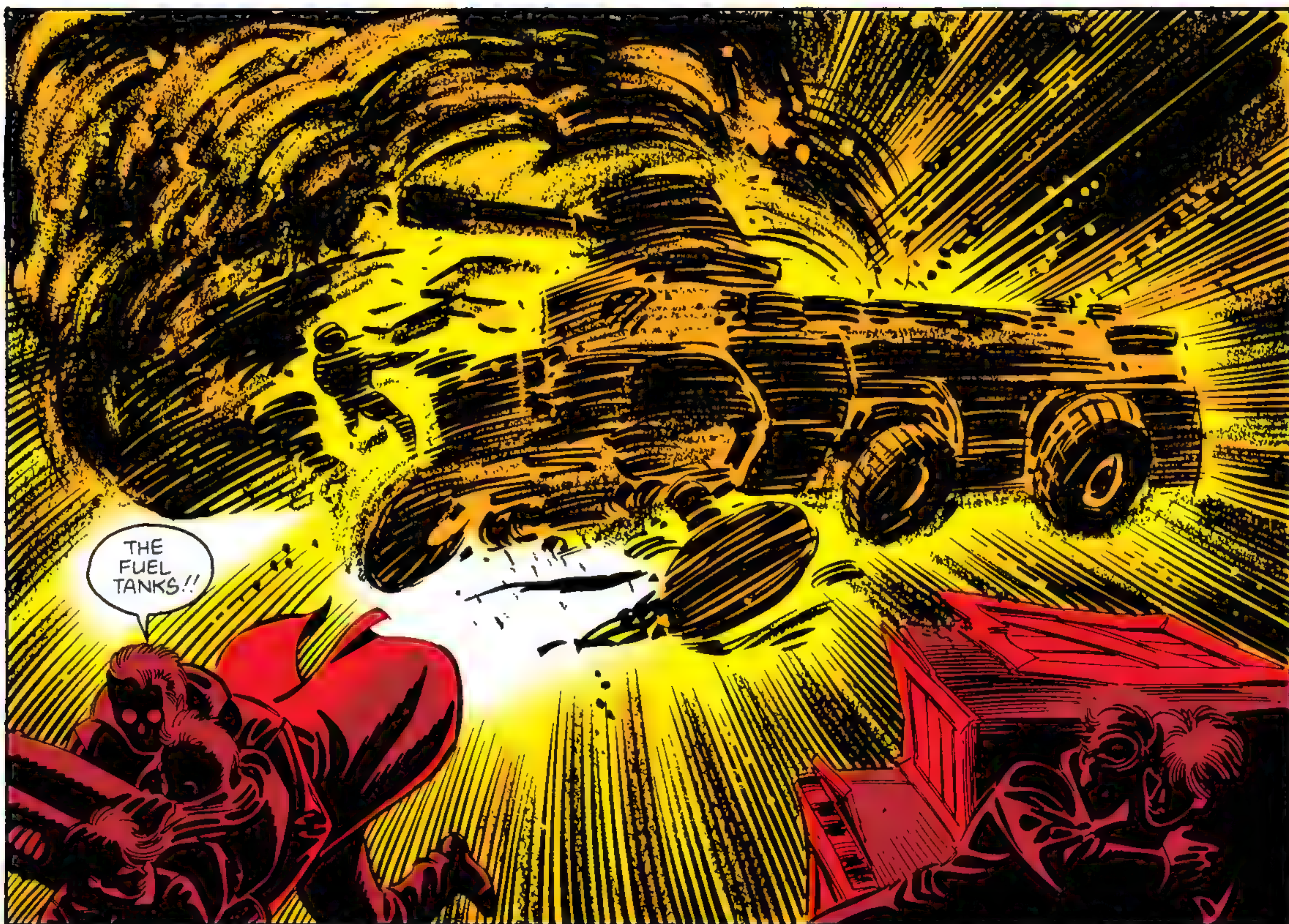
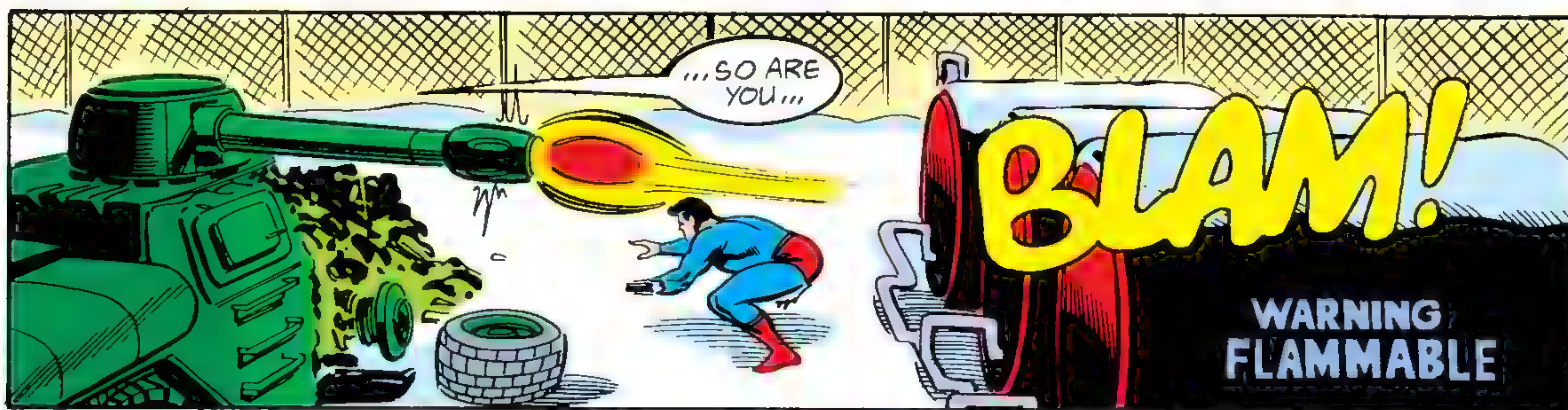
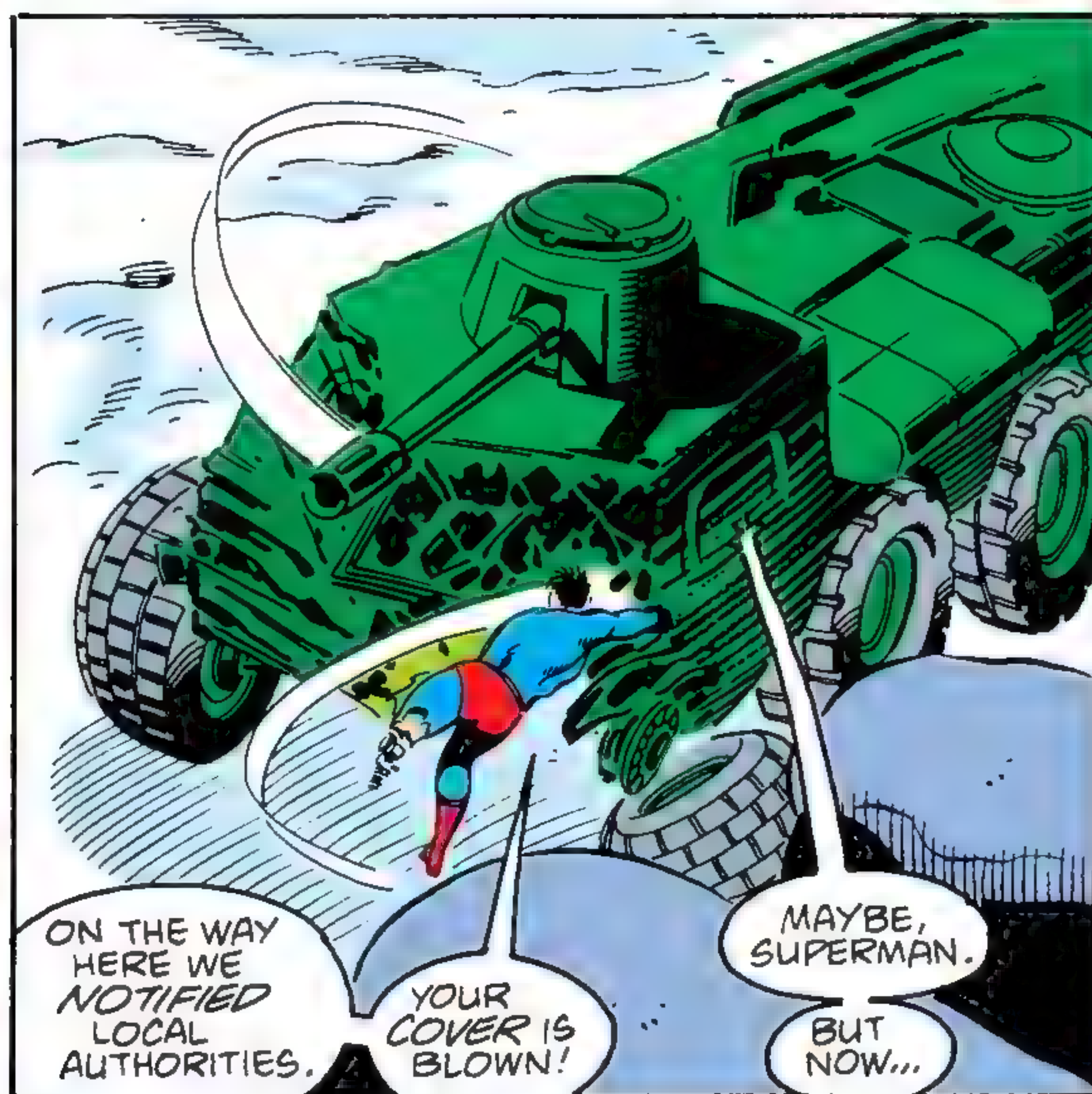


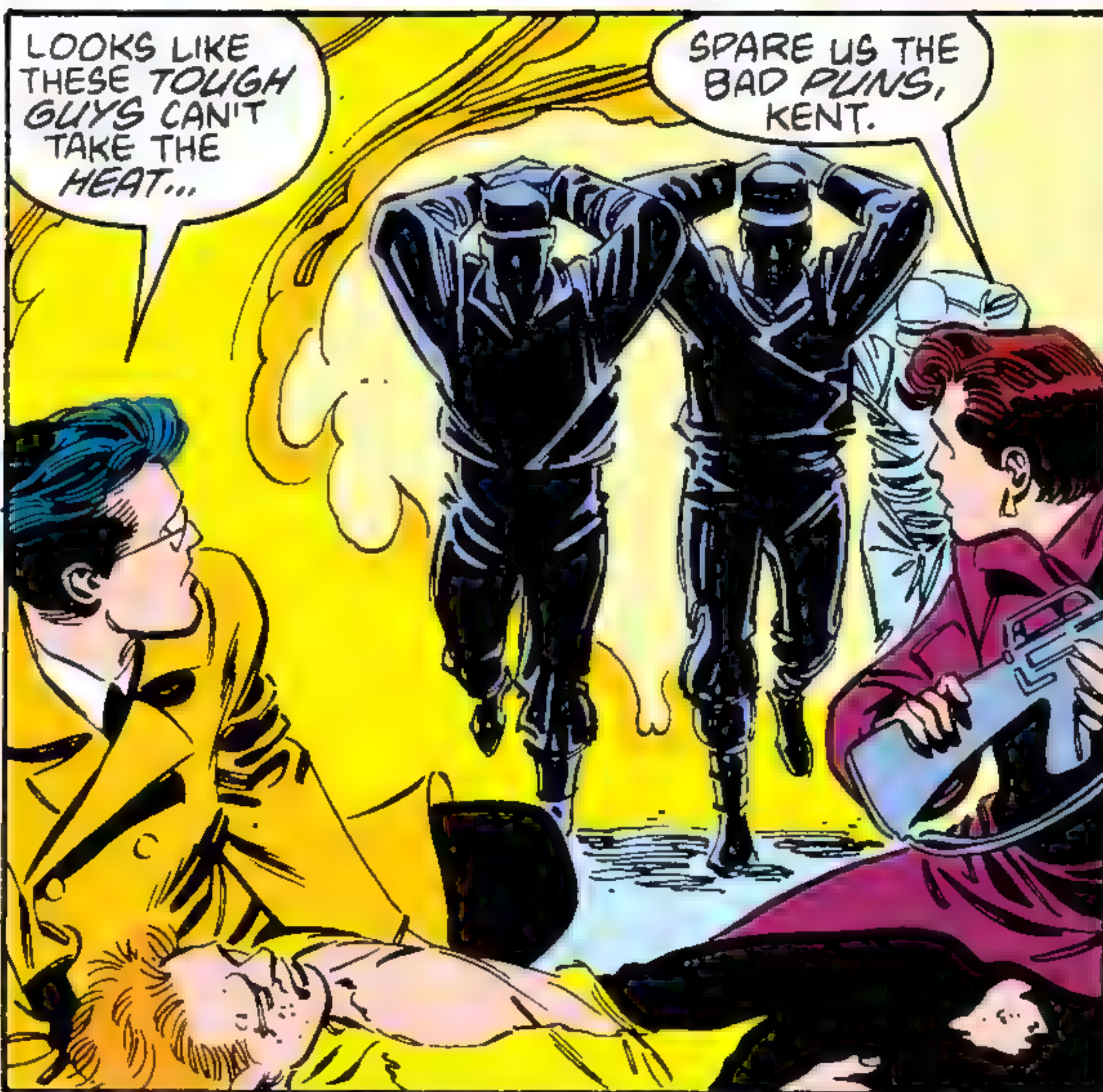
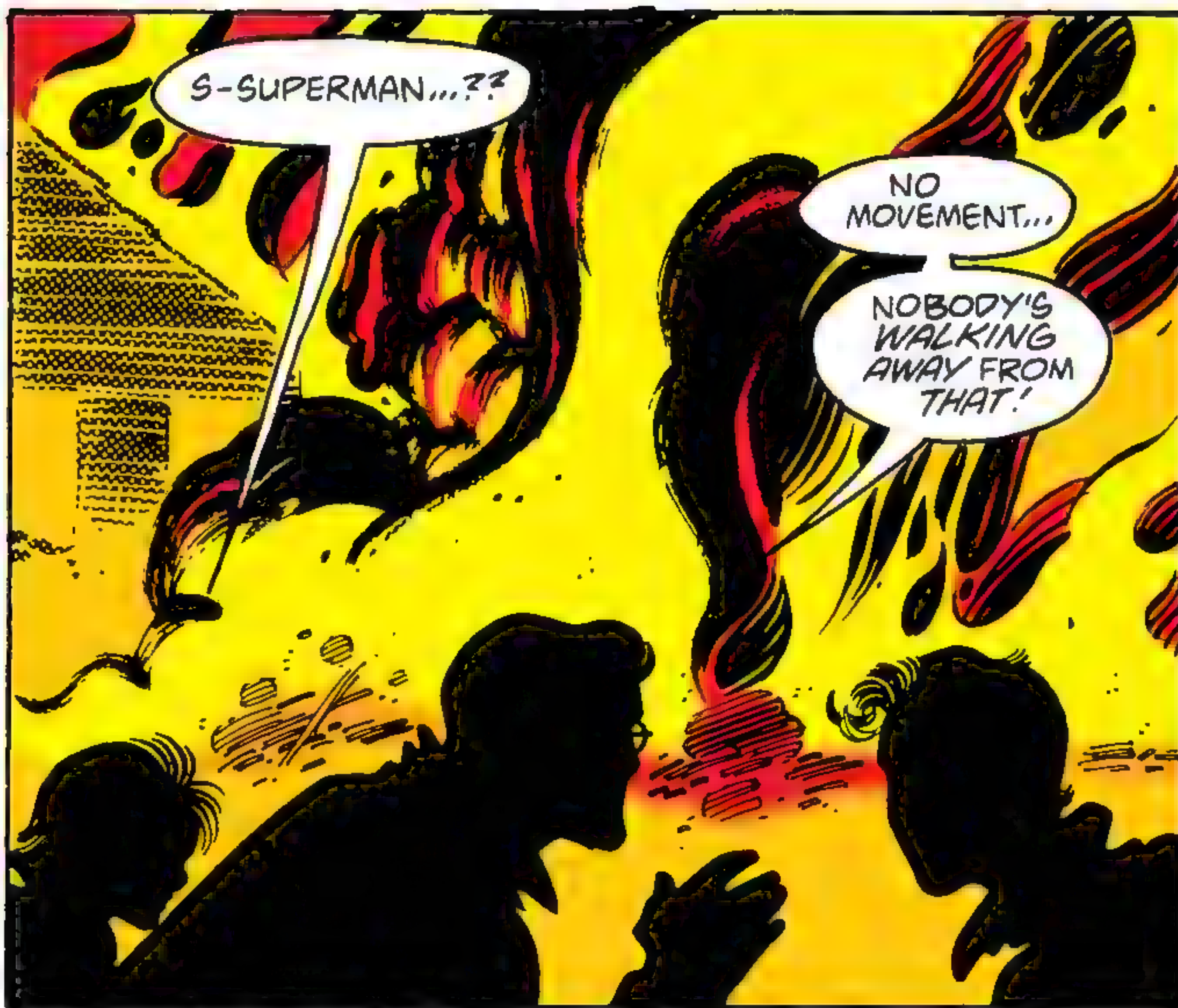


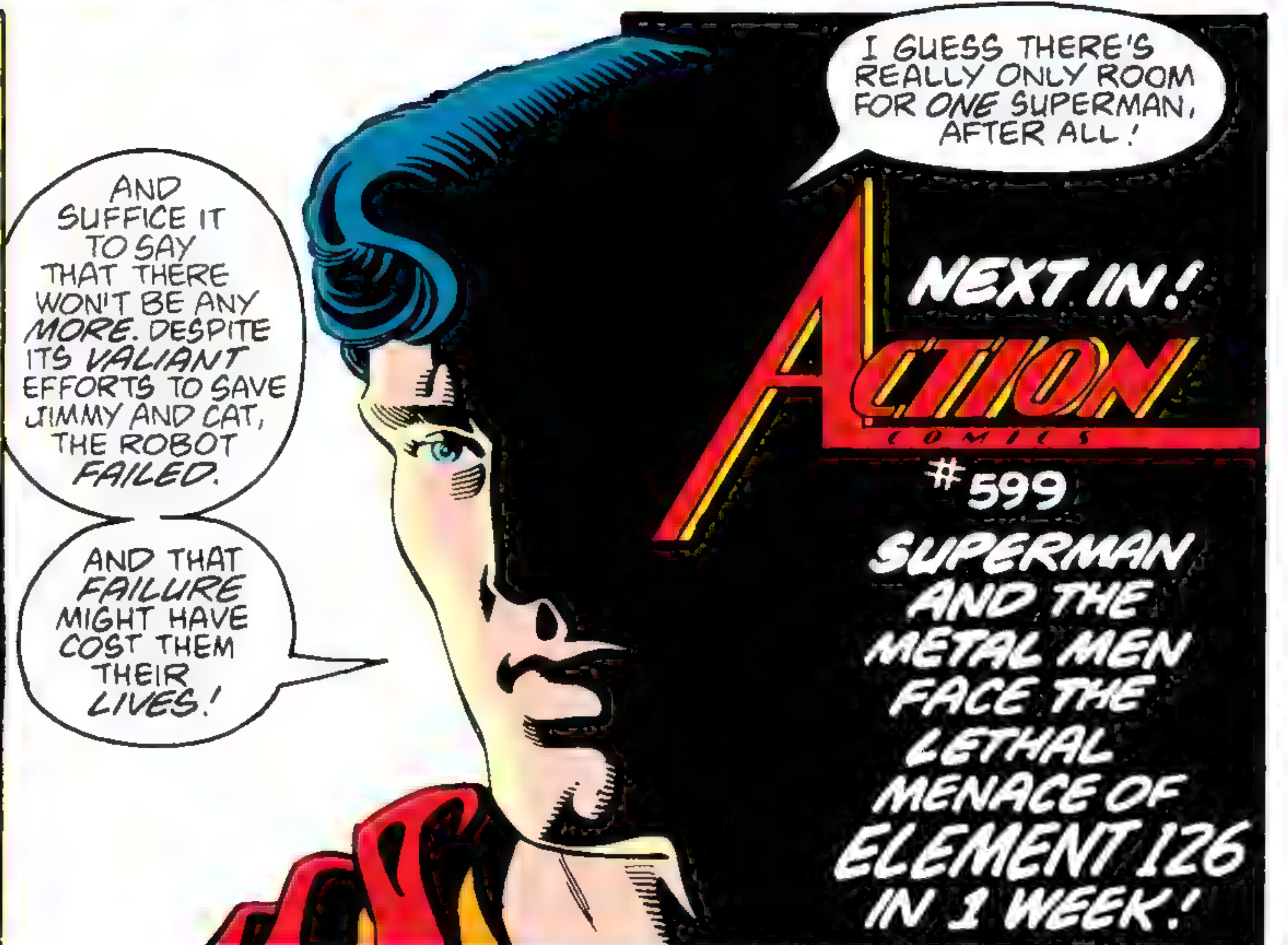
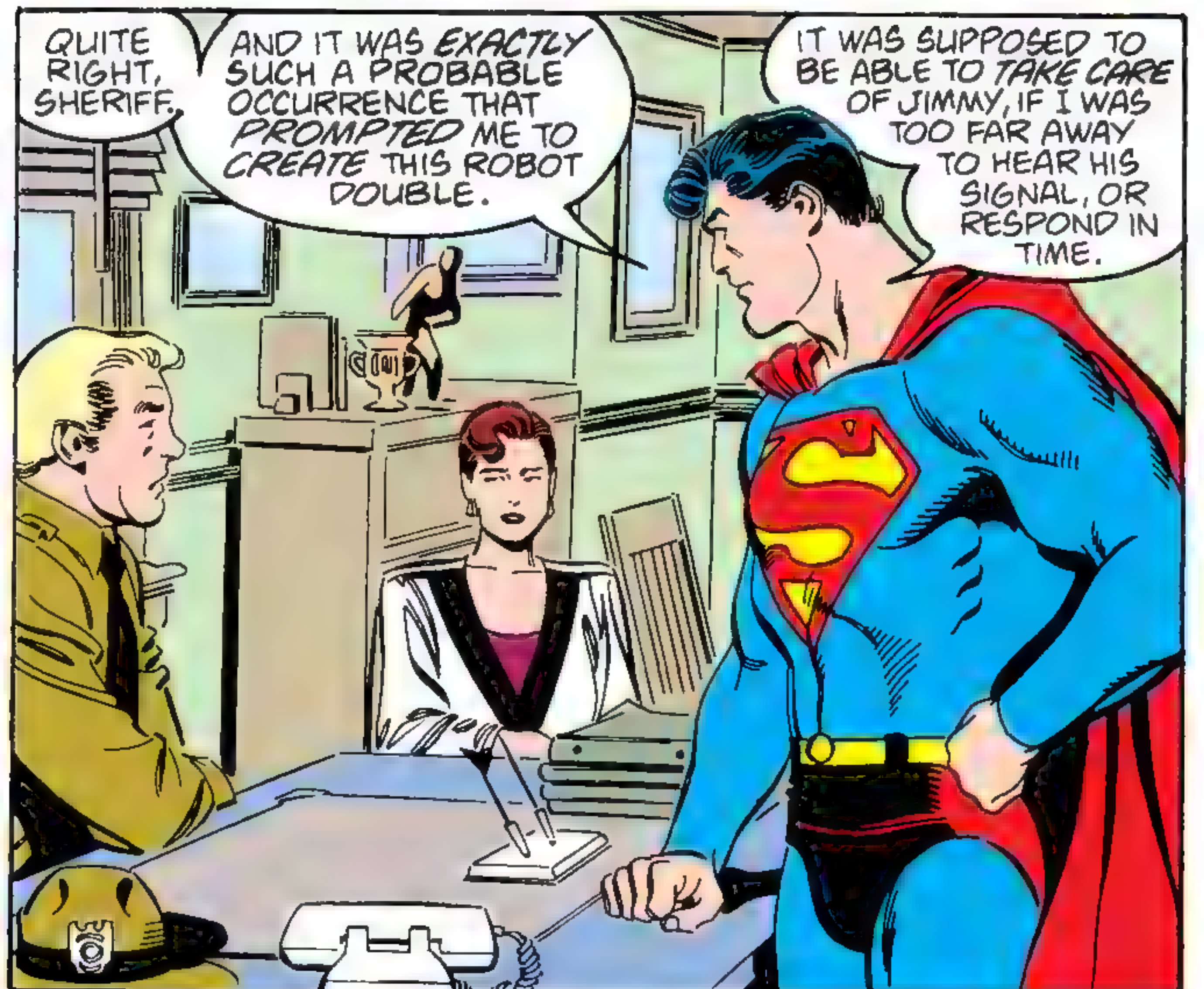
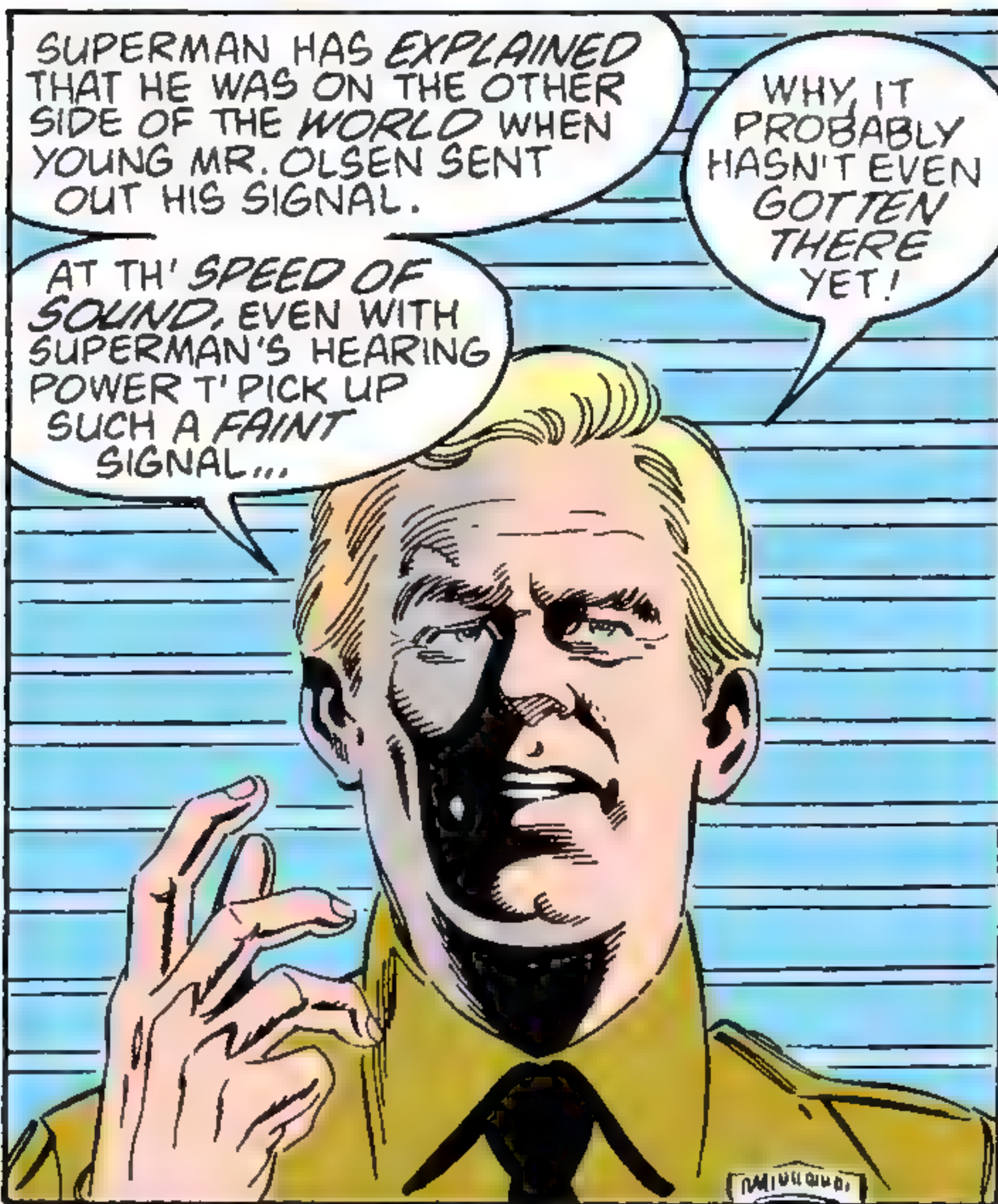
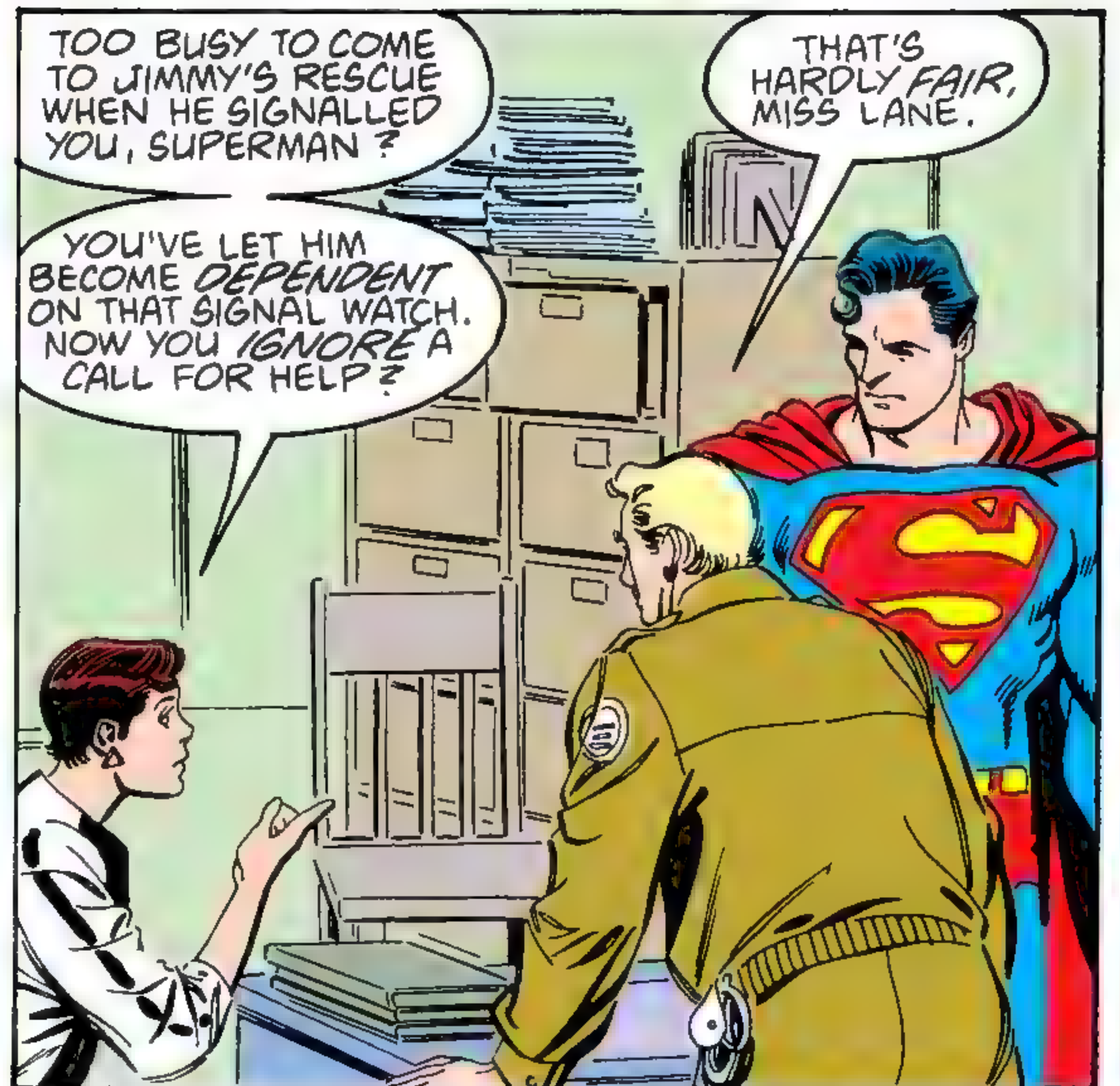
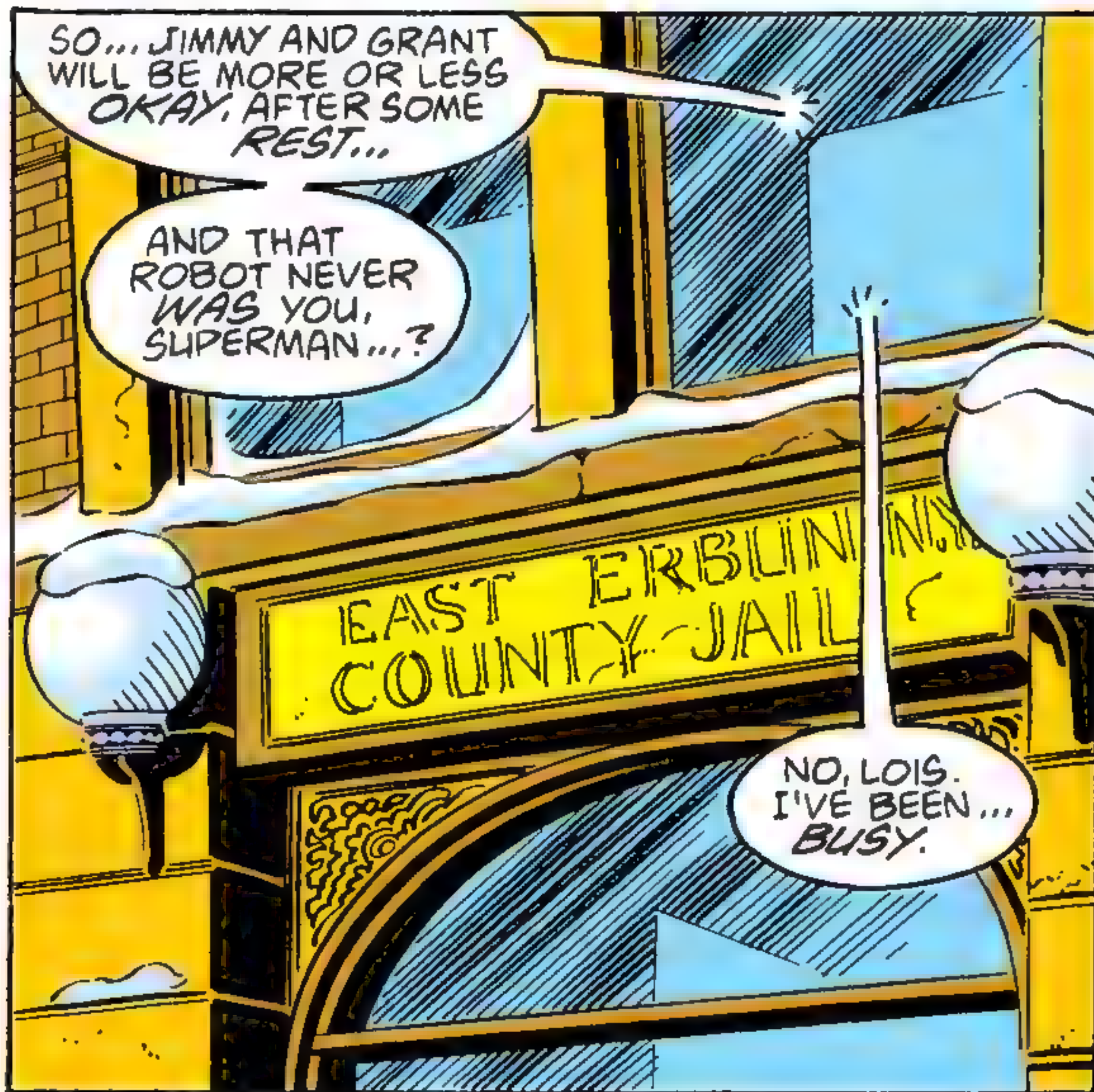




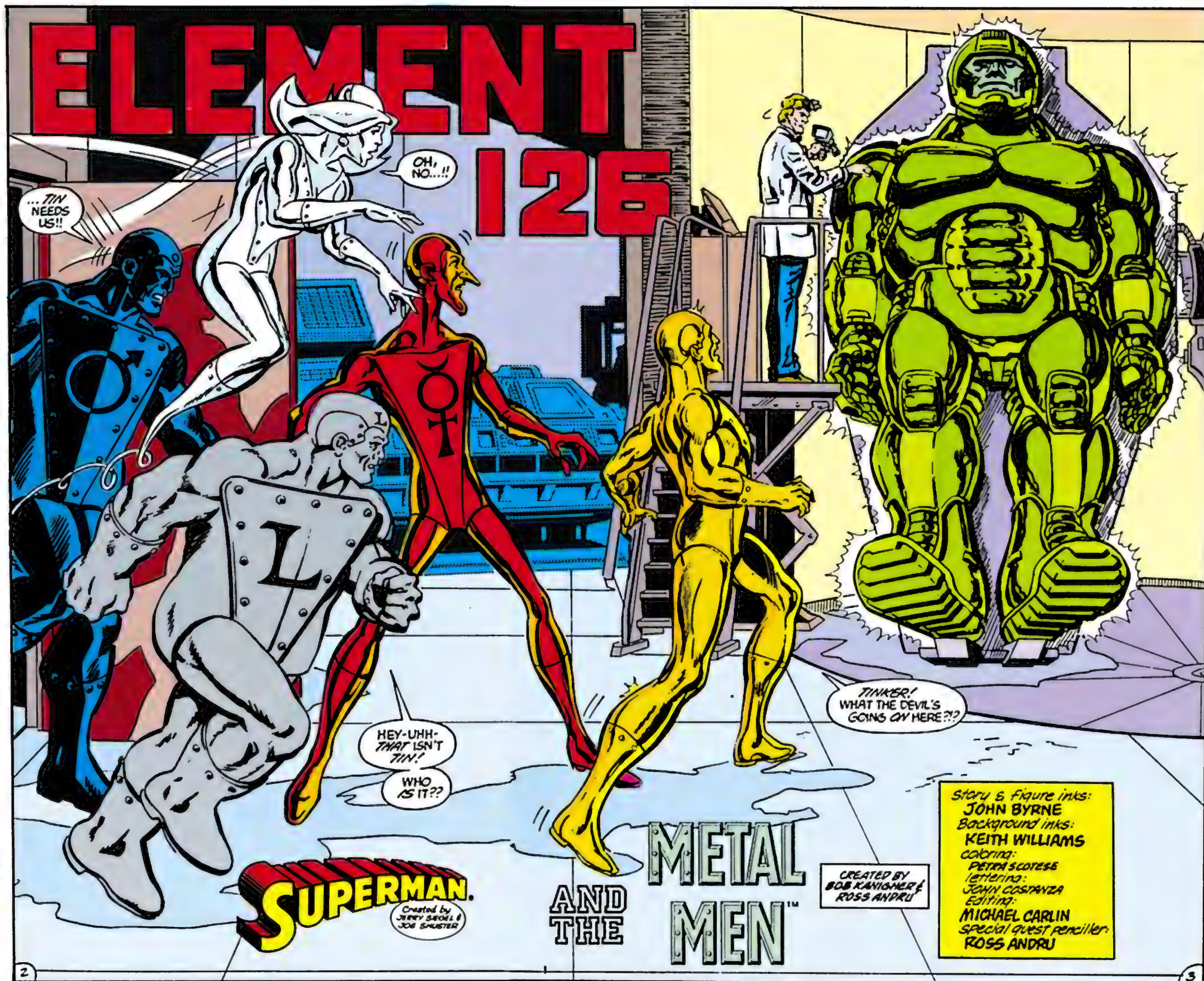
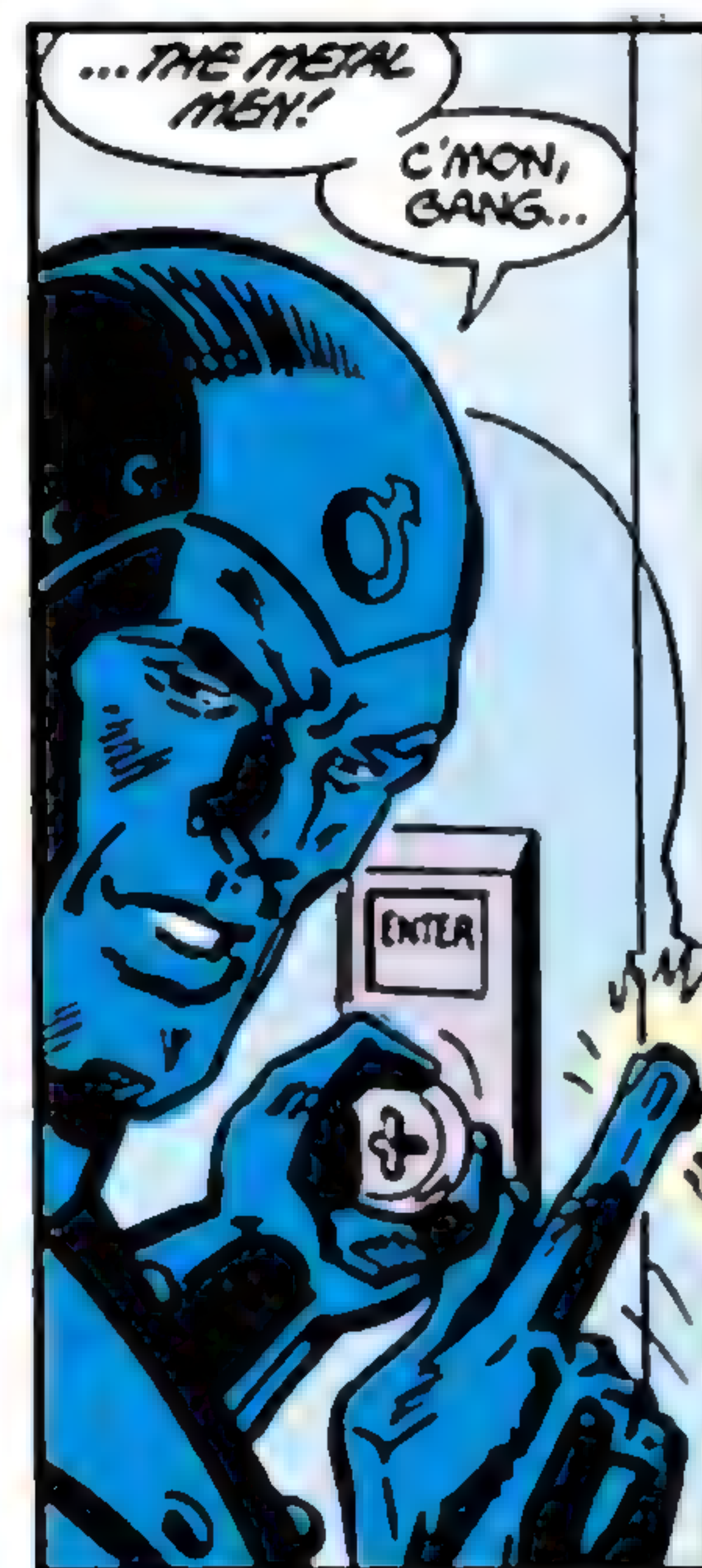
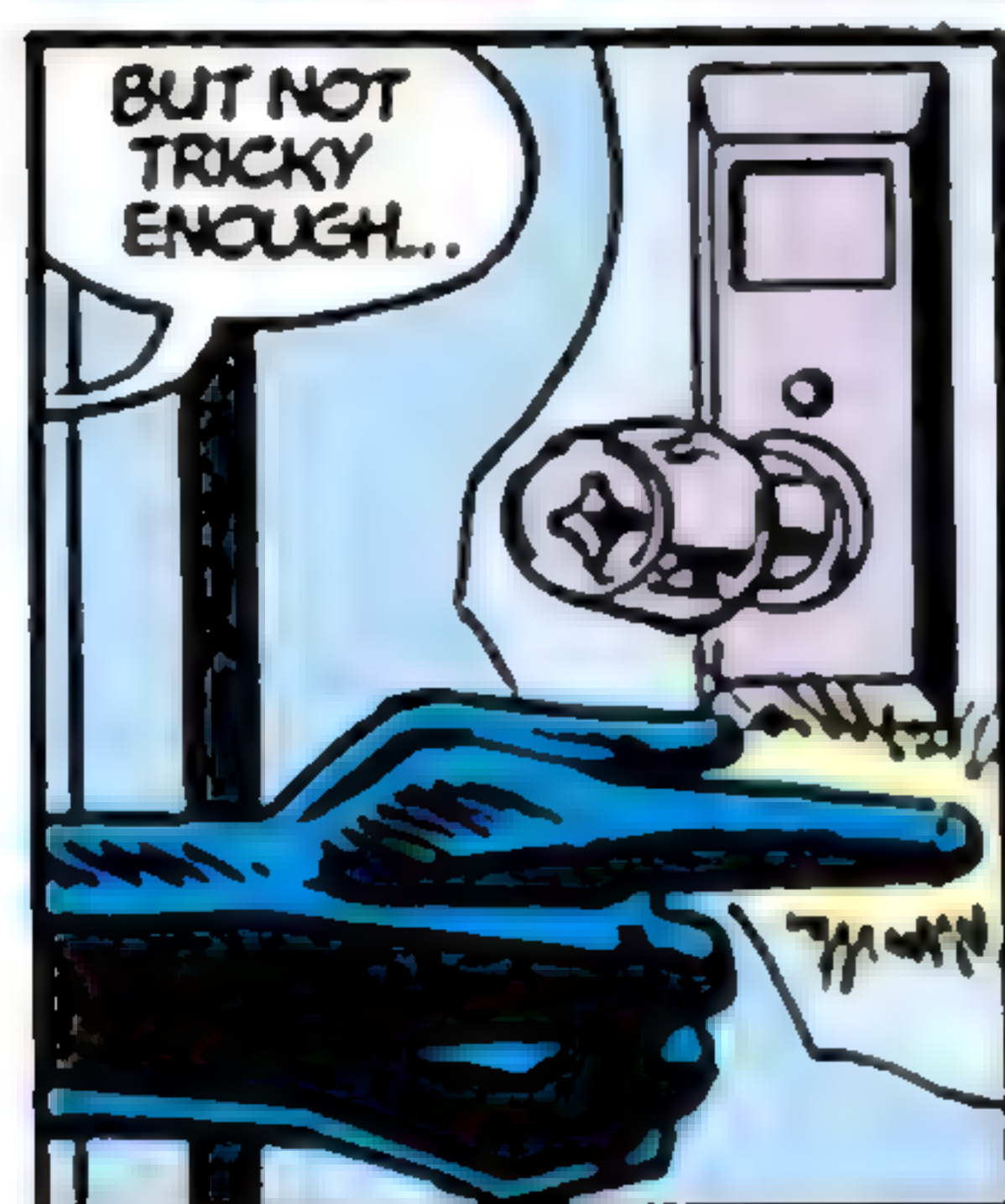
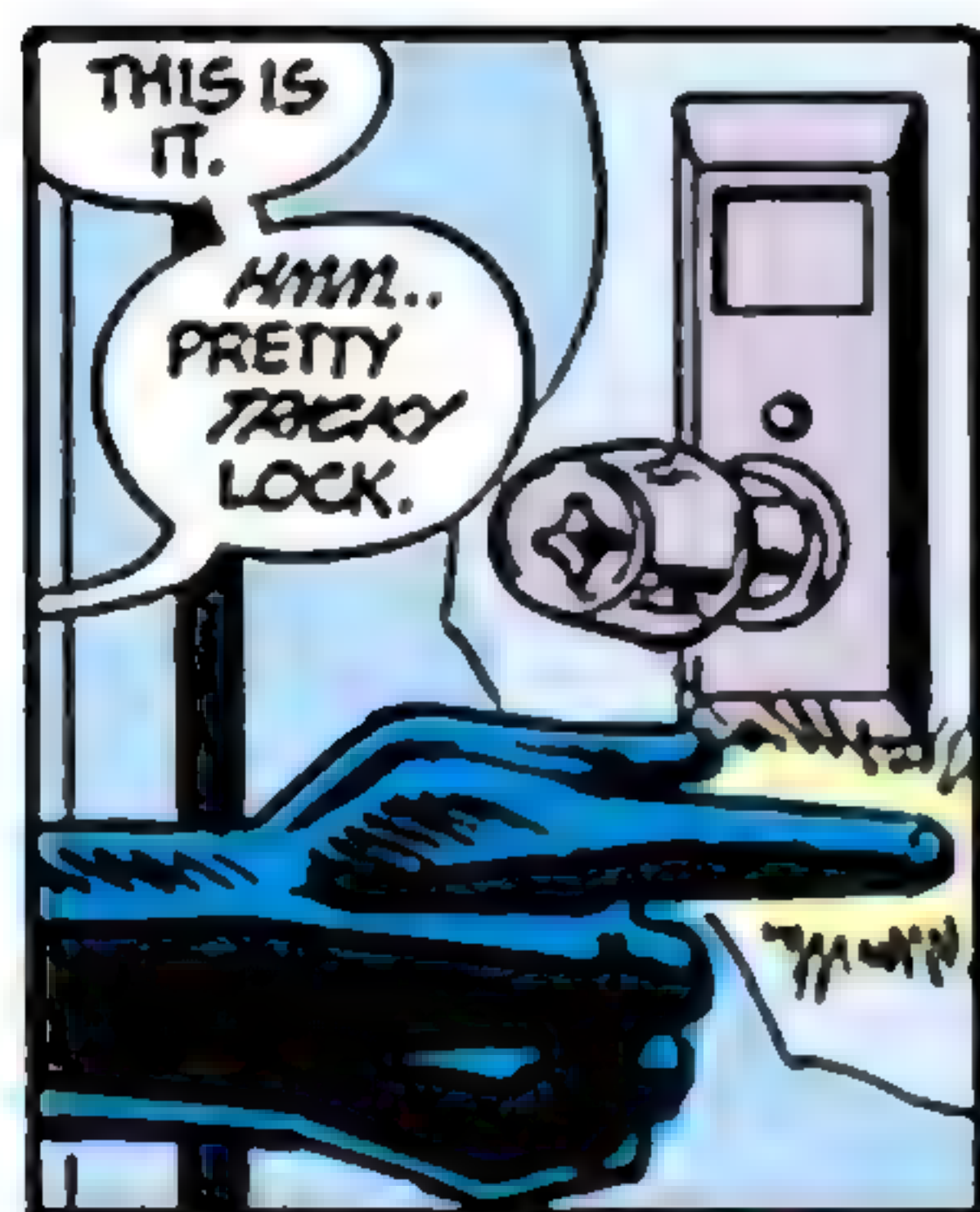


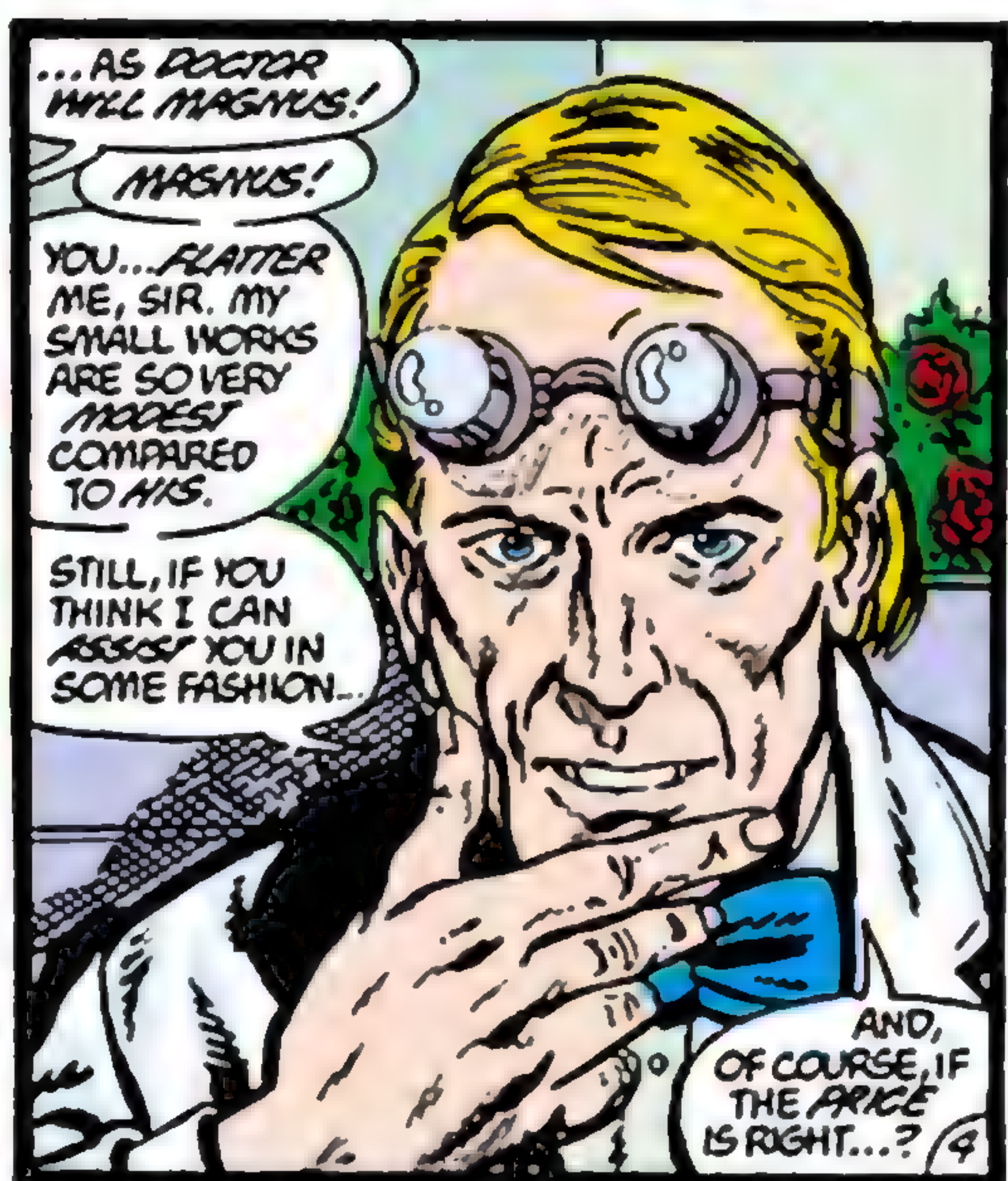
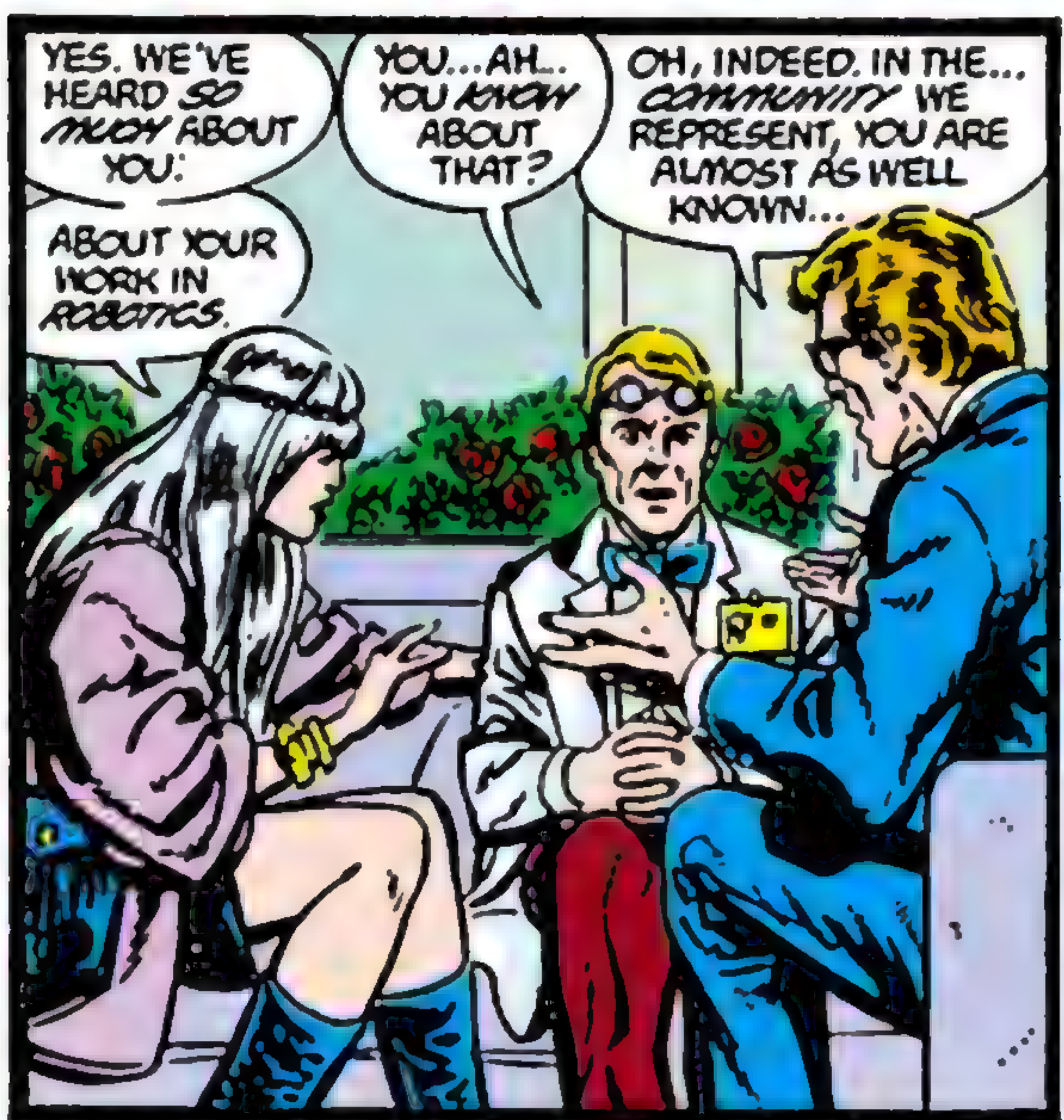
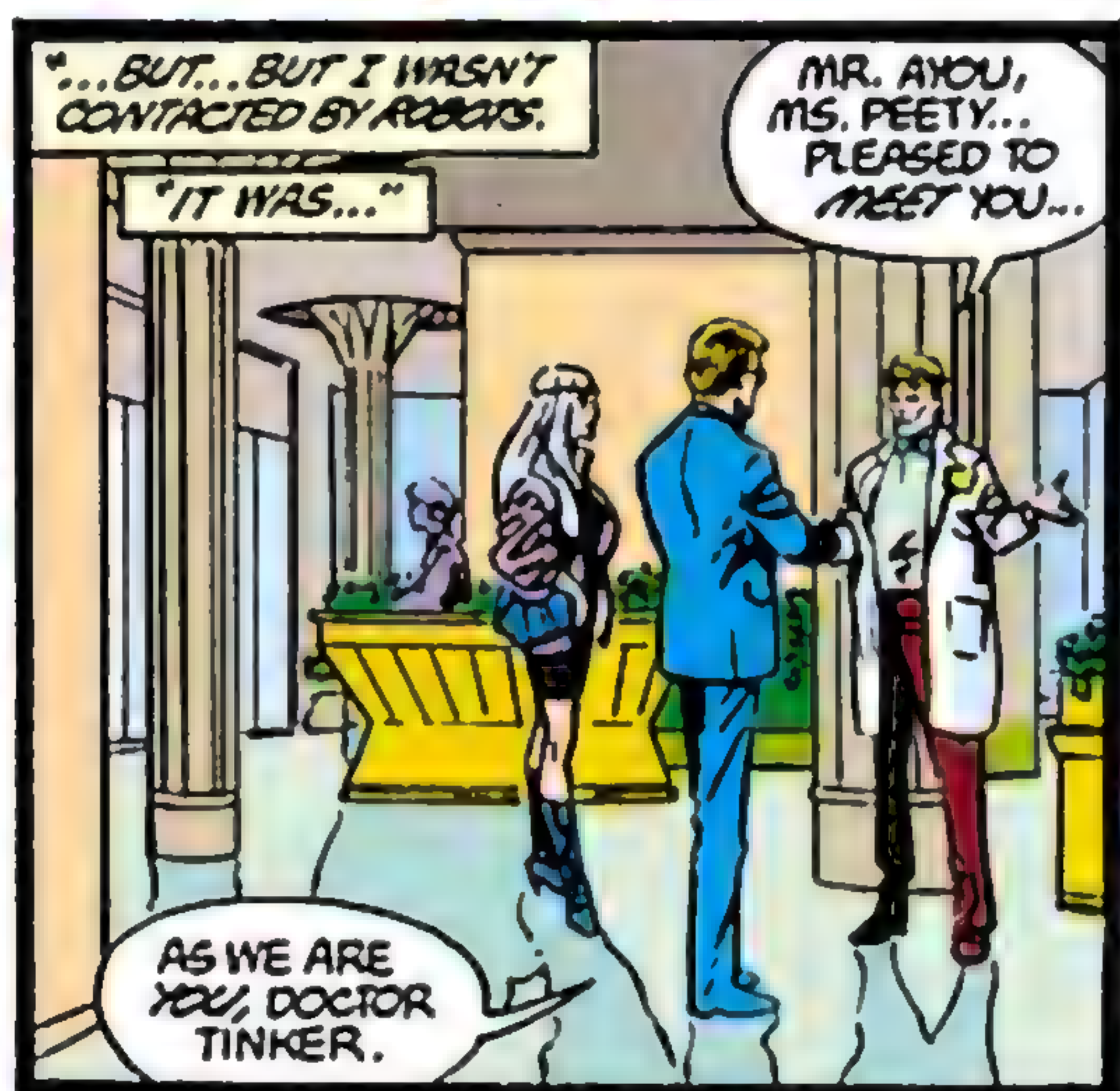
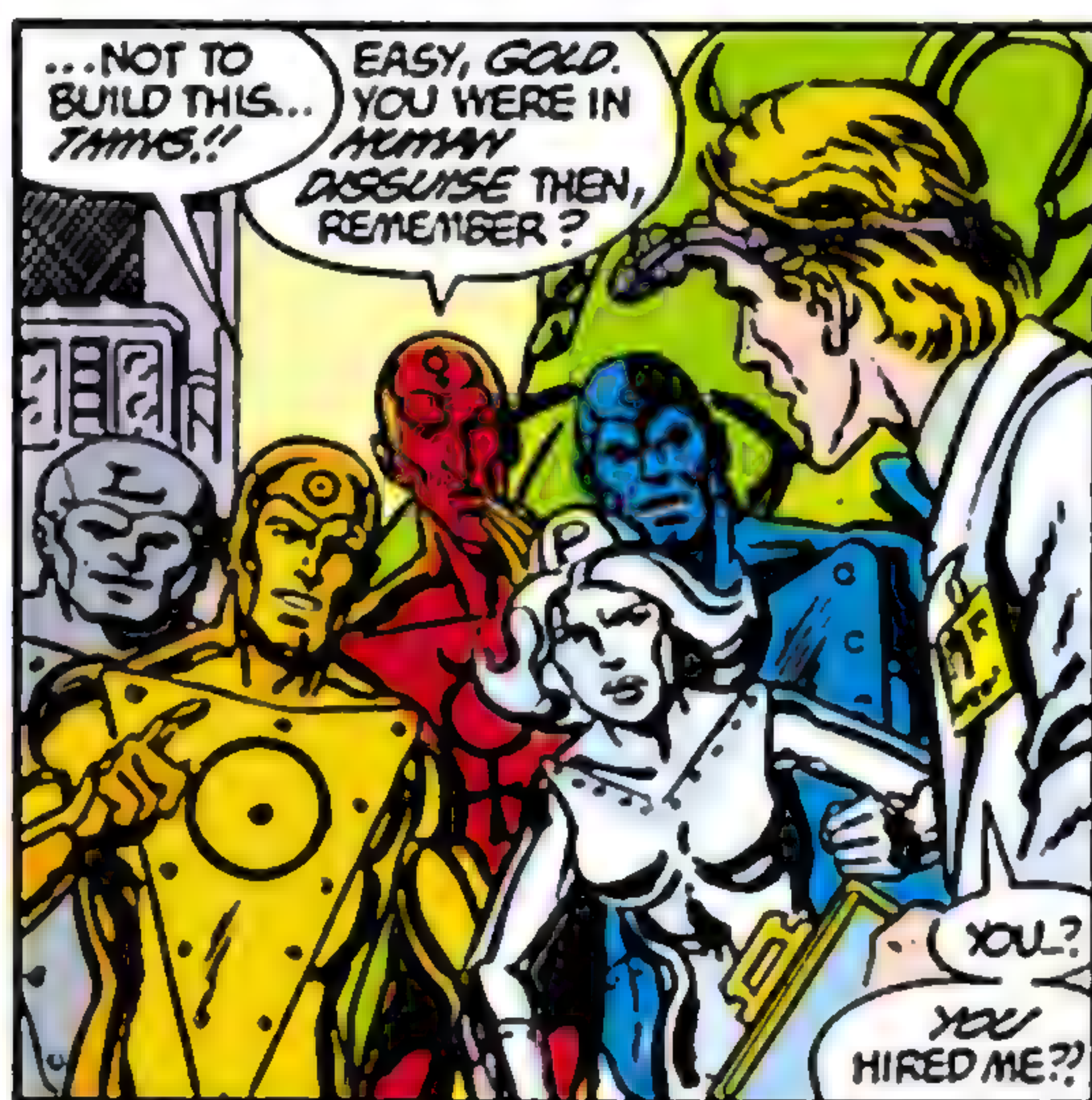
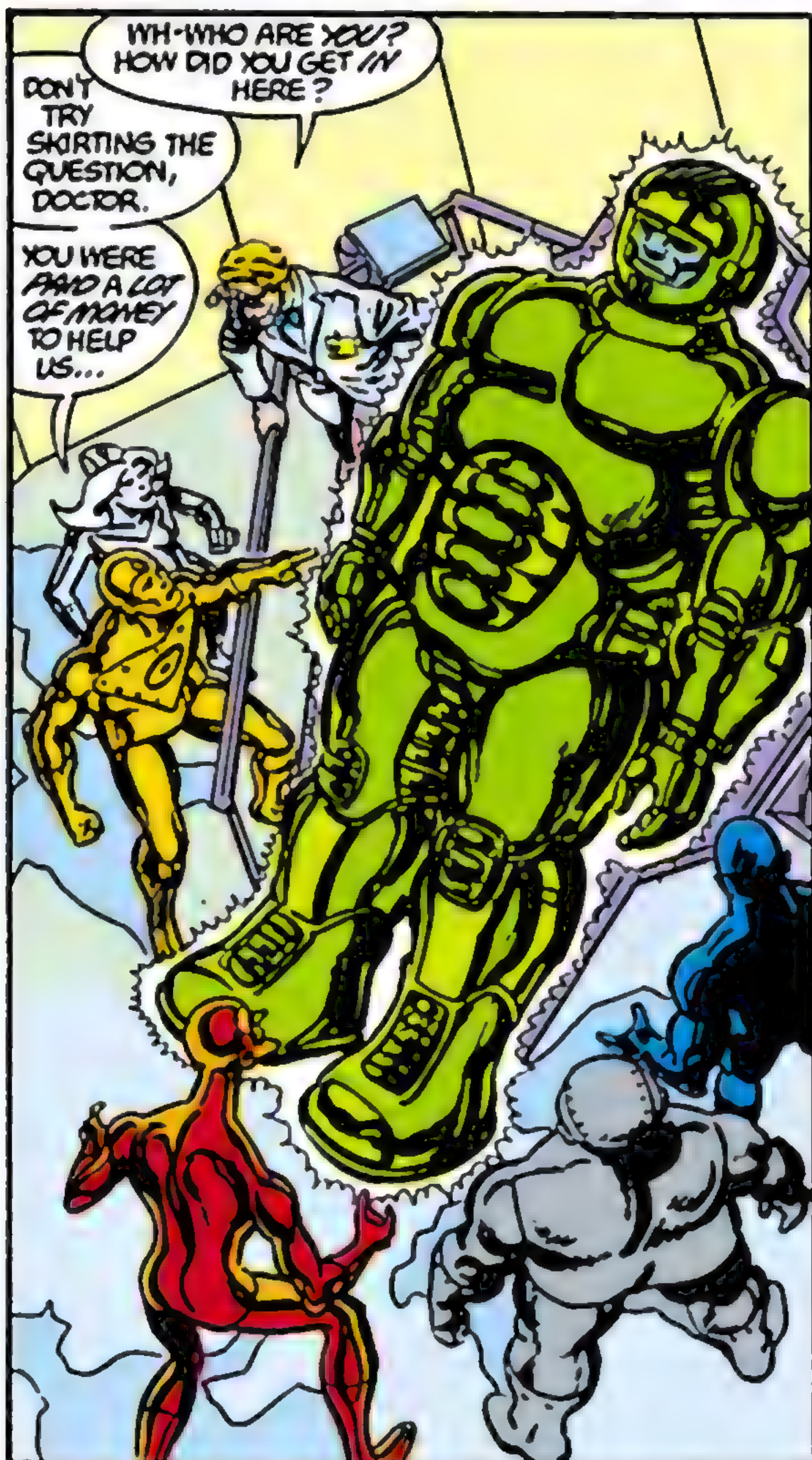


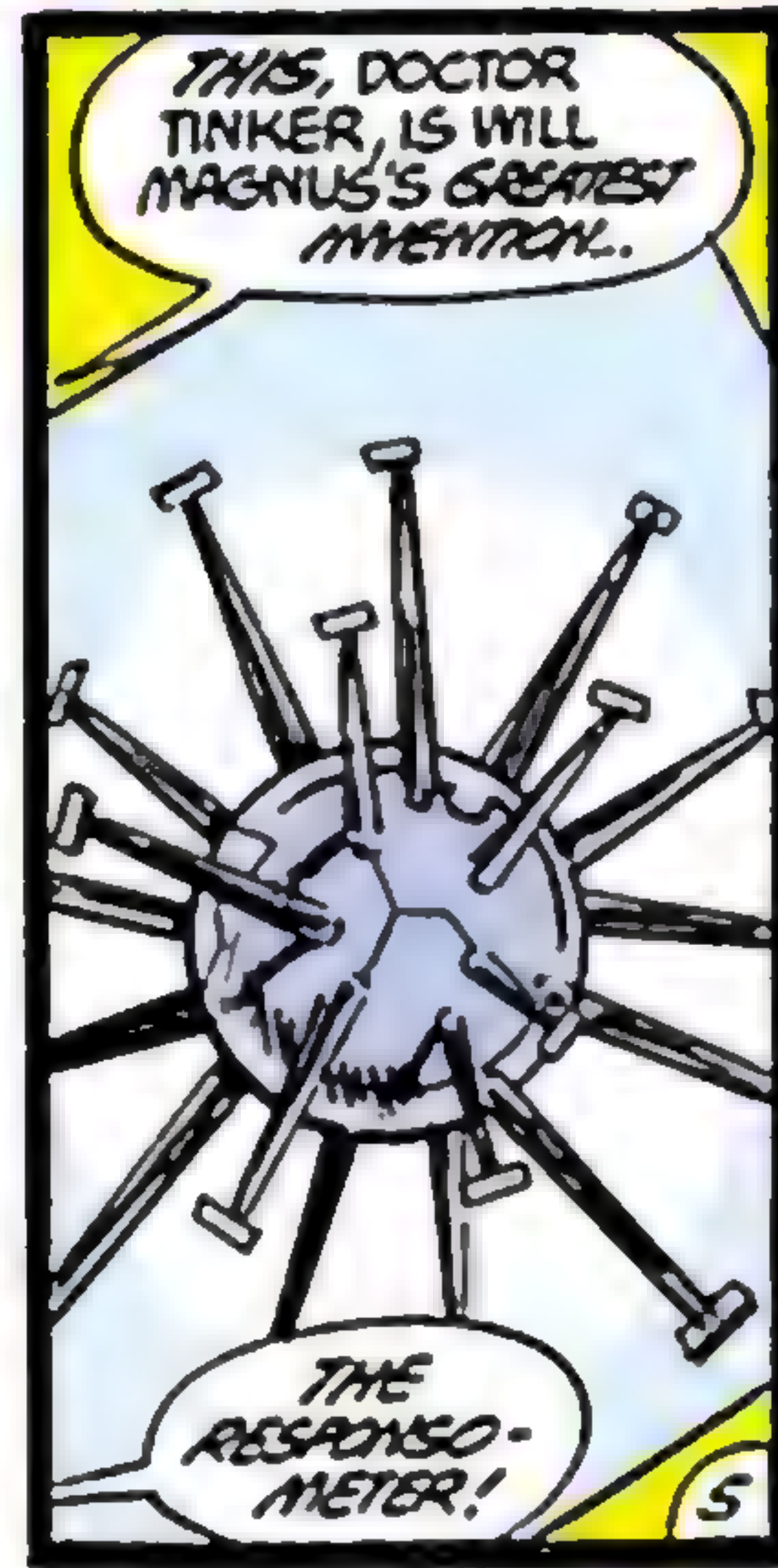
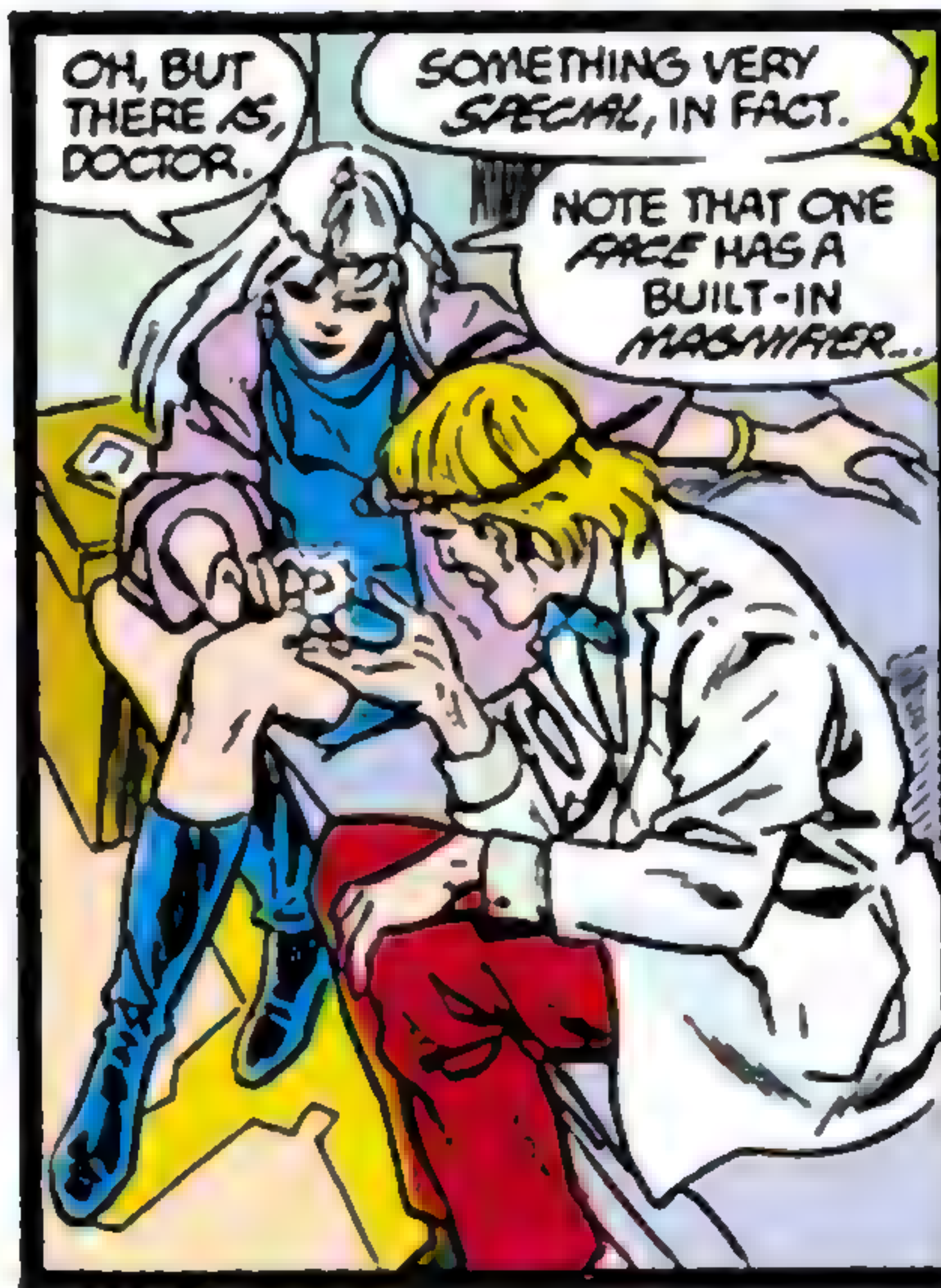
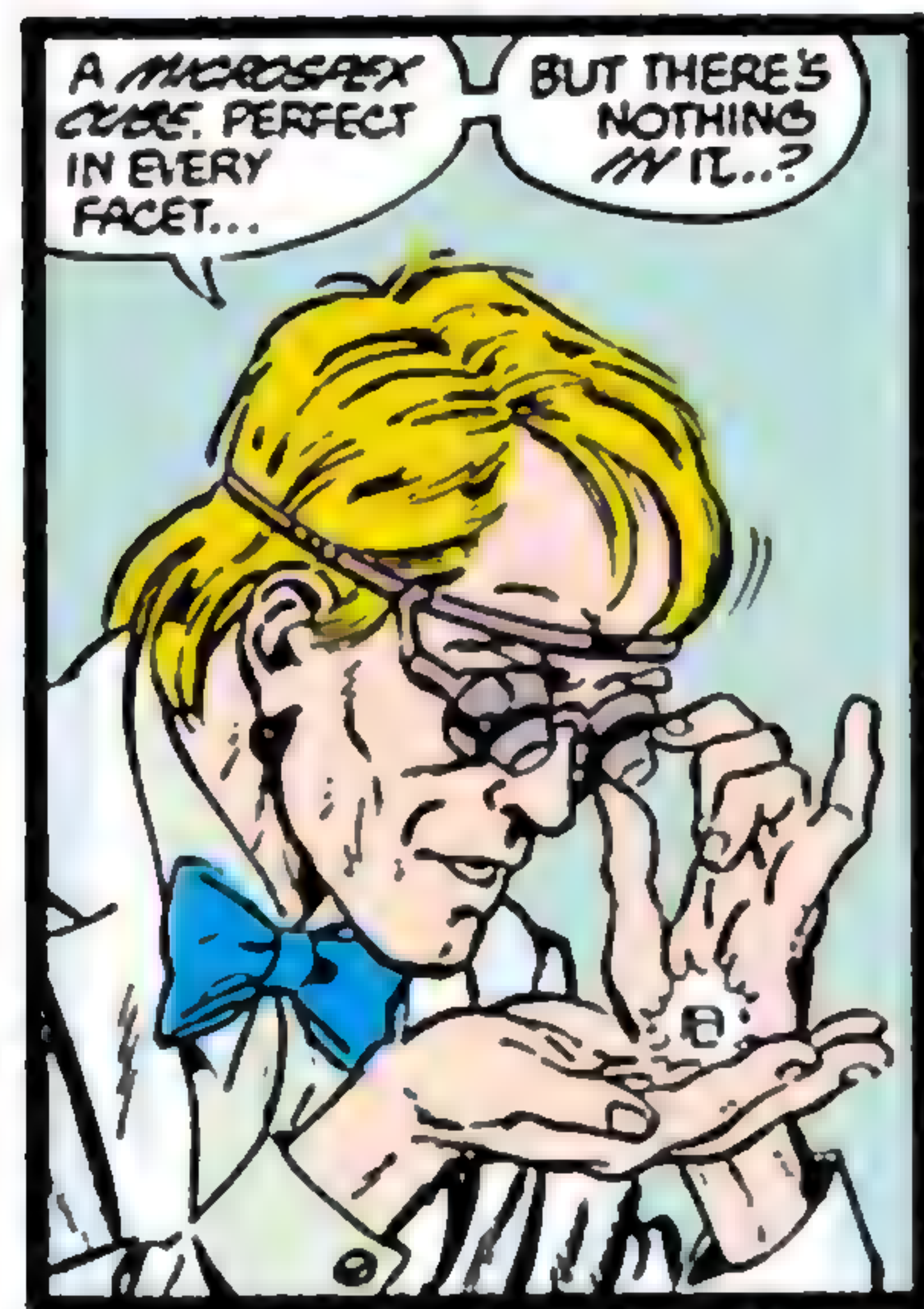
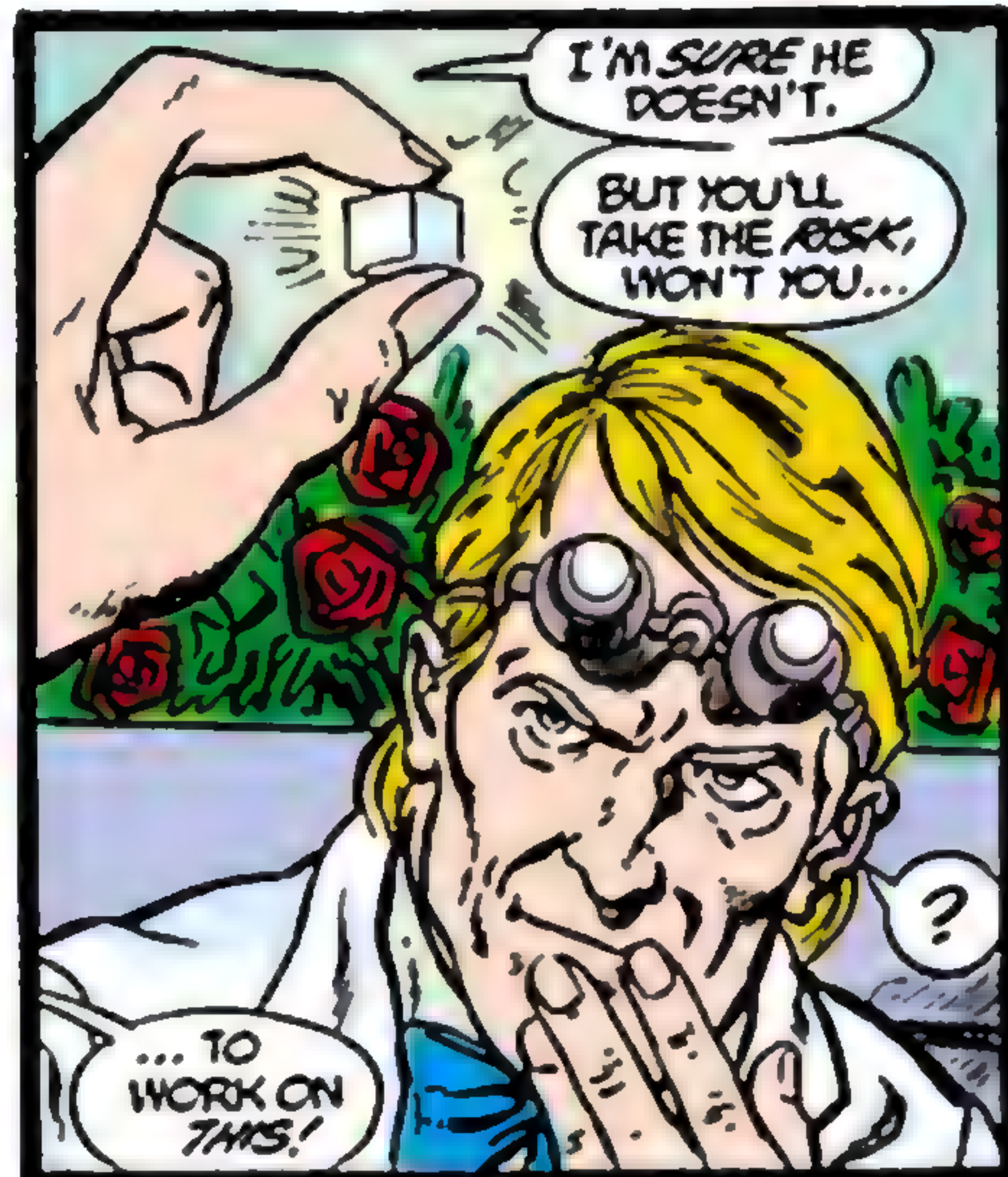
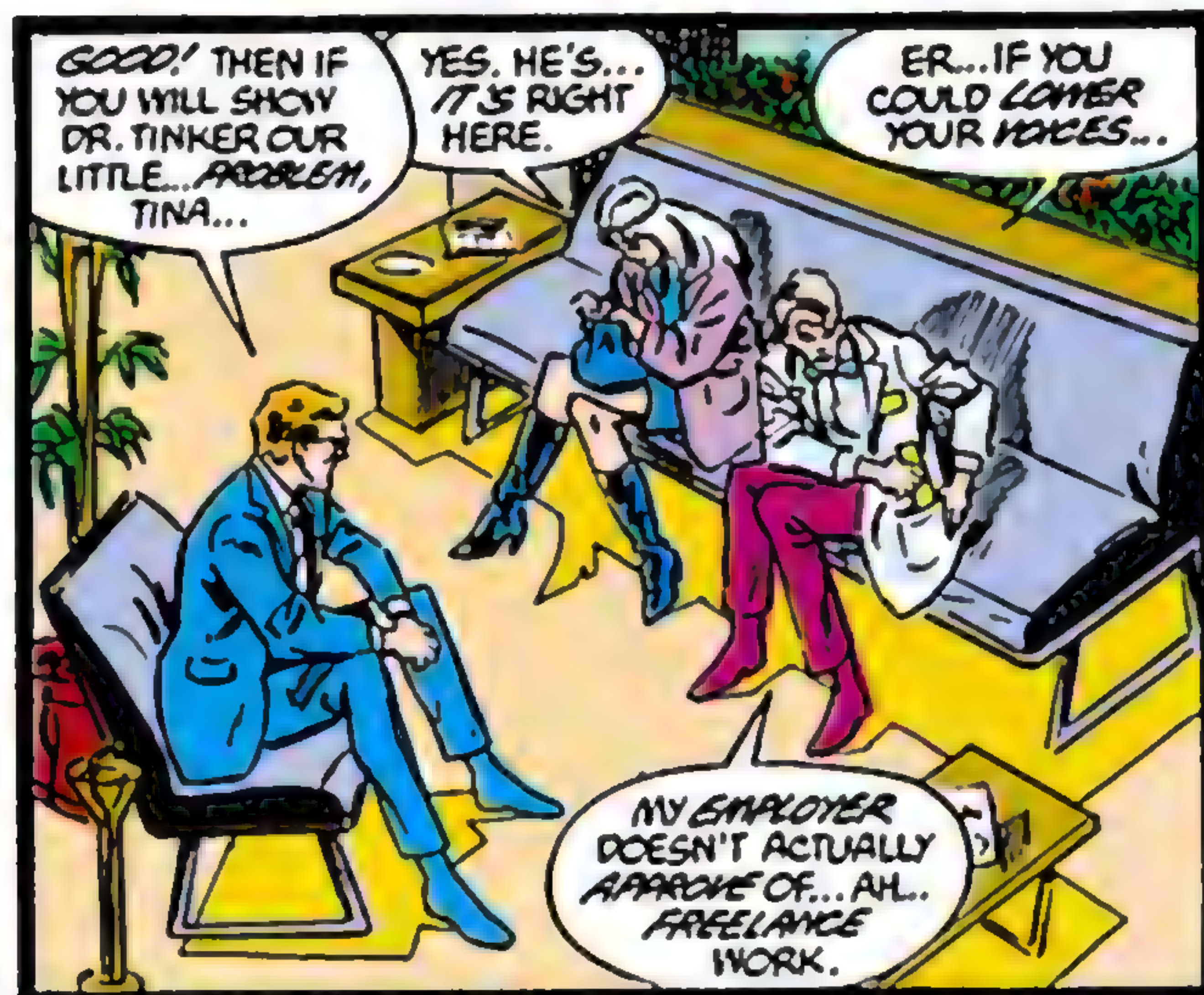
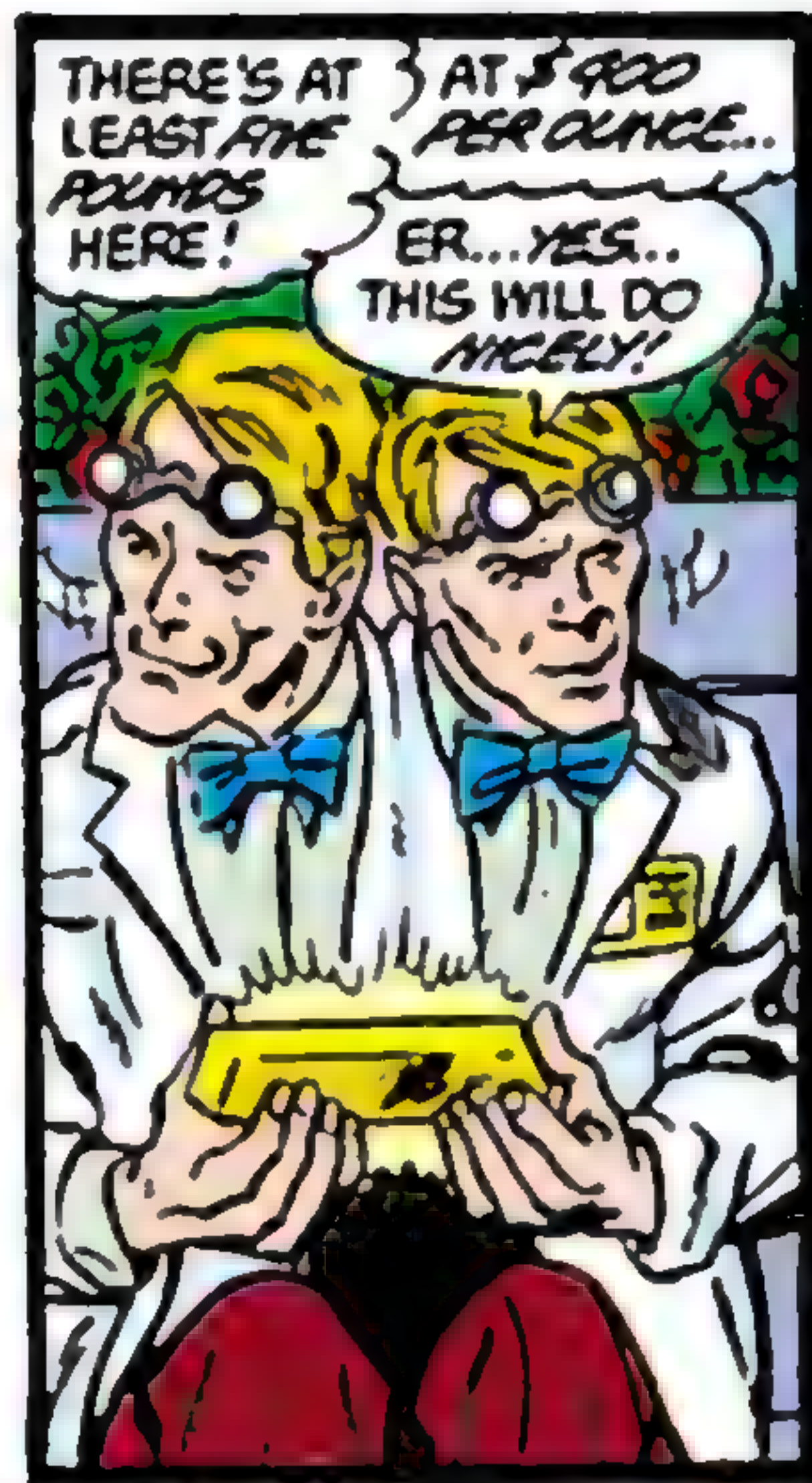
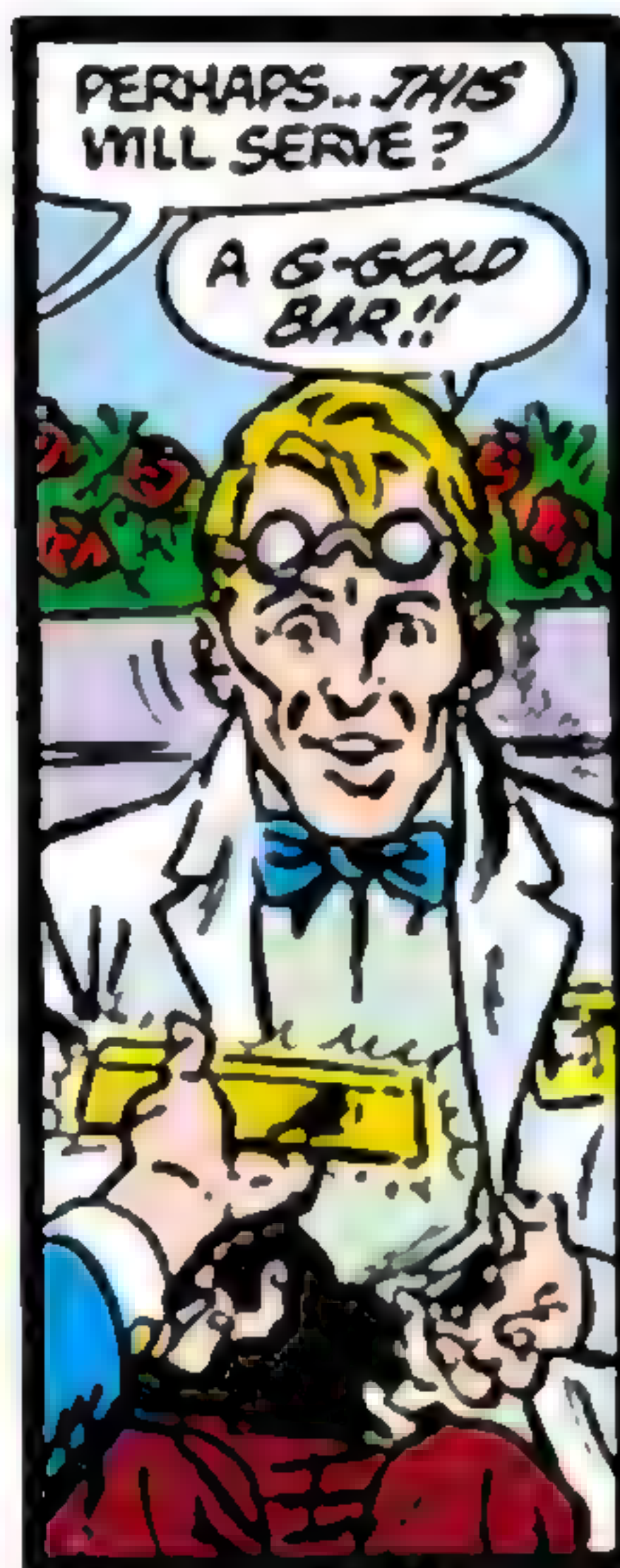
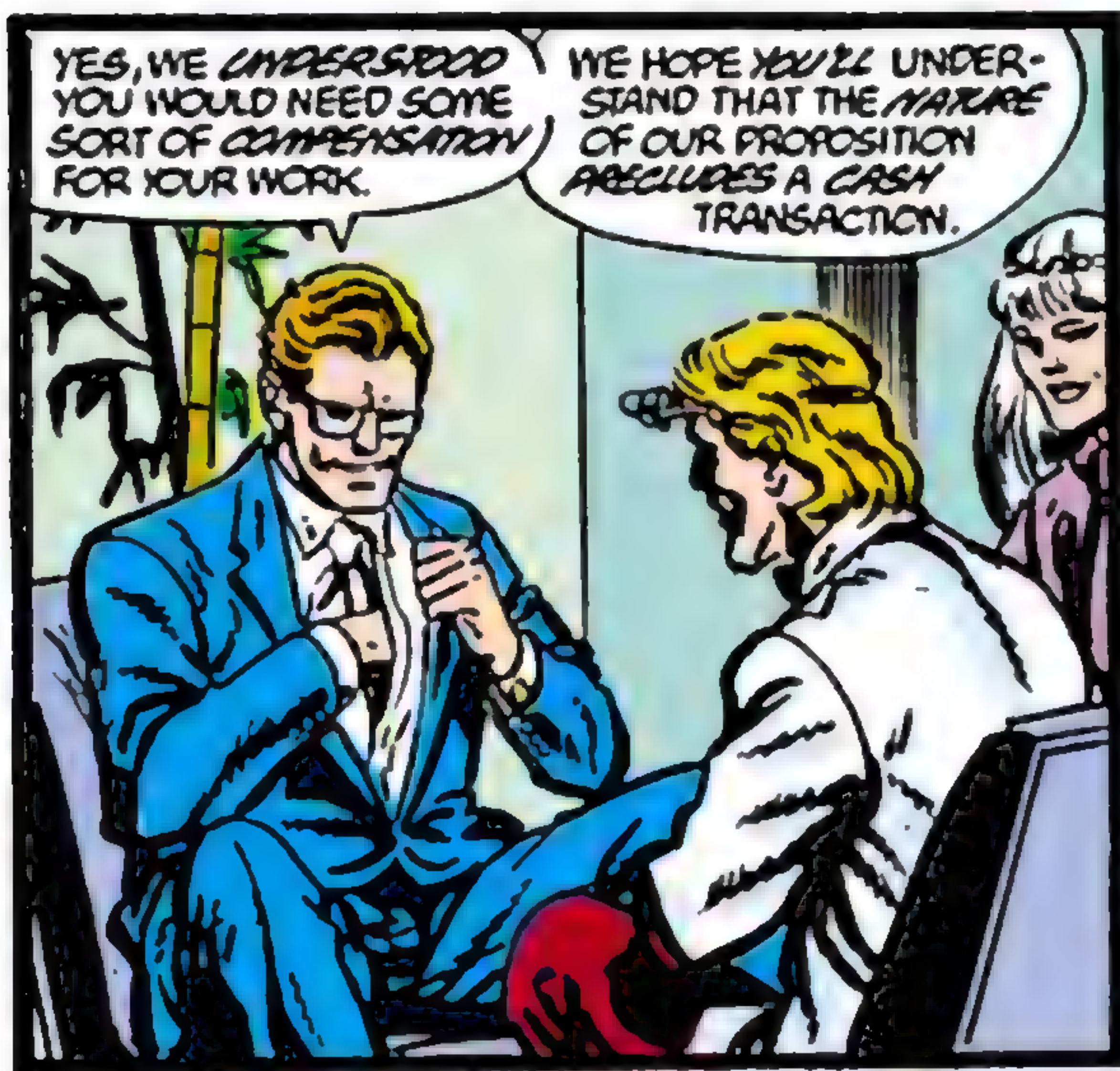


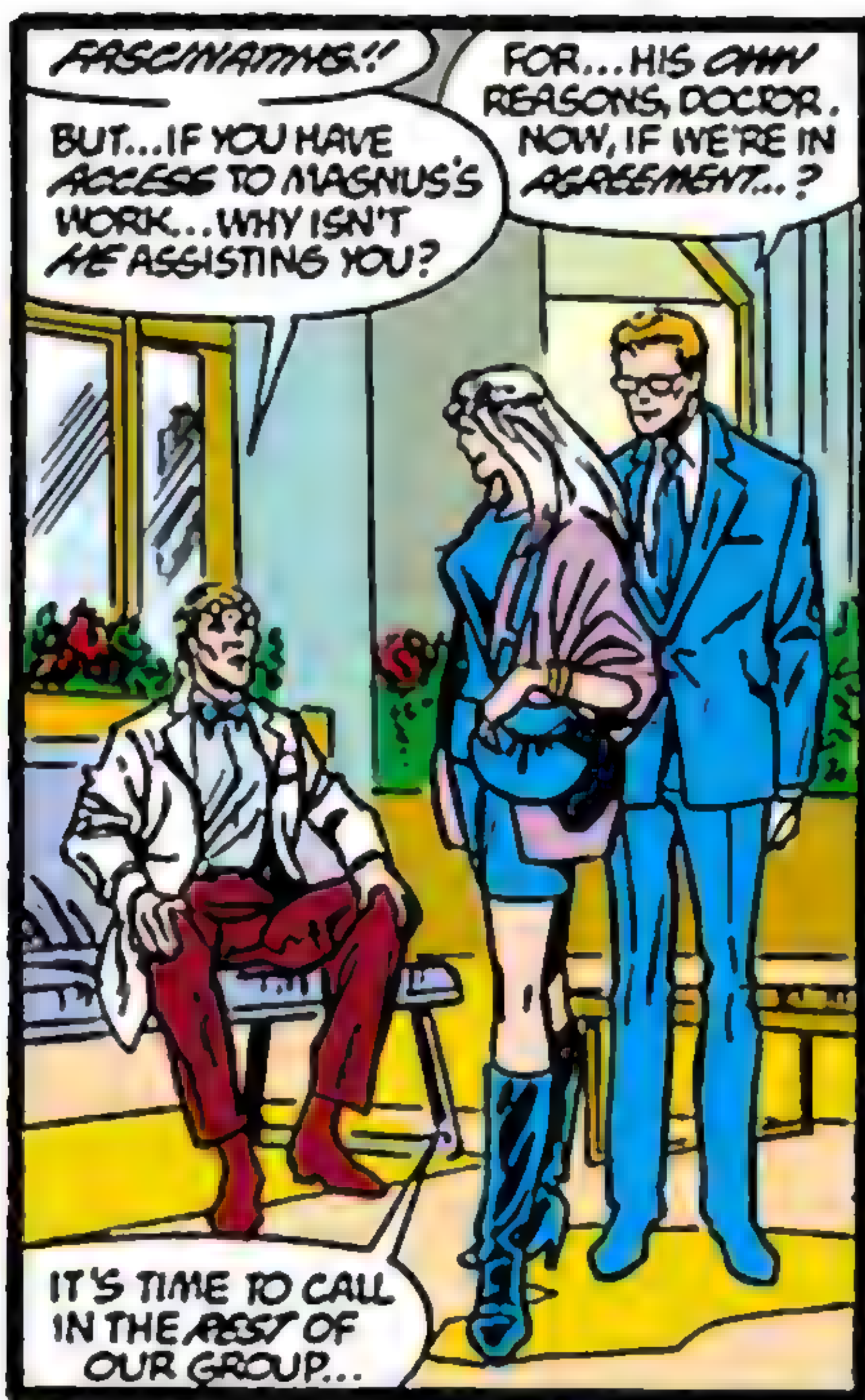










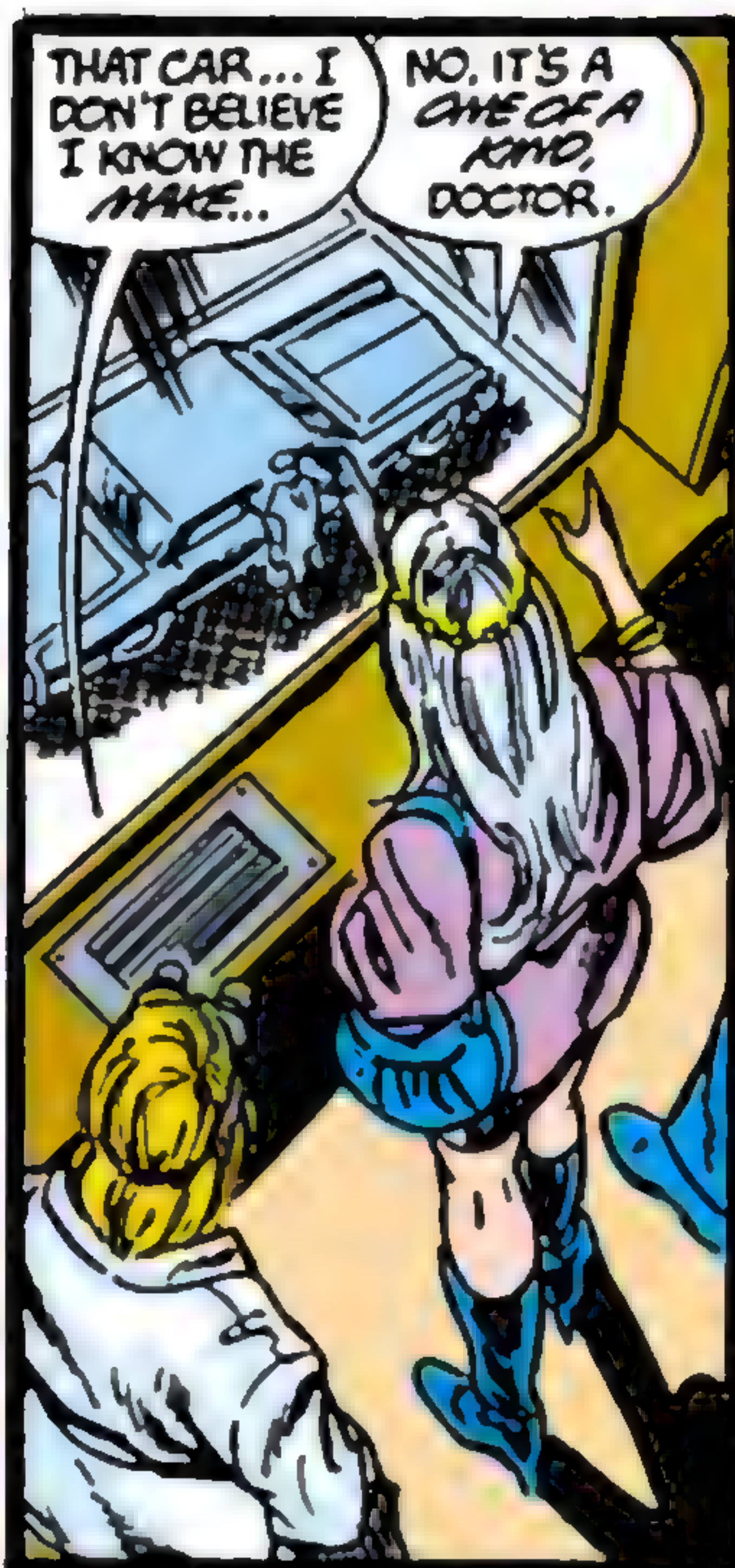


FASCINATING!!

BUT...IF YOU HAVE ACCESS TO MAGNUS'S WORK...WHY ISN'T HE ASSISTING YOU?

FOR...HIS OWN REASONS, DOCTOR. NOW, IF WE'RE IN AGREEMENT...?

IT'S TIME TO CALL IN THE REST OF OUR GROUP...



THAT CAR... I DON'T BELIEVE I KNOW THE MAKE...

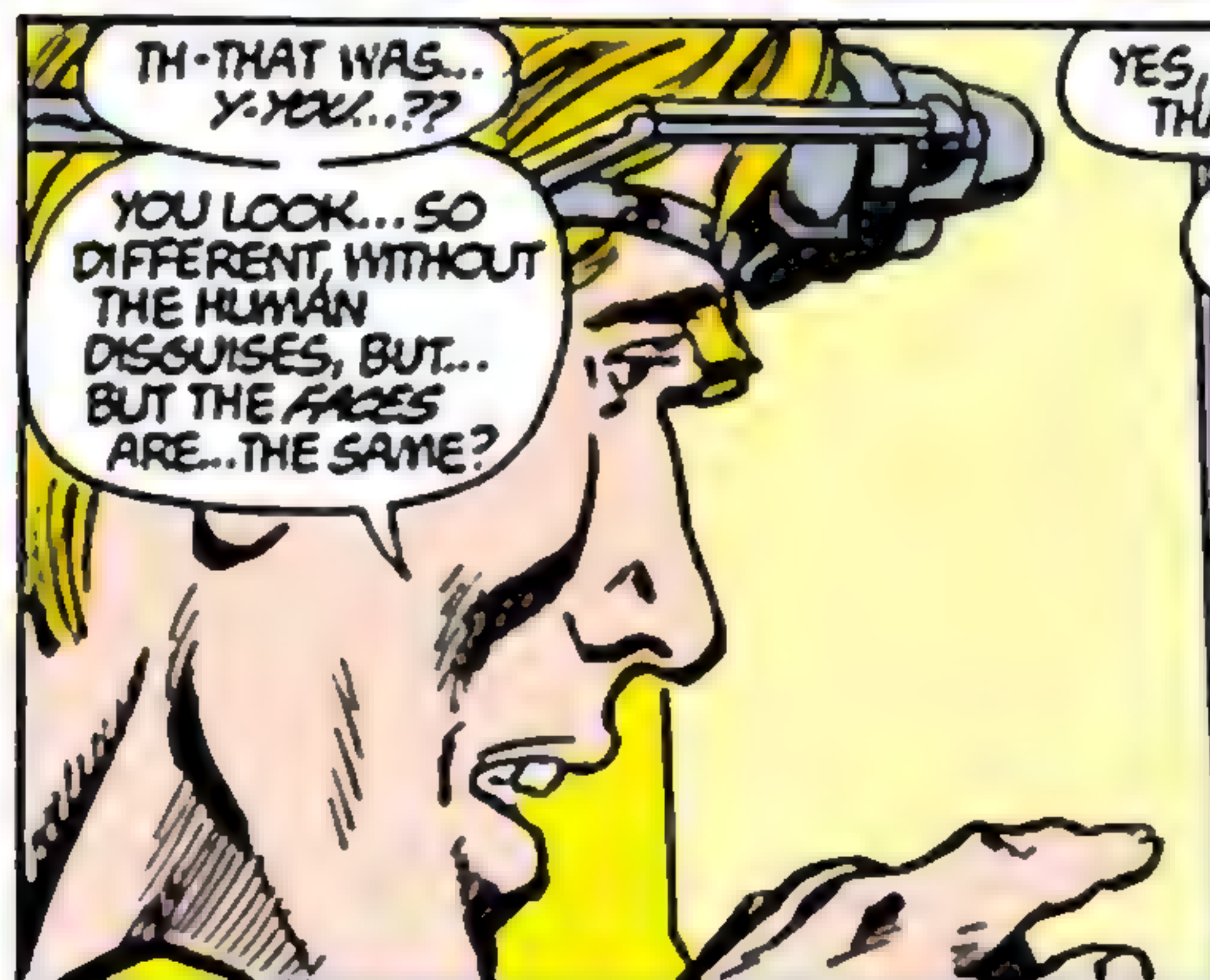
NO, IT'S A ONE OF A KIND, DOCTOR.



AS IS THE CARGO...

LOOKS LIKE HE BIT...

CAREFUL, MERCURY! REMEMBER WHAT YOU'RE CARRYING...



TH-THAT WAS... Y-YOU...??

YOU LOOK... SO DIFFERENT, WITHOUT THE HUMAN DISGUISES, BUT... BUT THE FACES ARE...THE SAME?

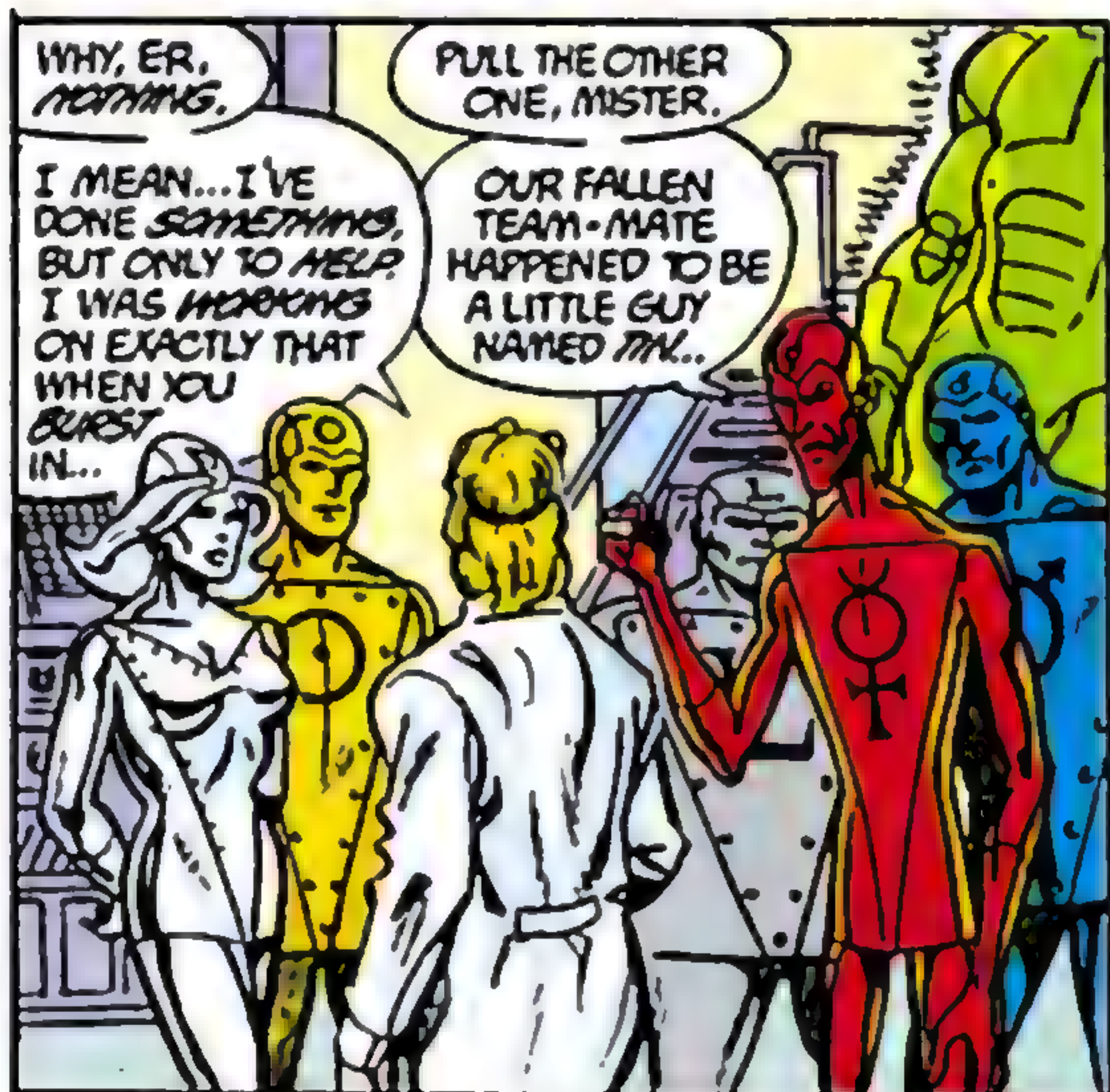


YES, DR. TINKER, THAT WAS US.

WE ARE THE METAL MEN...

AND THE CONTAINER OF LIQUID METAL WE BROUGHT YOU WAS ONE OF US, FALLEN IN COMBAT.

NOW, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?

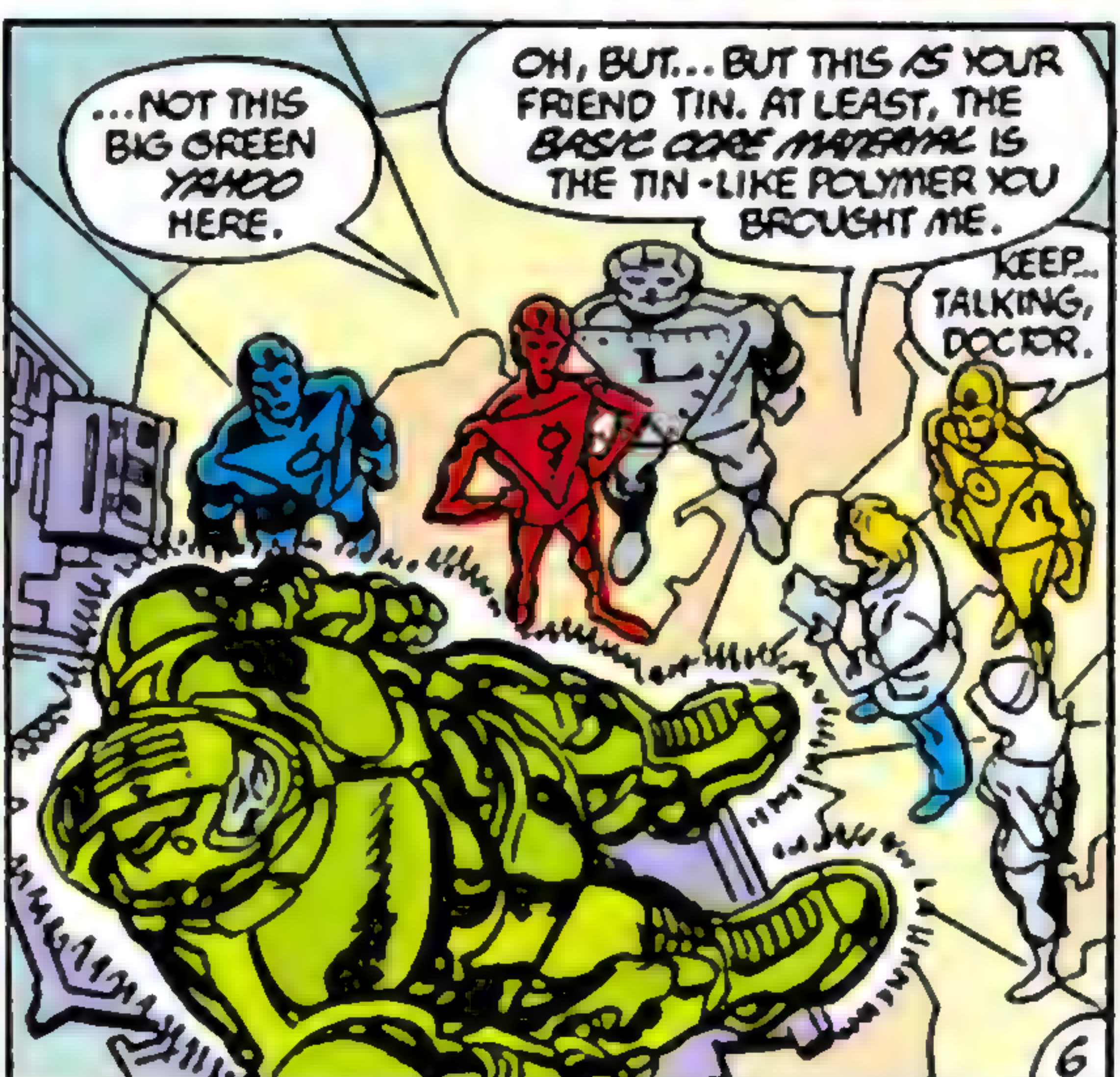


WHY, ER, NOTHING.

PULL THE OTHER ONE, MISTER.

I MEAN...I'VE DONE SOMETHINGS, BUT ONLY TO HELP. I WAS WORKING ON EXACTLY THAT WHEN YOU BURST IN...

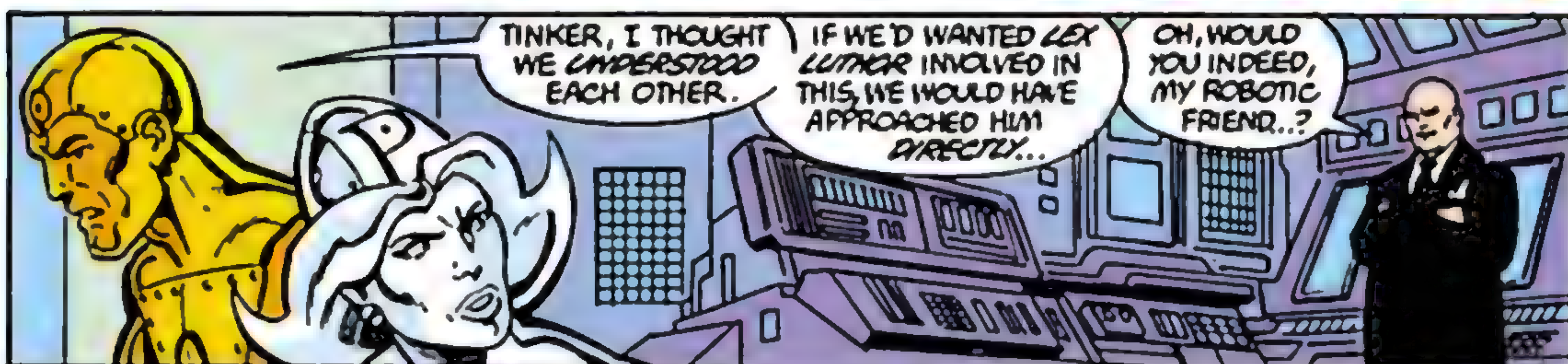
OUR FALLEN TEAM-MATE HAPPENED TO BE A LITTLE GUY NAMED TINK...

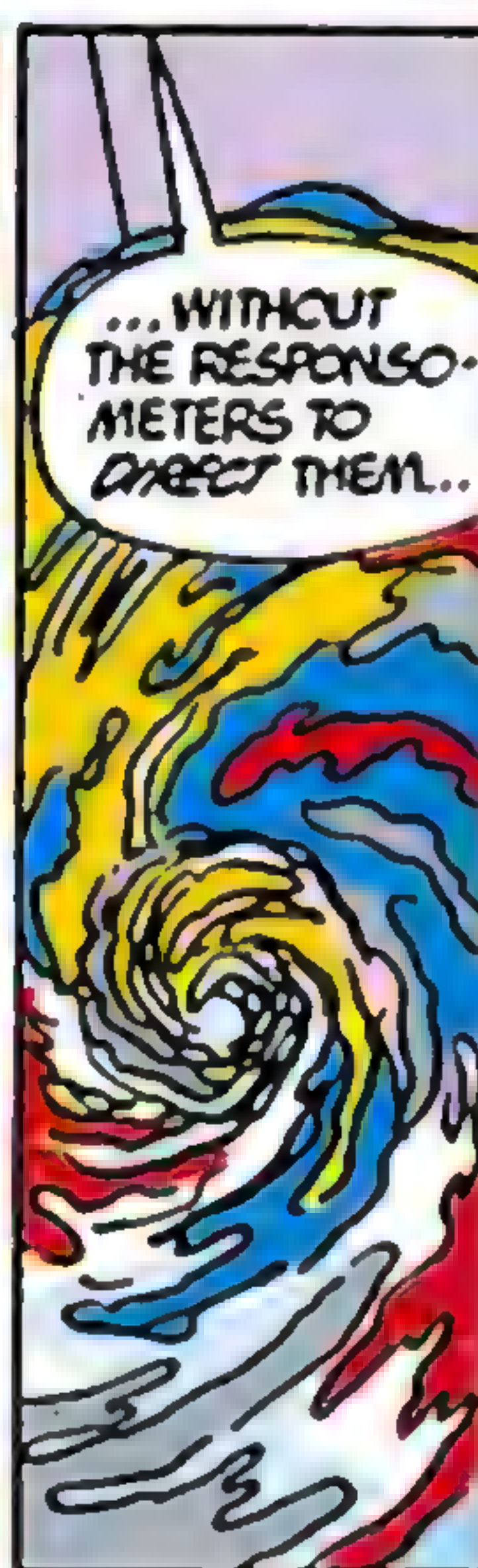
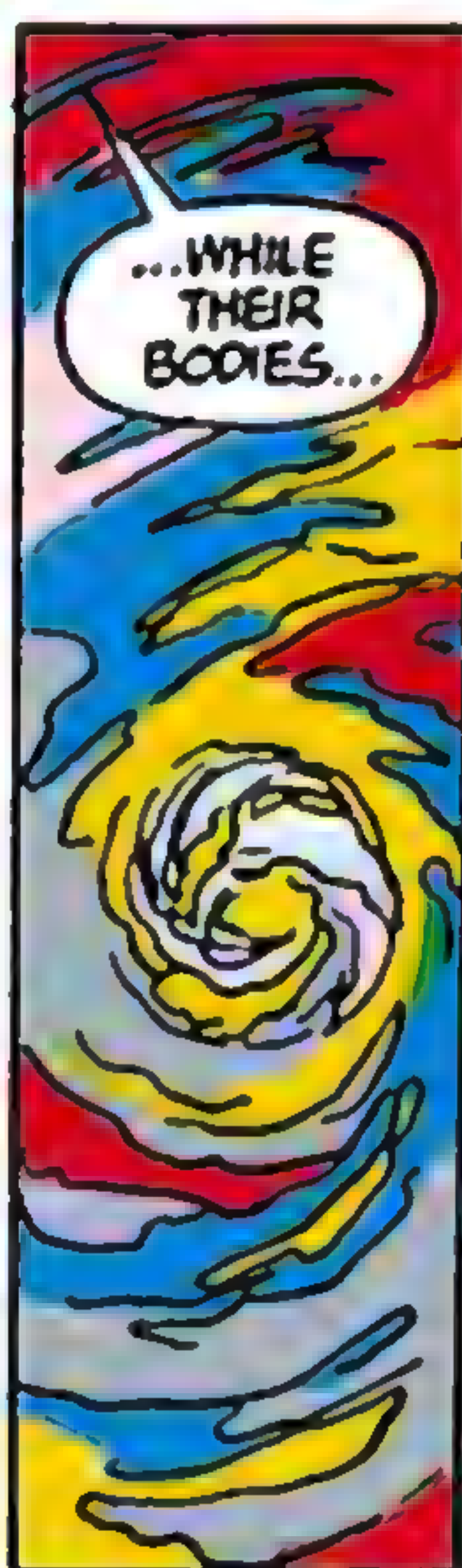
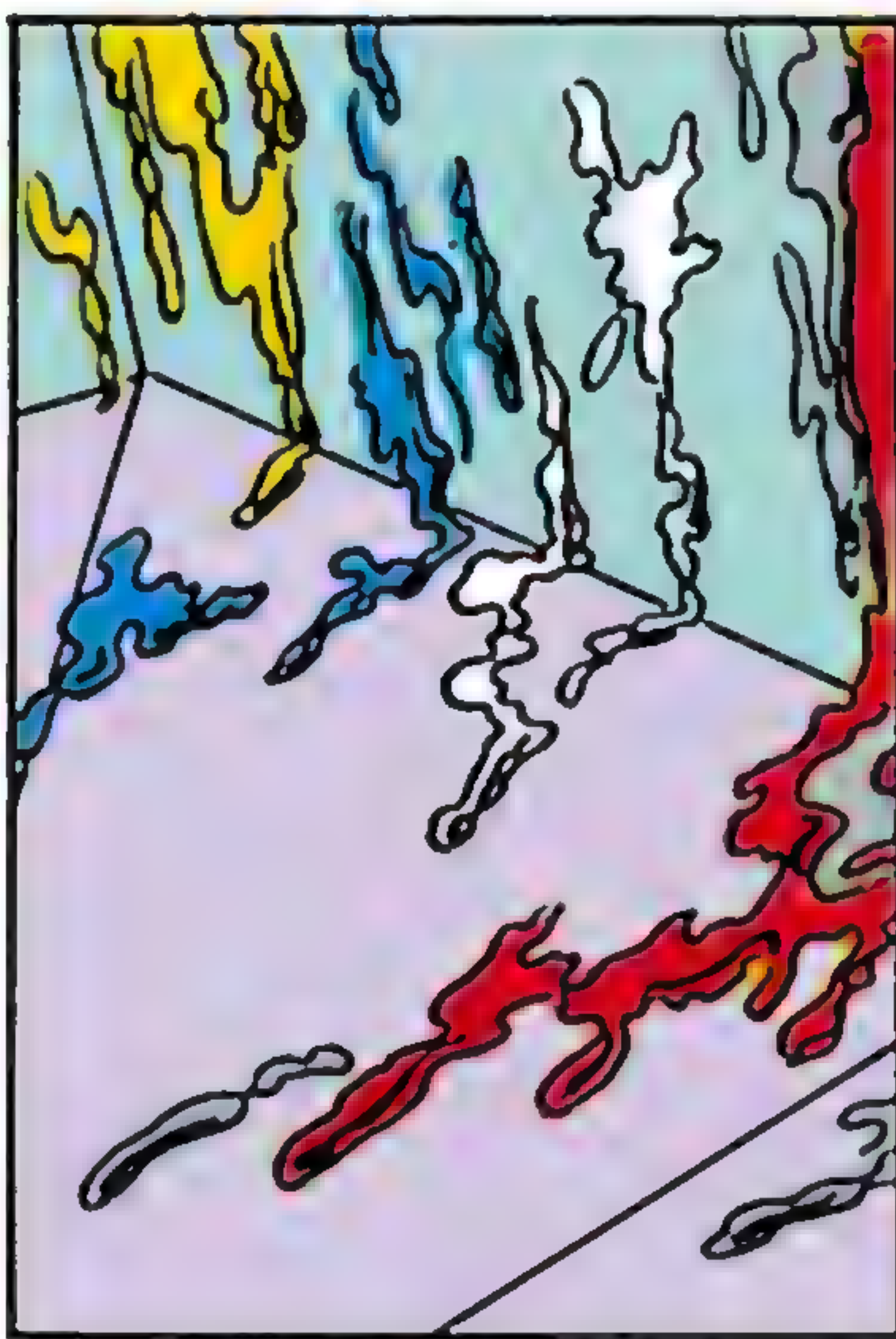


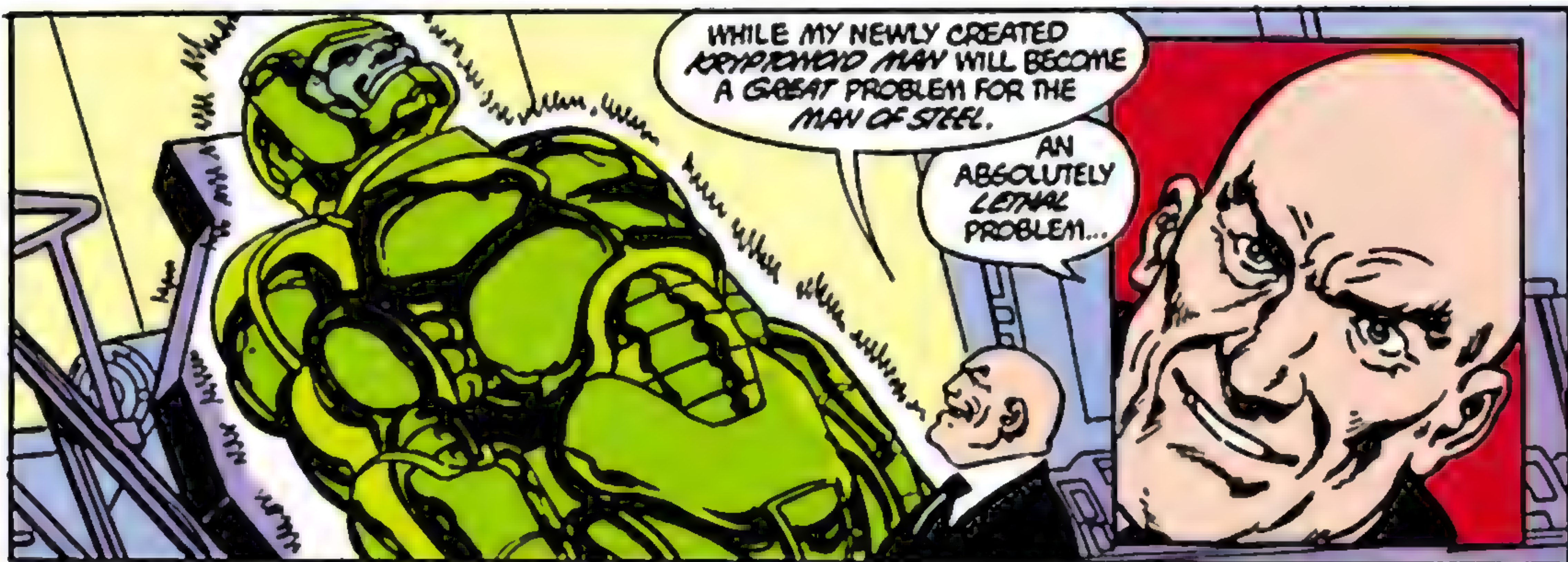
...NOT THIS BIG GREEN YAKO HERE.

OH, BUT... BUT THIS IS YOUR FRIEND TIN. AT LEAST, THE BASIC CORE MATERIAL IS THE TIN-LIKE POLYMER YOU BROUGHT ME.

KEEP TALKING, DOCTOR.

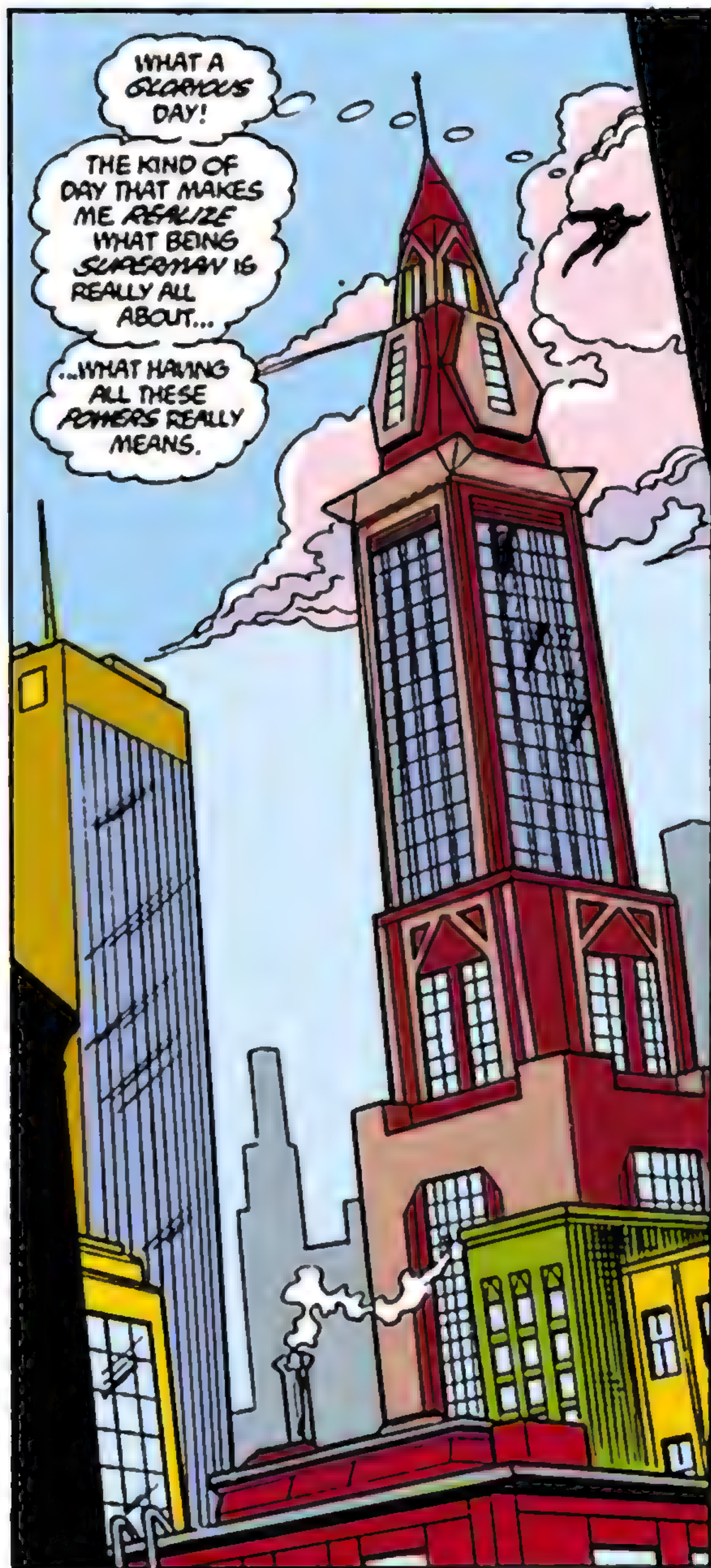






WHILE MY NEWLY CREATED KRYPTONIAN MAN WILL BECOME A GREAT PROBLEM FOR THE MAN OF STEEL.

AN ABSOLUTELY LETHAL PROBLEM...



WHAT A GLORIOUS DAY!

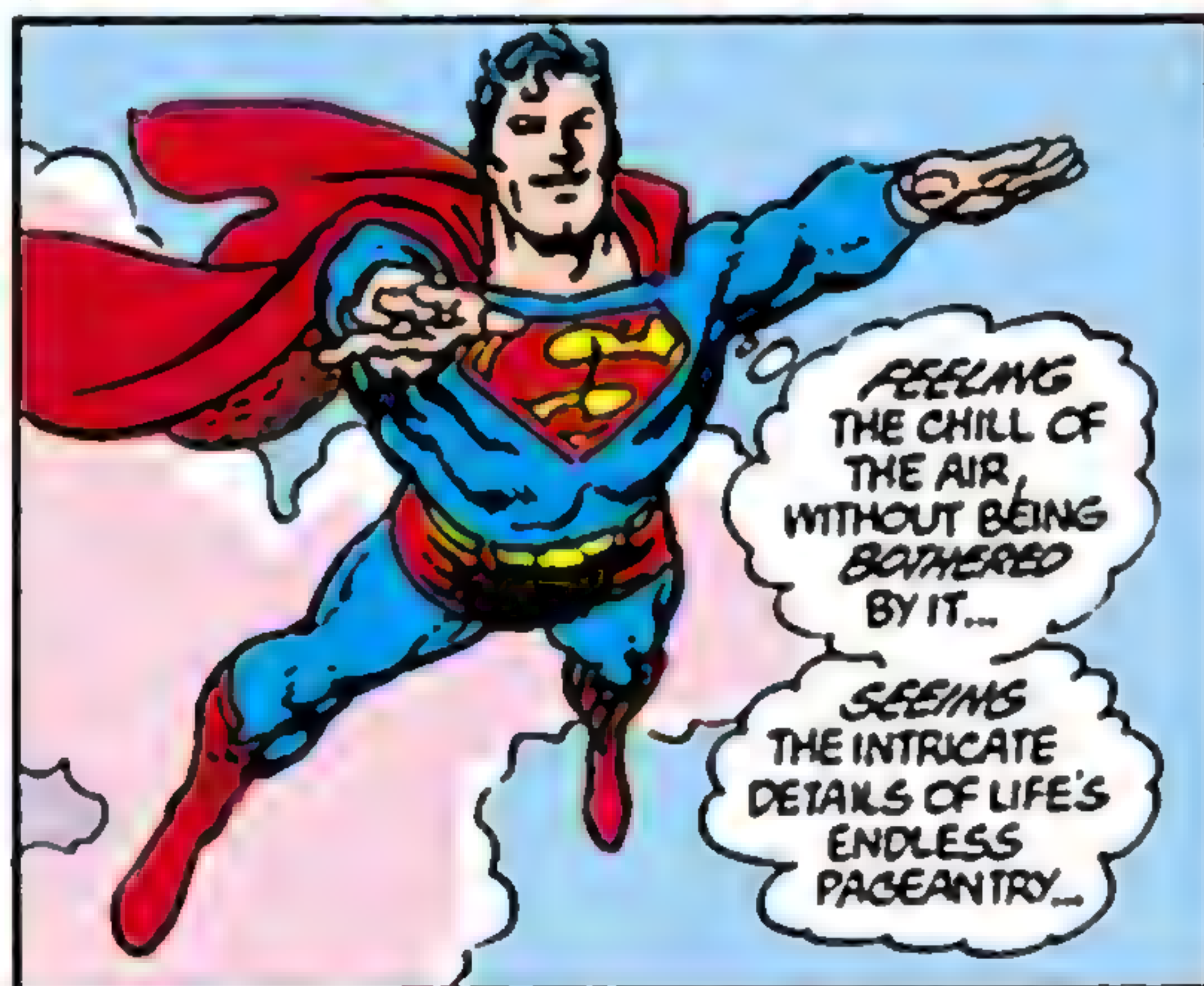
THE KIND OF DAY THAT MAKES ME REALIZE WHAT BEING SUPERMAN IS REALLY ALL ABOUT...

...WHAT HAVING ALL THESE POWERS REALLY MEANS.



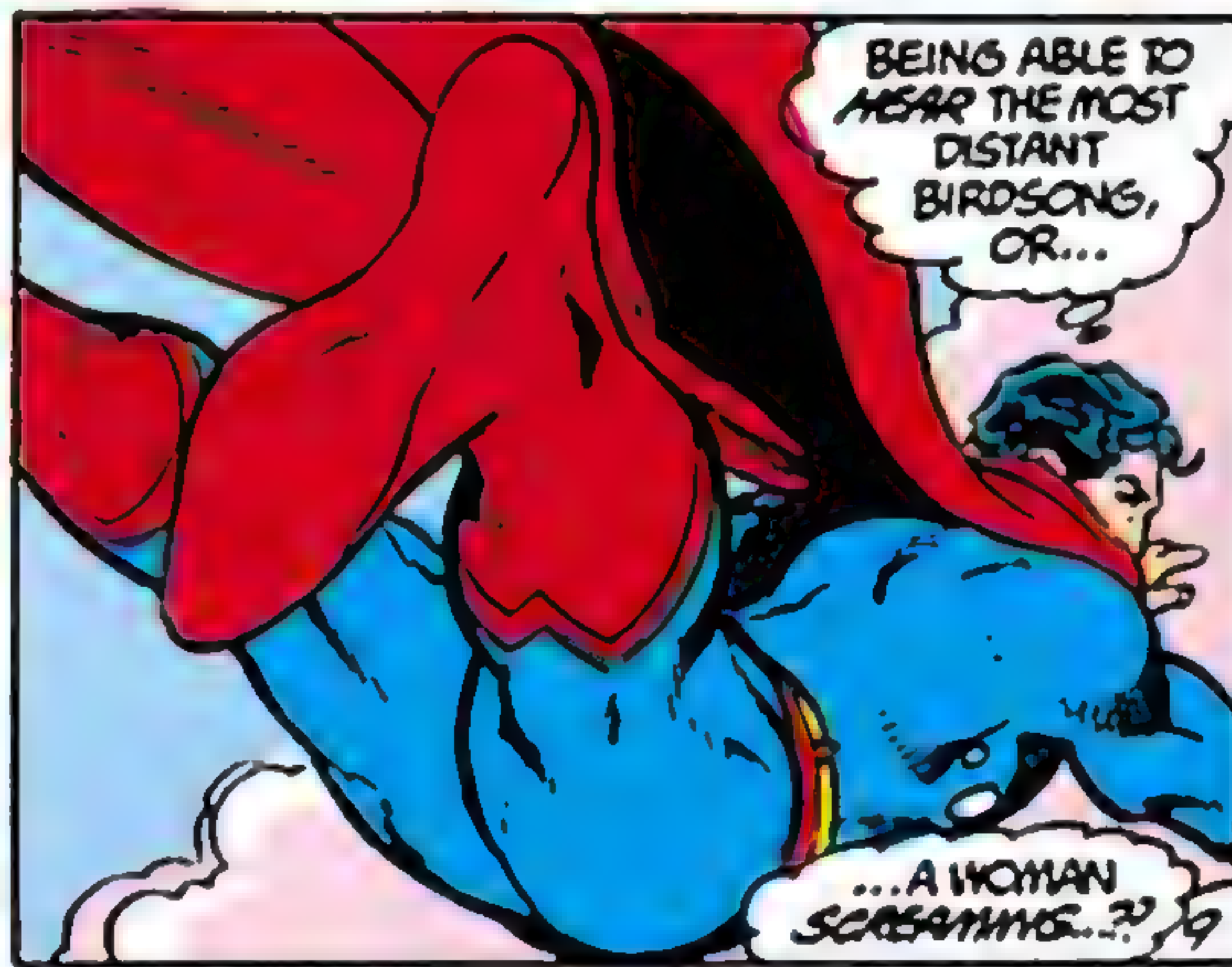
AND IT HAS ALMOST NOTHING TO DO WITH FIGHTING CRIME...

...AND A LOT TO DO WITH APPRECIATING ALL THE SPECIAL WONDERS THIS WORLD OF OURS HAS TO OFFER.



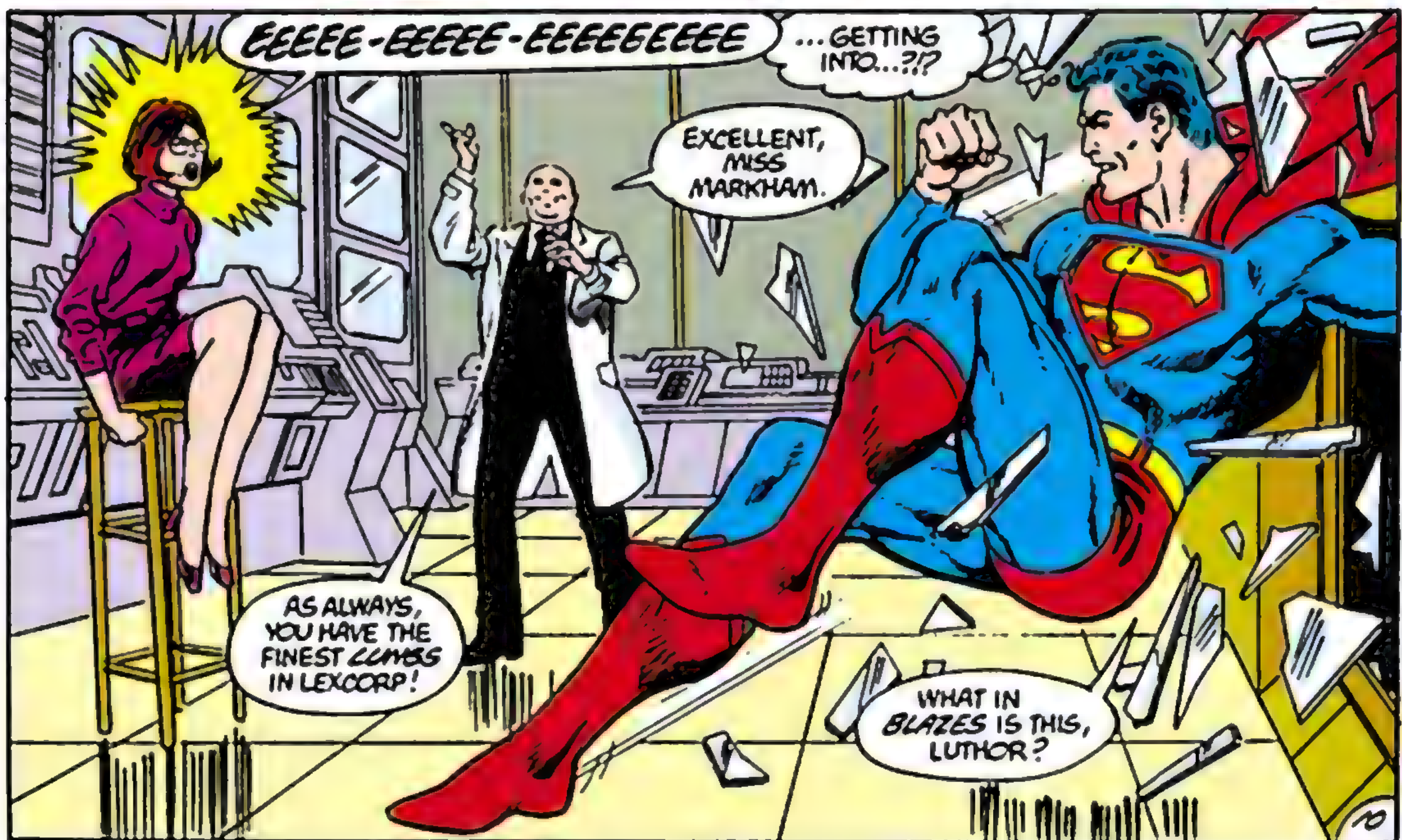
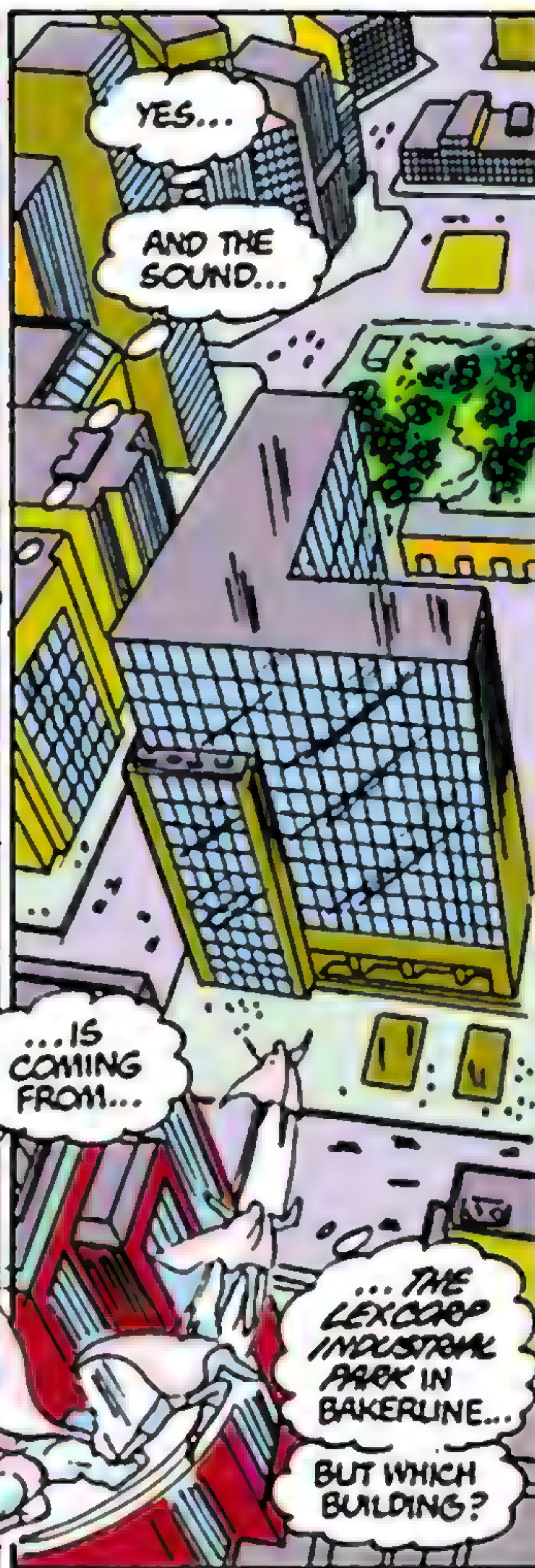
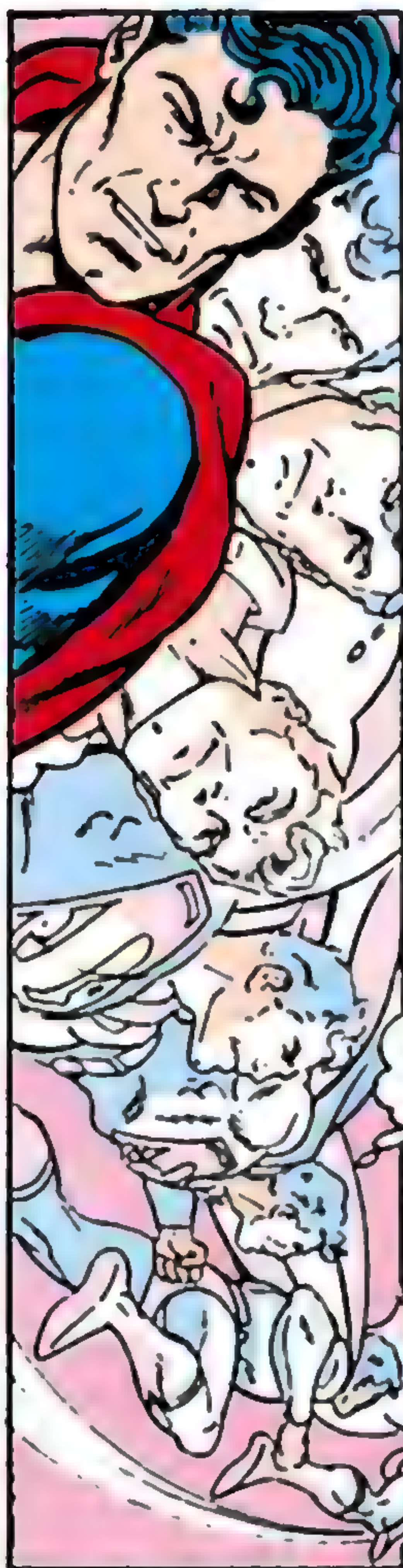
FEELING THE CHILL OF THE AIR, WITHOUT BEING BOTHERED BY IT...

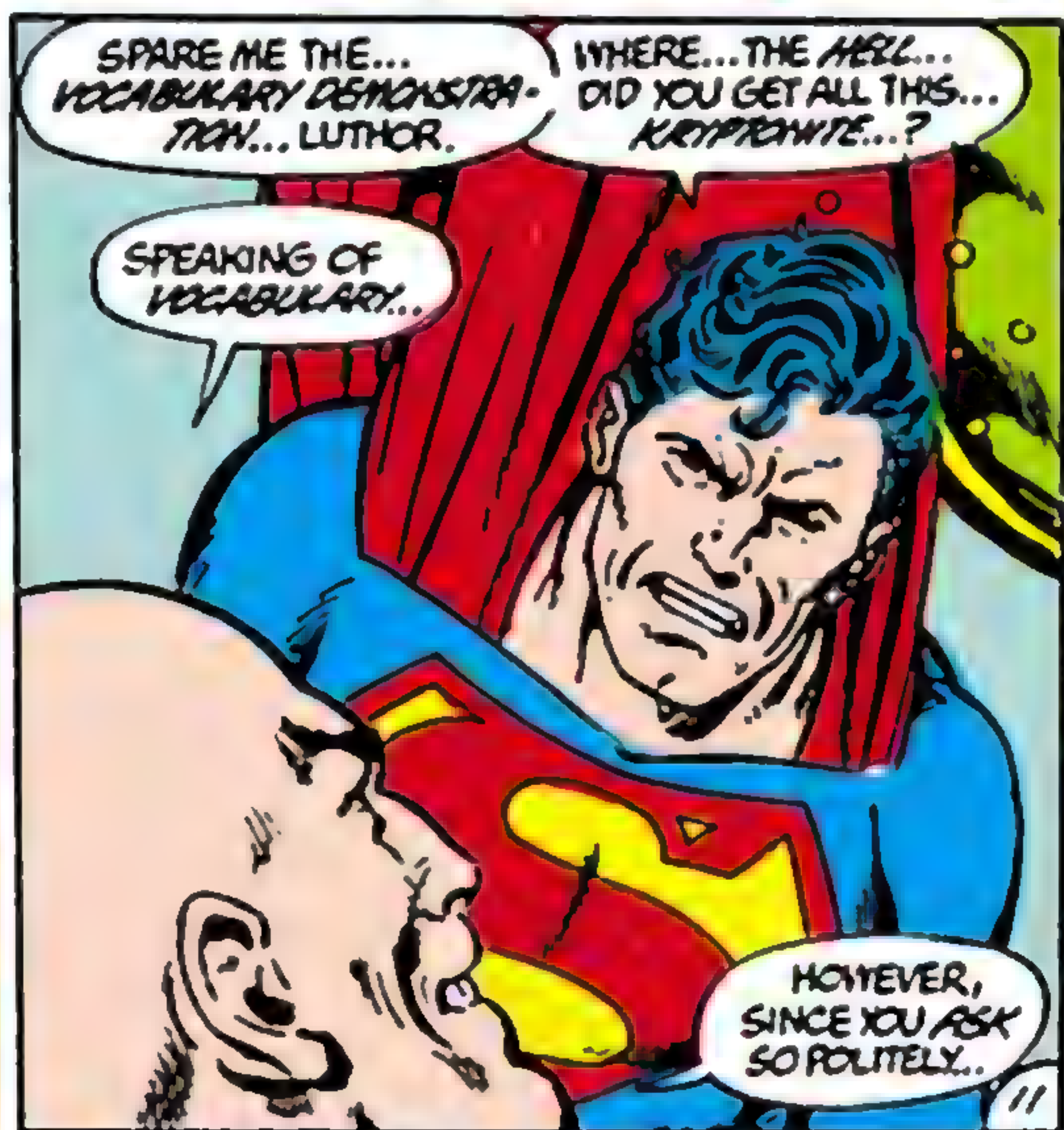
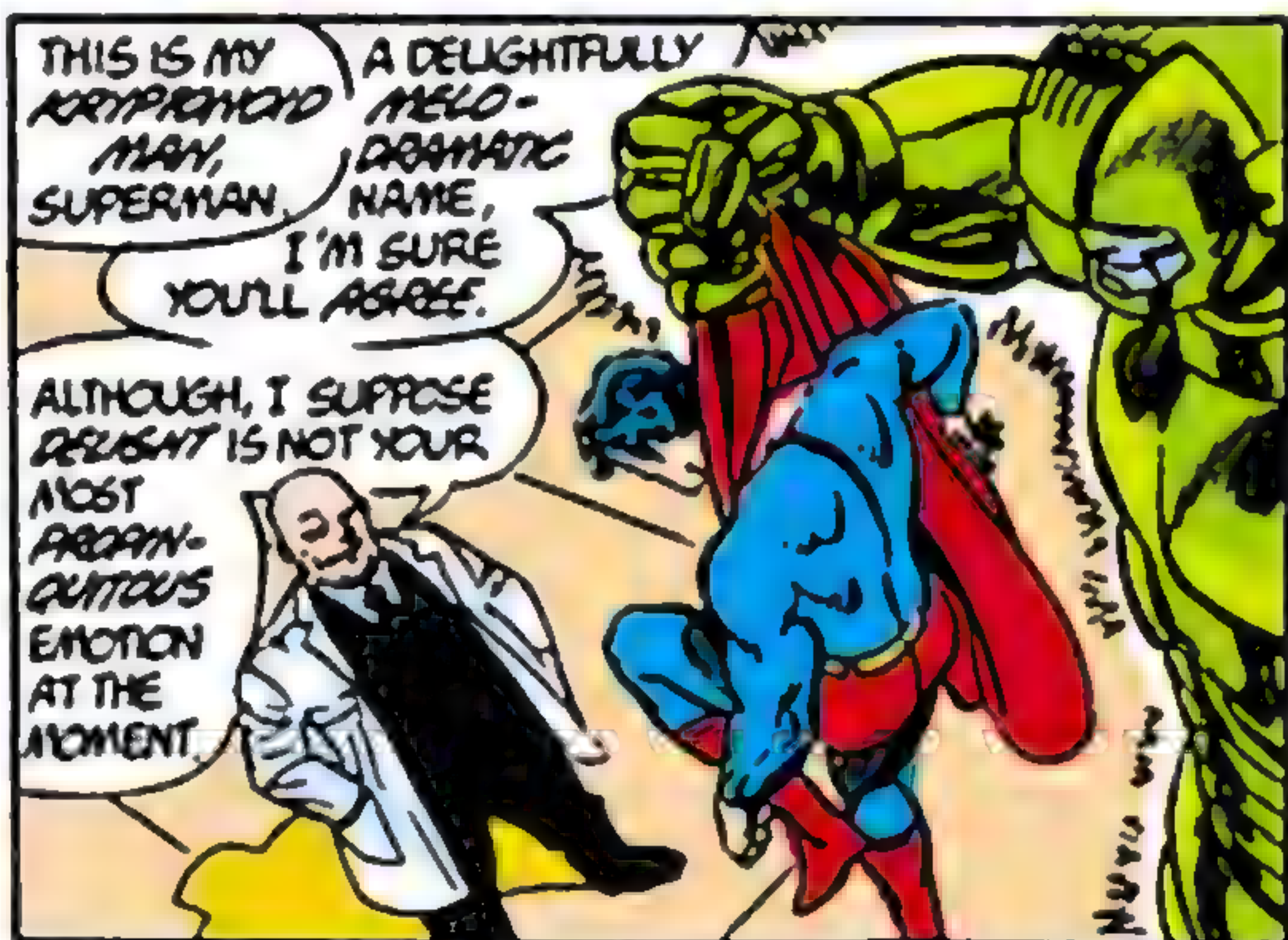
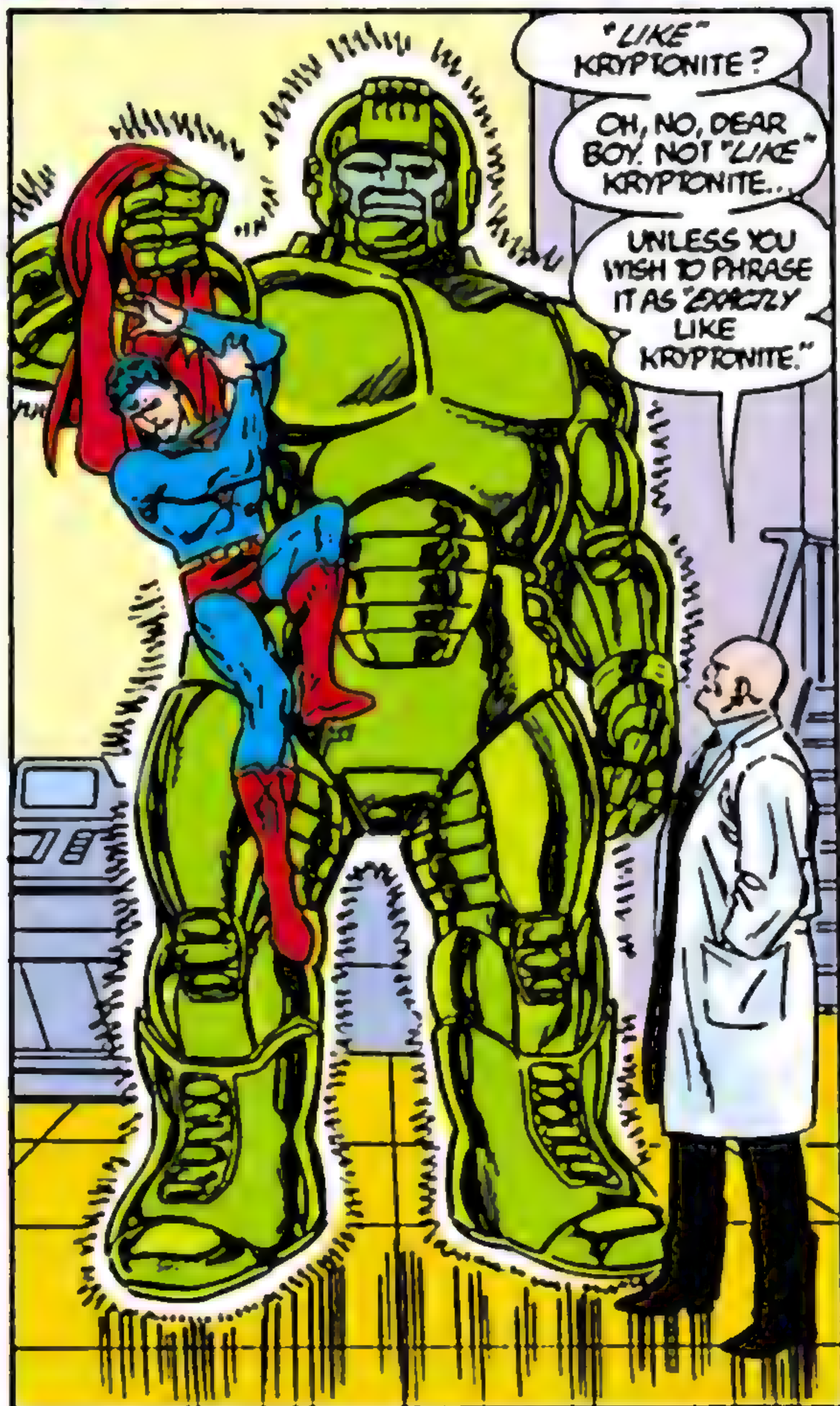
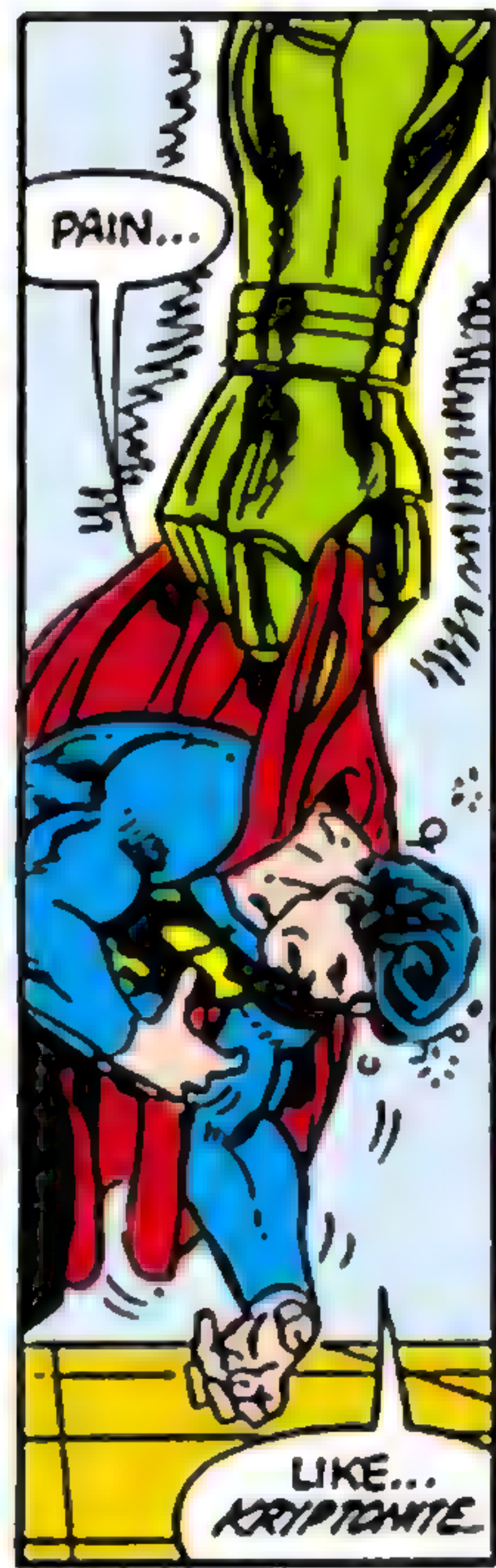
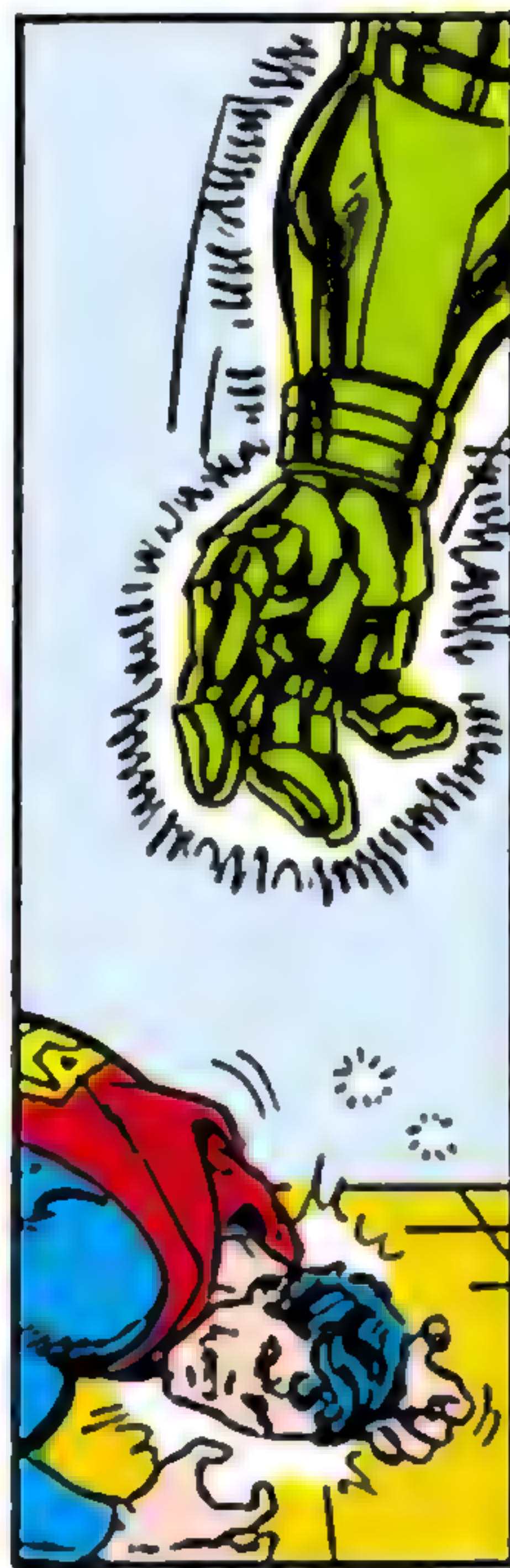
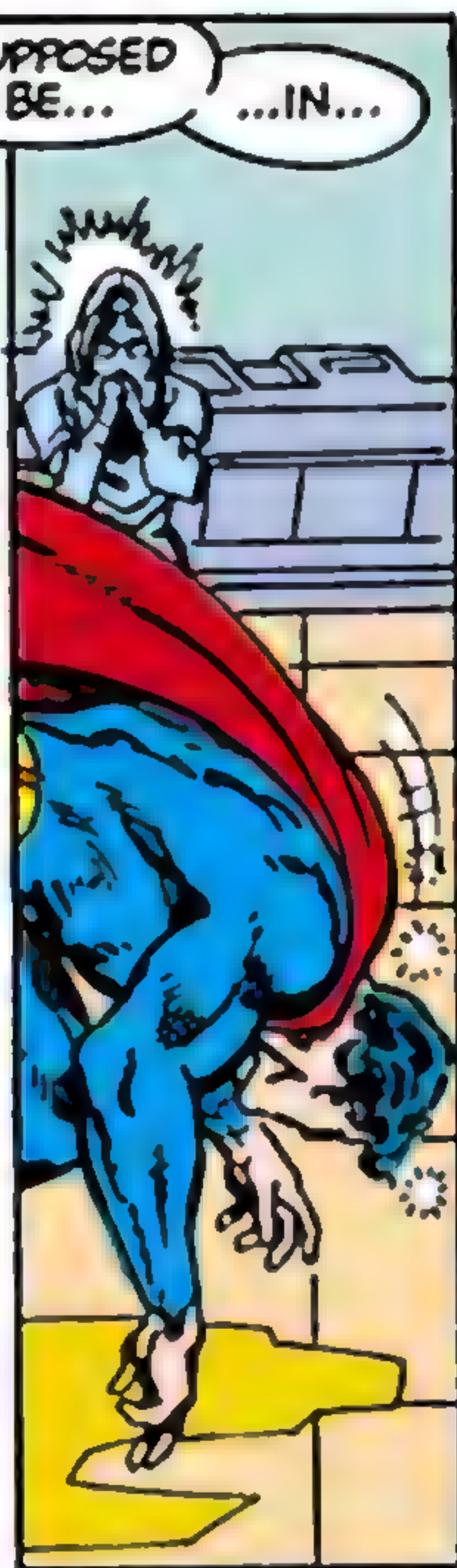
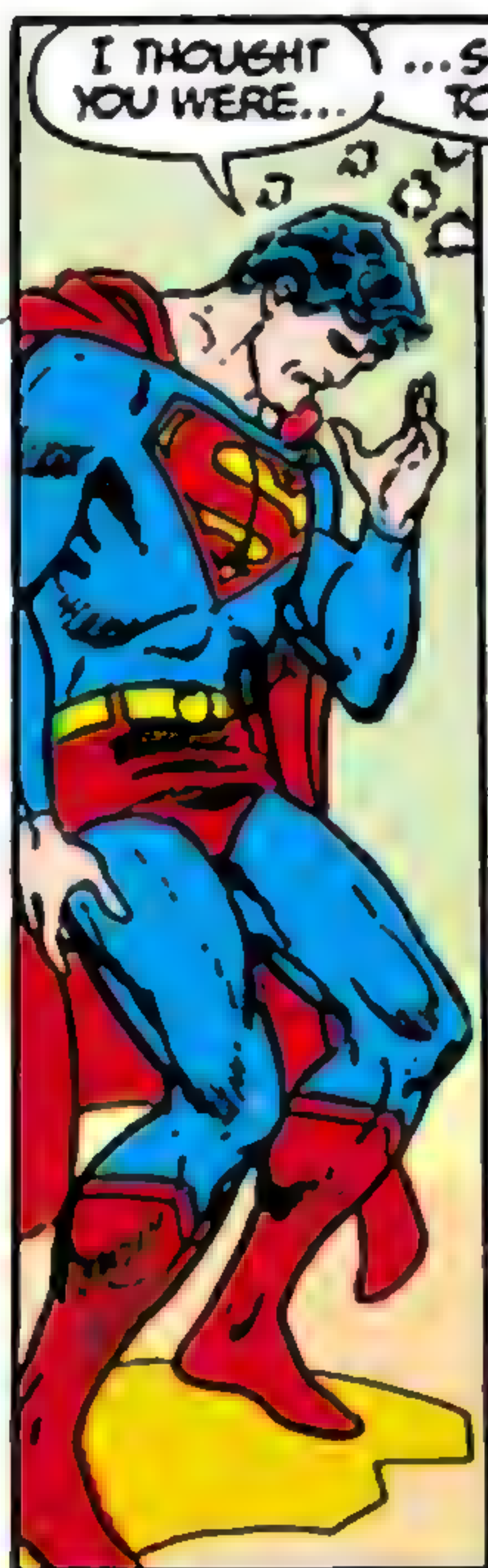
SEEING THE INTRICATE DETAILS OF LIFE'S ENDLESS PAGEANTRY...

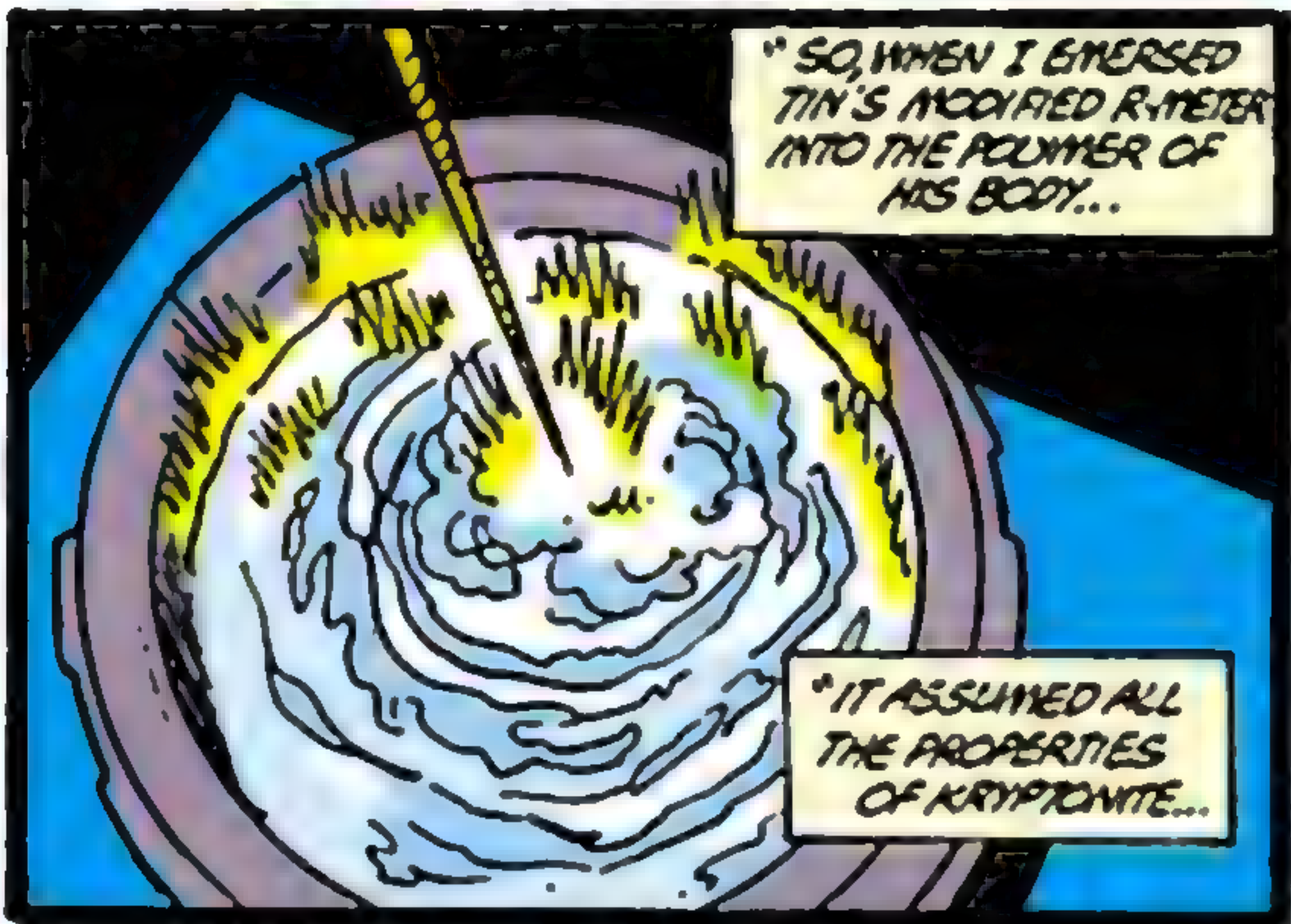
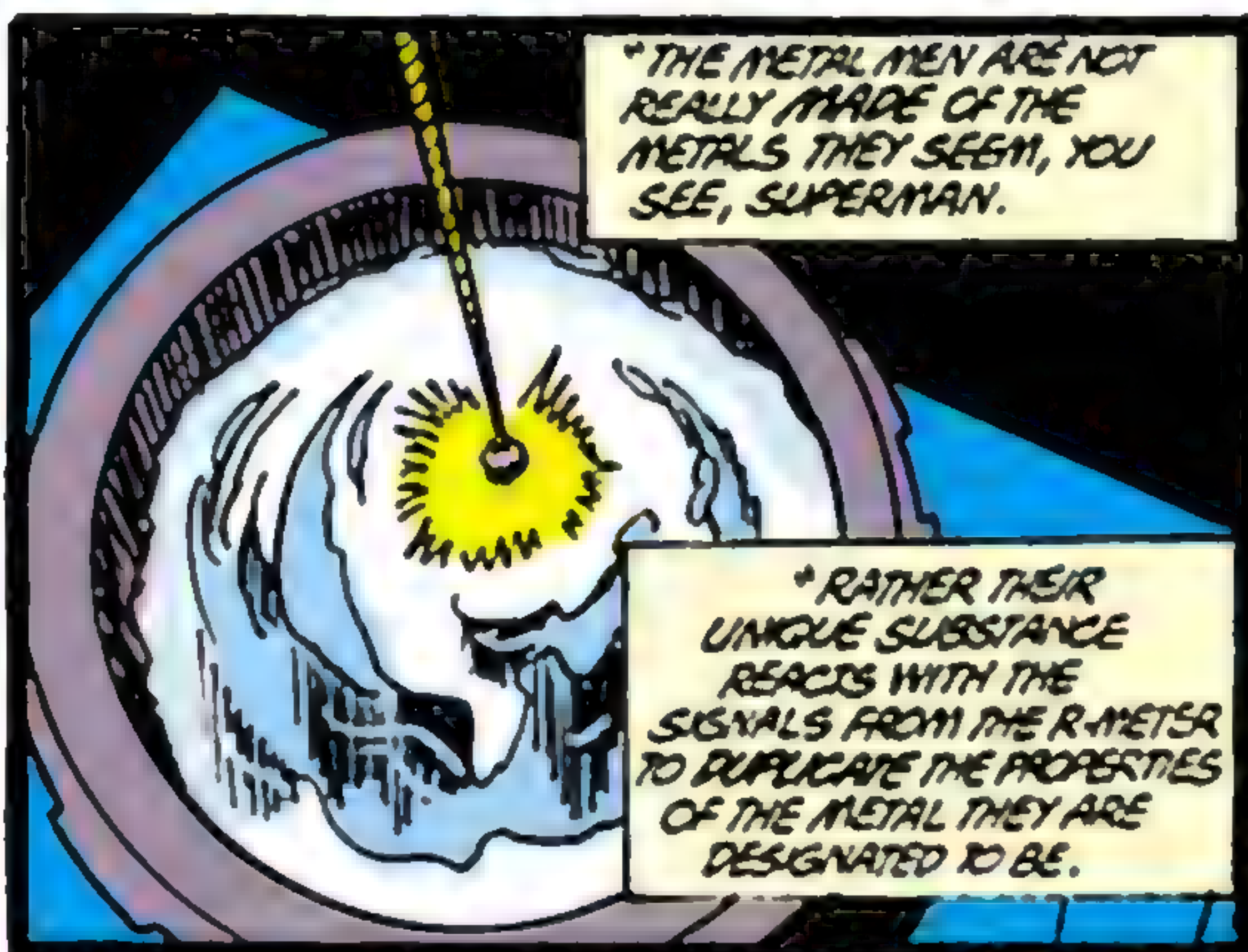
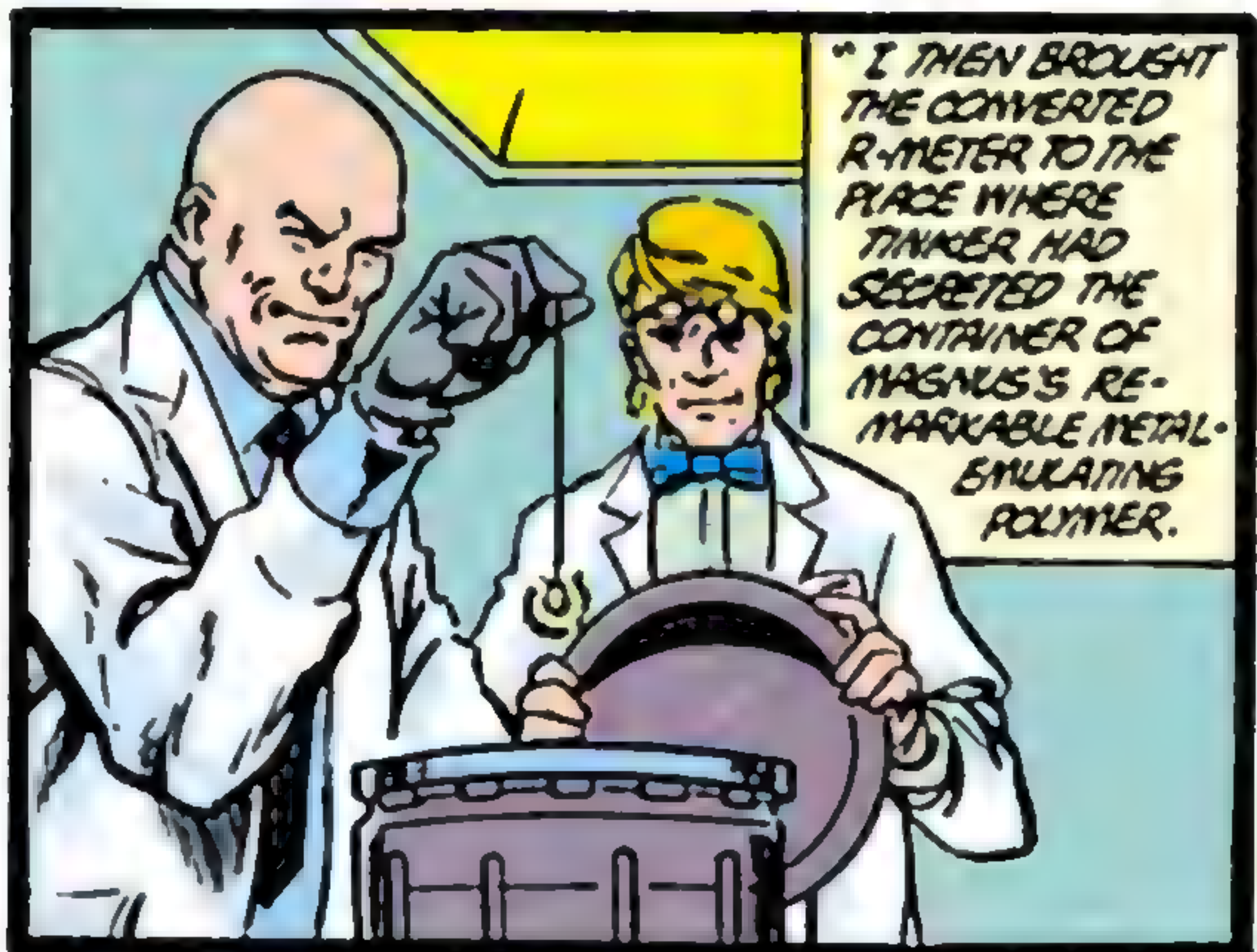
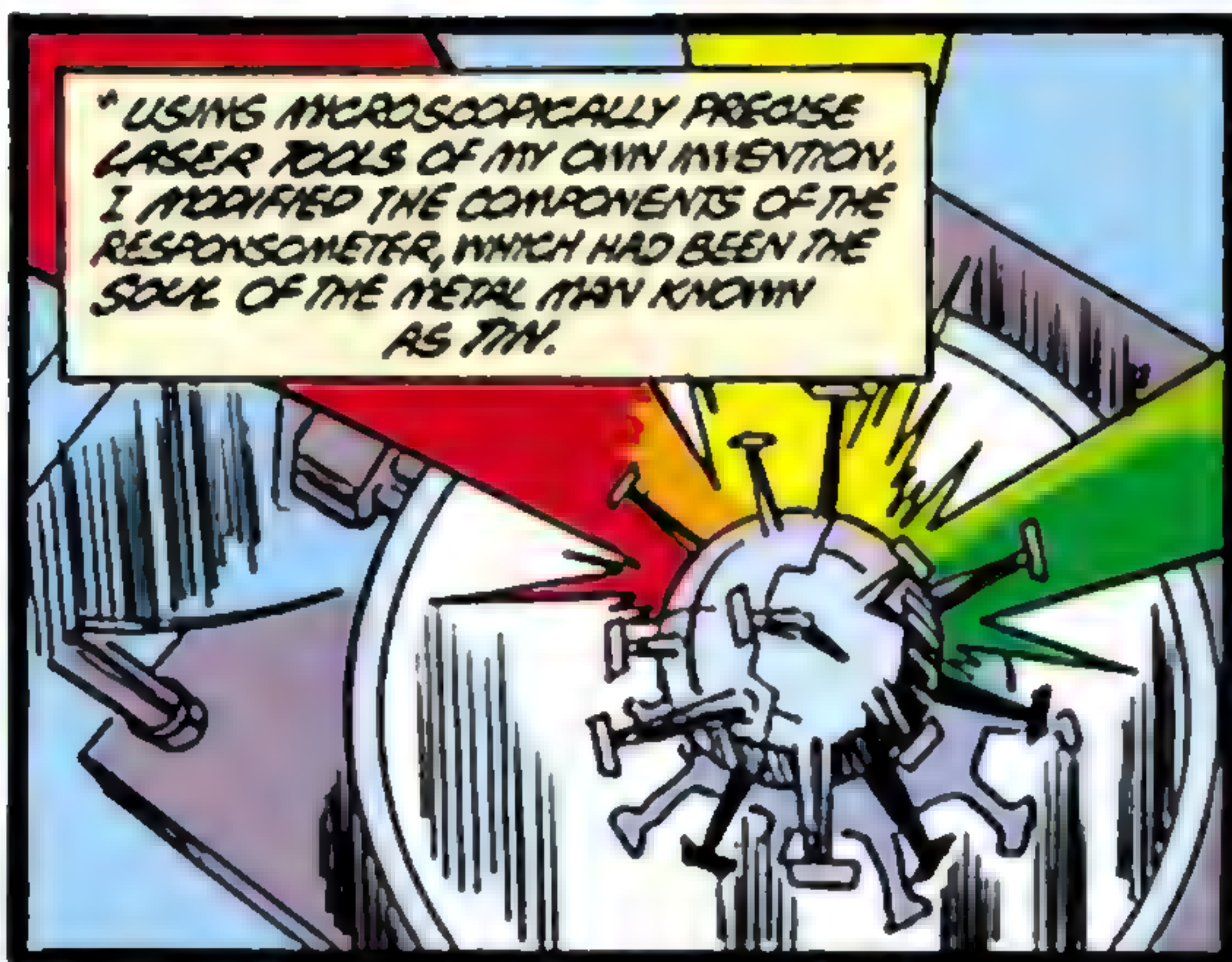
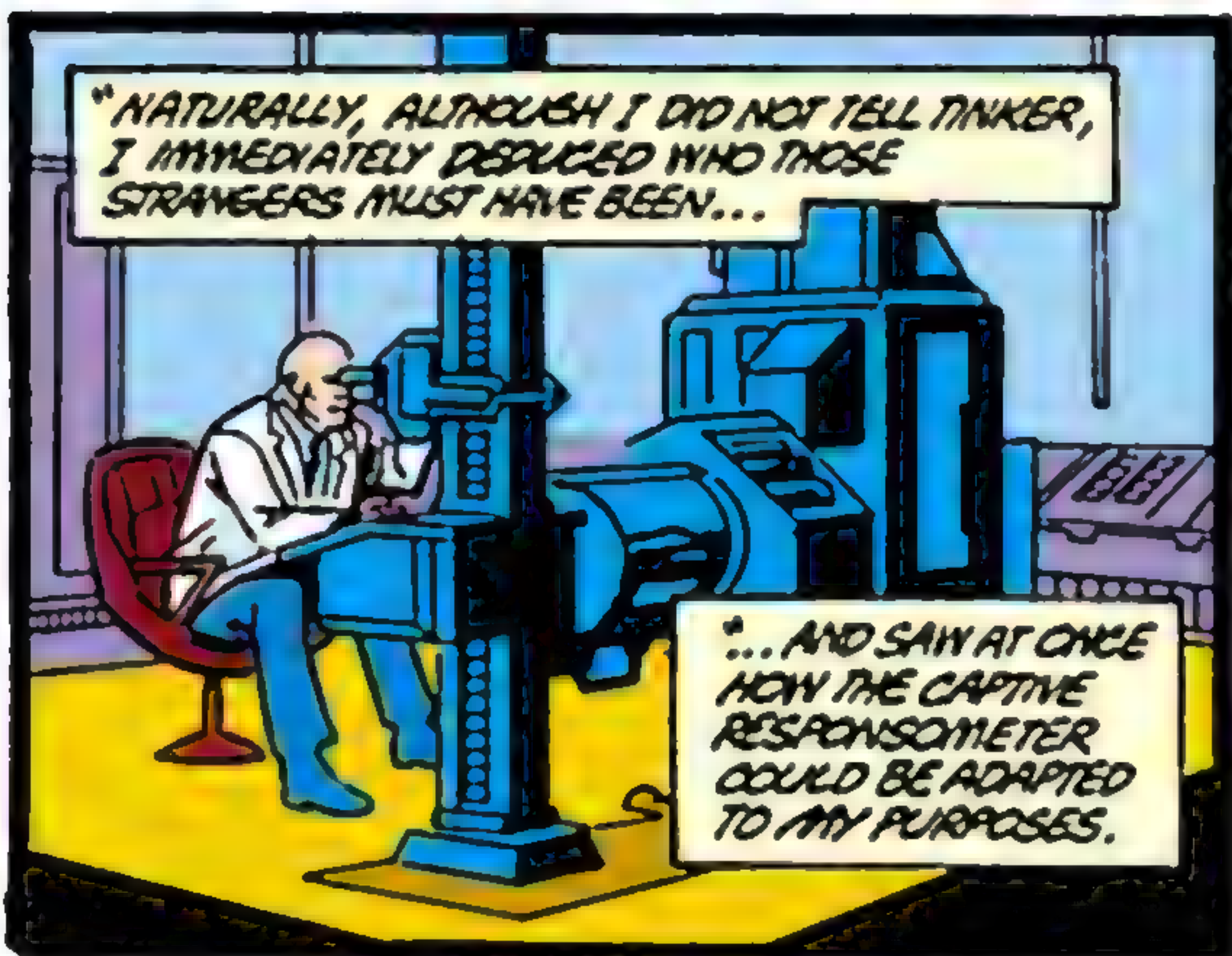
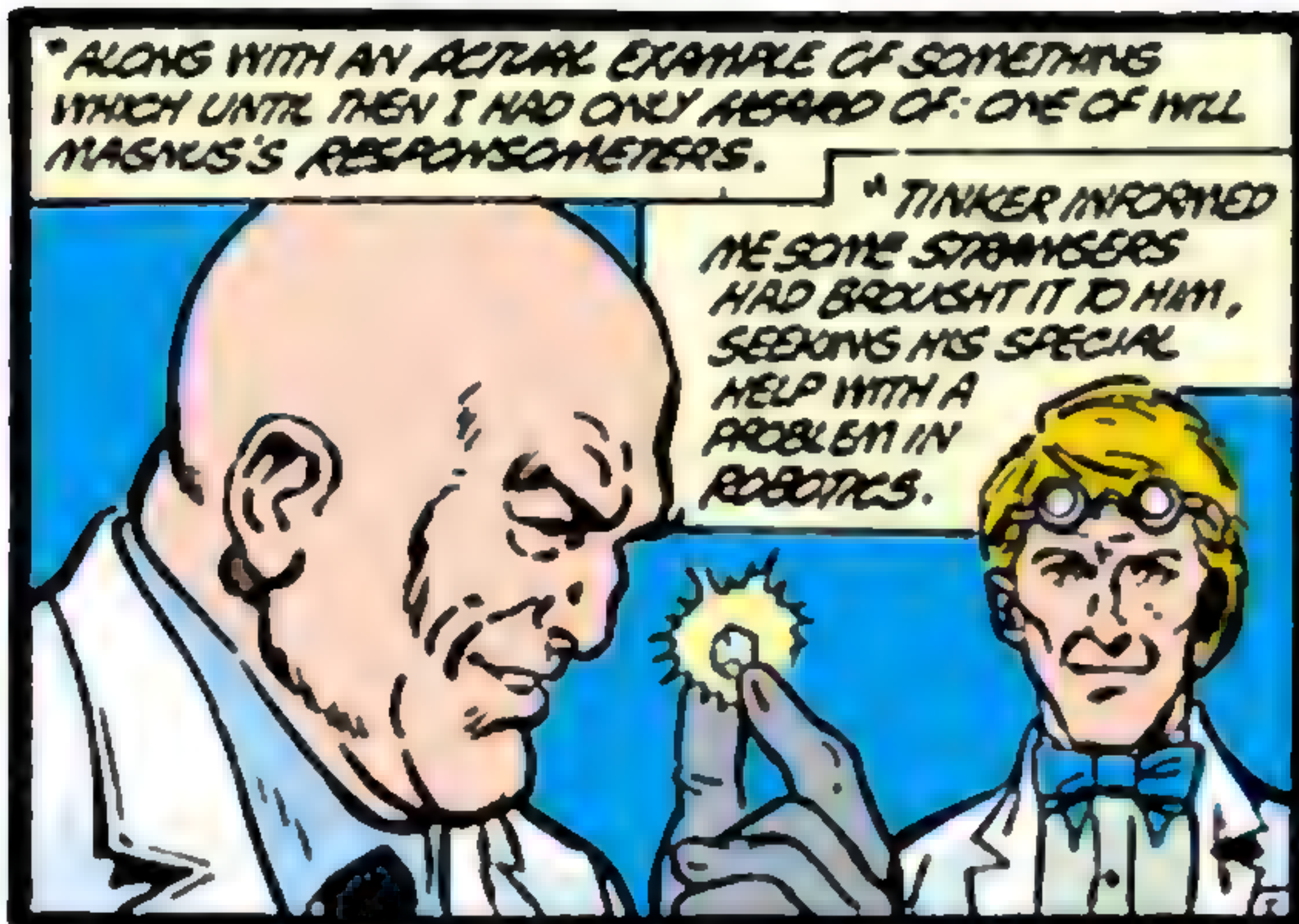
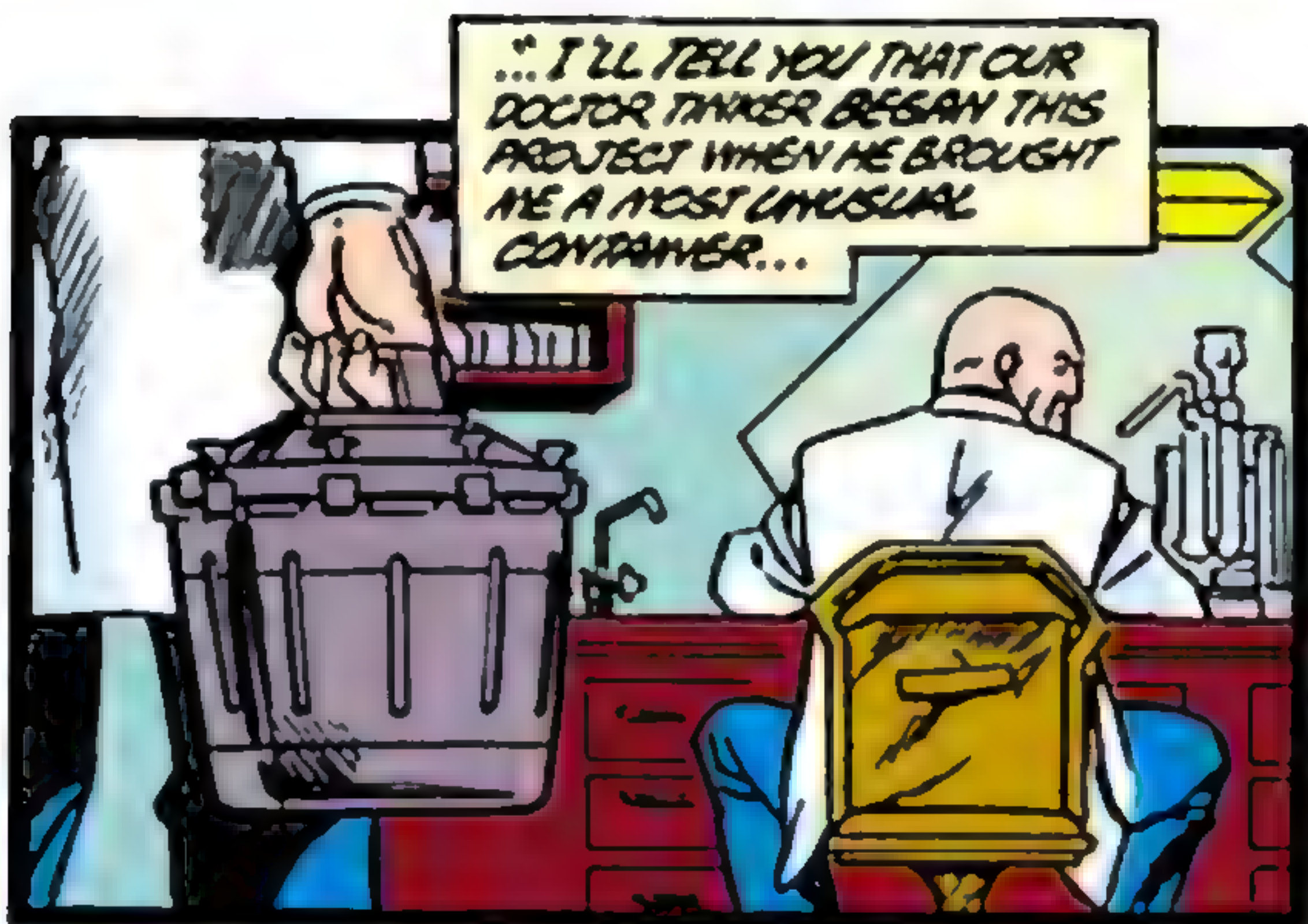


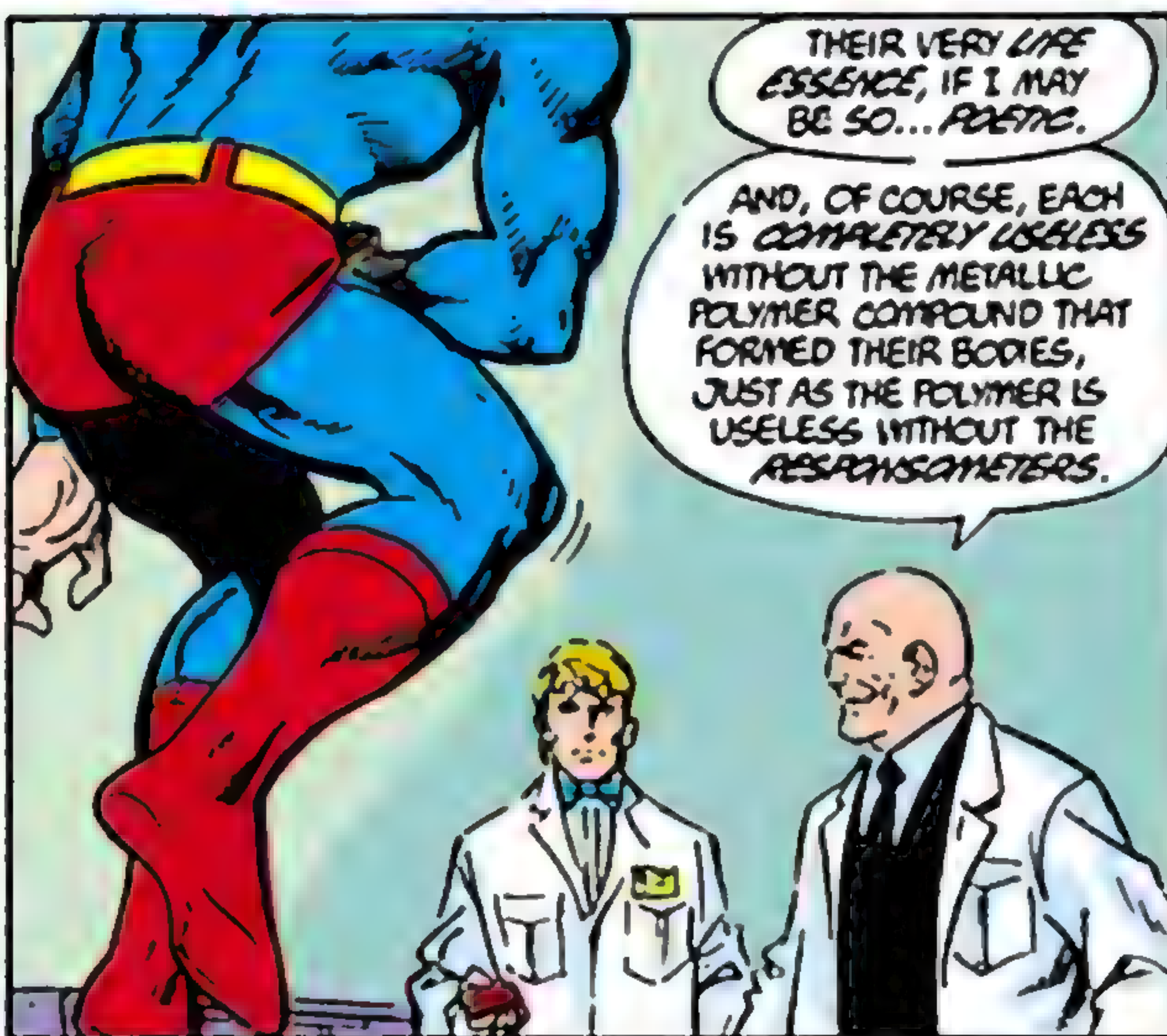
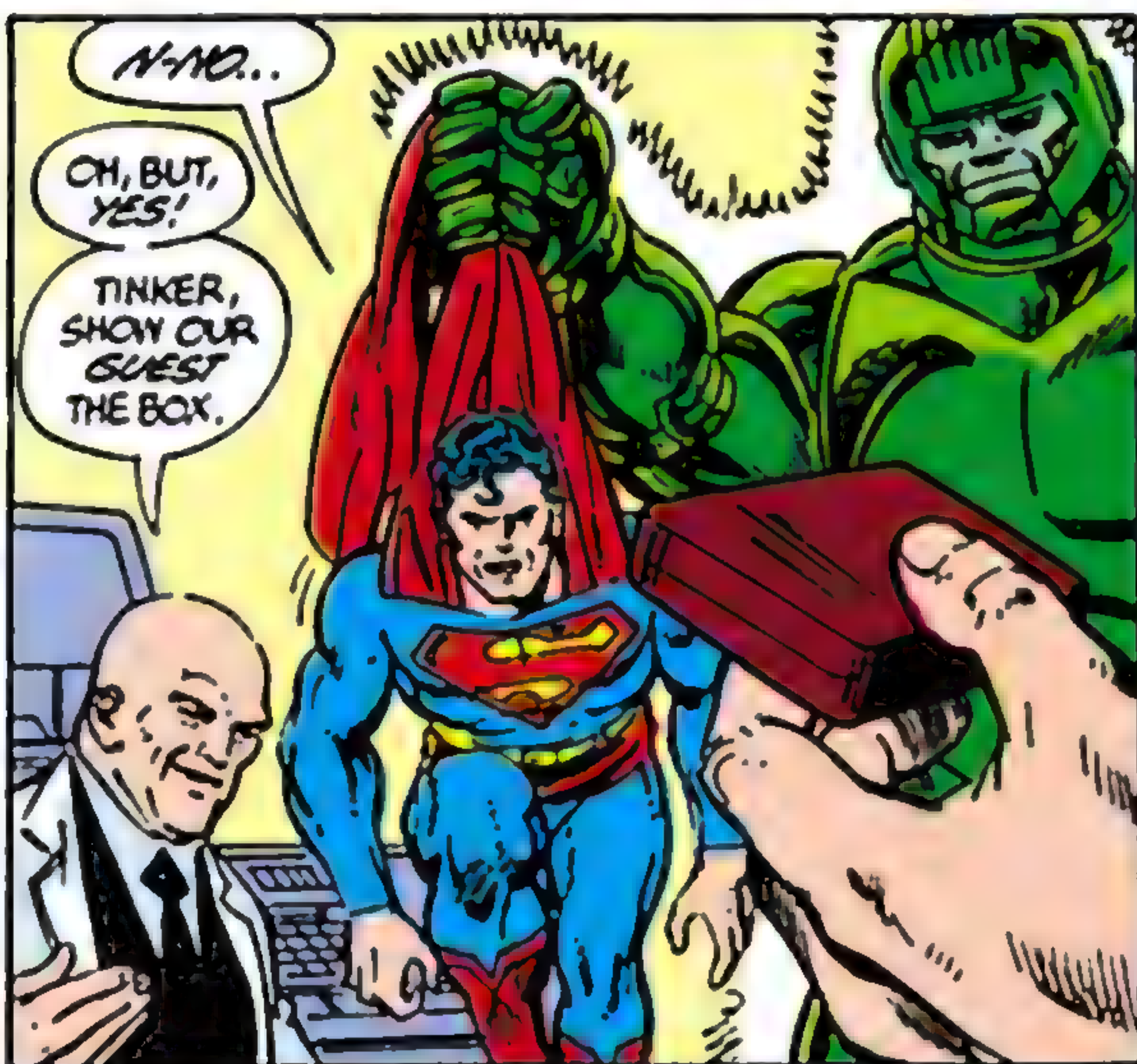
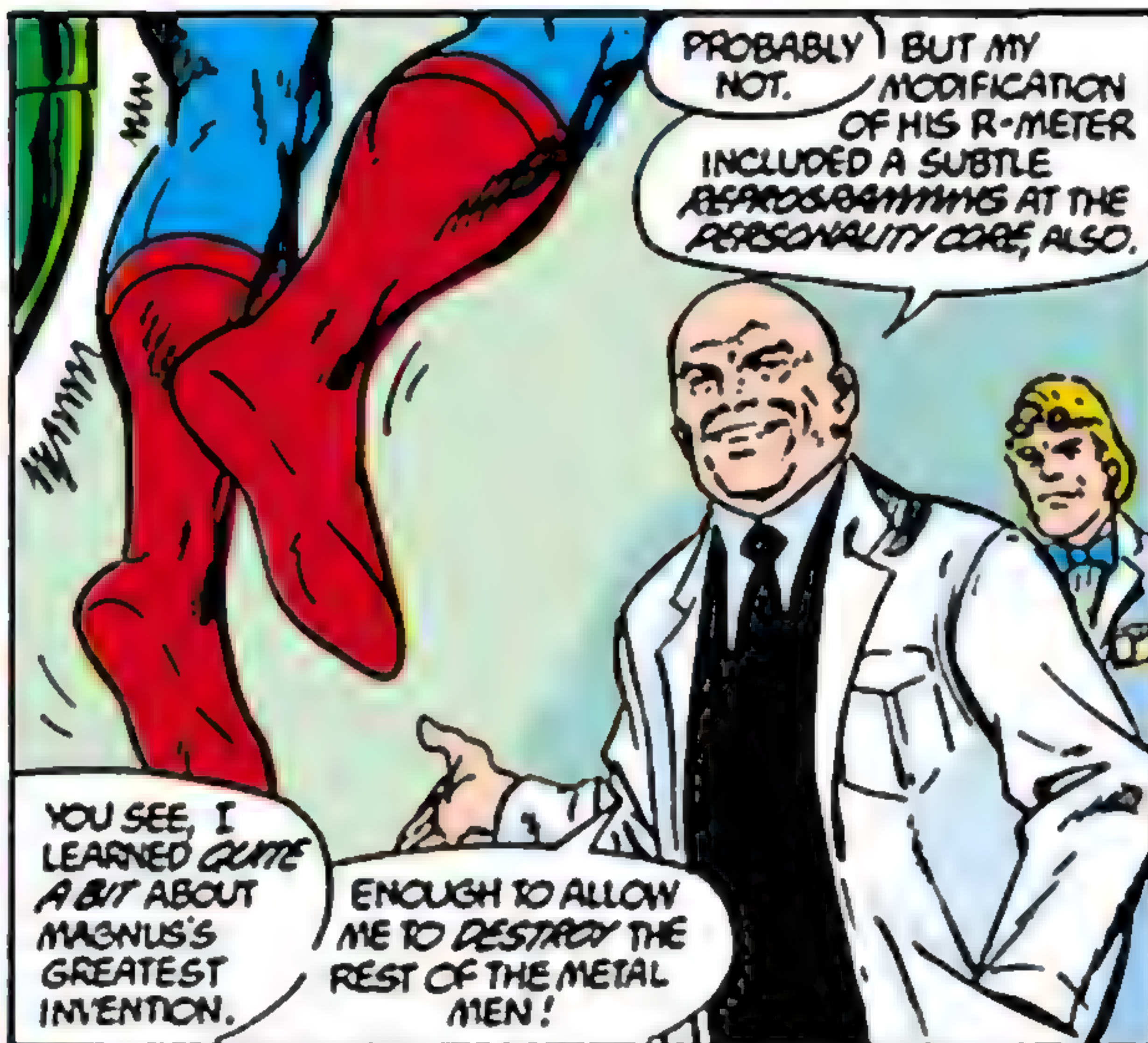
BEING ABLE TO HEAR THE MOST DISTANT BIRDSONG, OR...

...A WOMAN SCREAMING...?







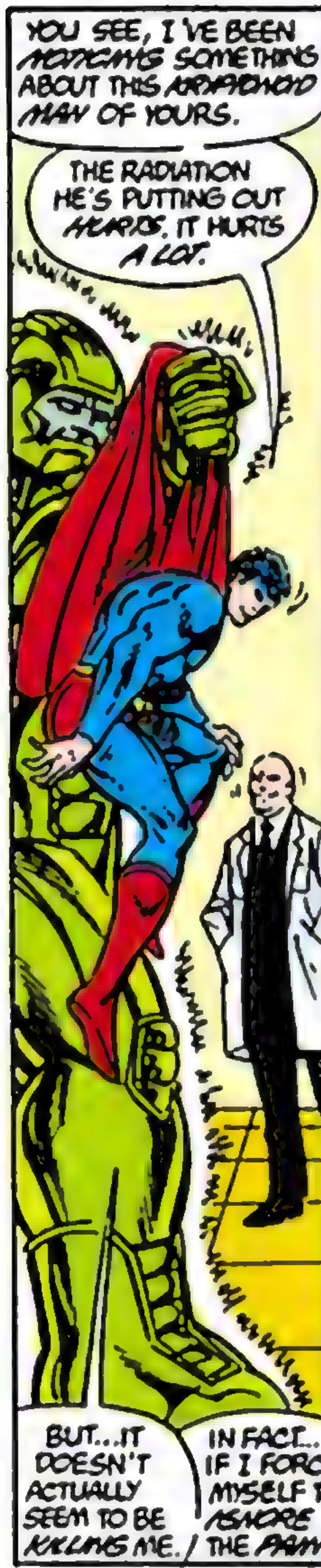


YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN NOTICING SOMETHING ABOUT THIS APPARENT MAY OF YOURS.

THE RADIATION HE'S PUTTING OUT HEARS. IT HURTS A LOT.

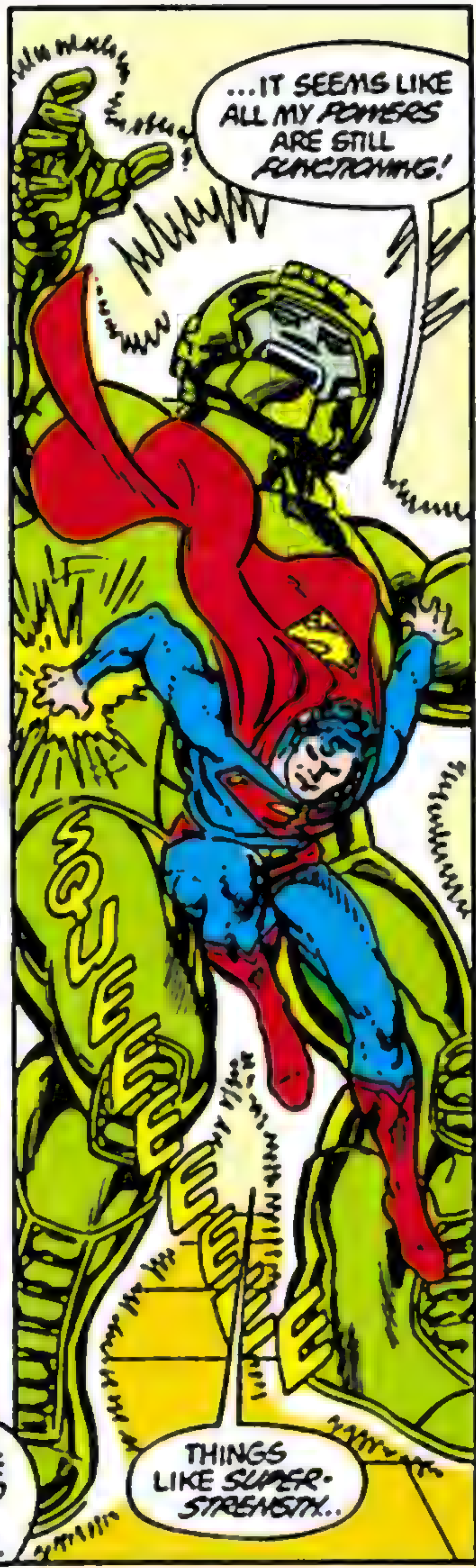
BUT...IT DOESN'T ACTUALLY SEEM TO BE KILLING ME.

IN FACT.. IF I FORCE MYSELF TO ASKORE THE PAIN..

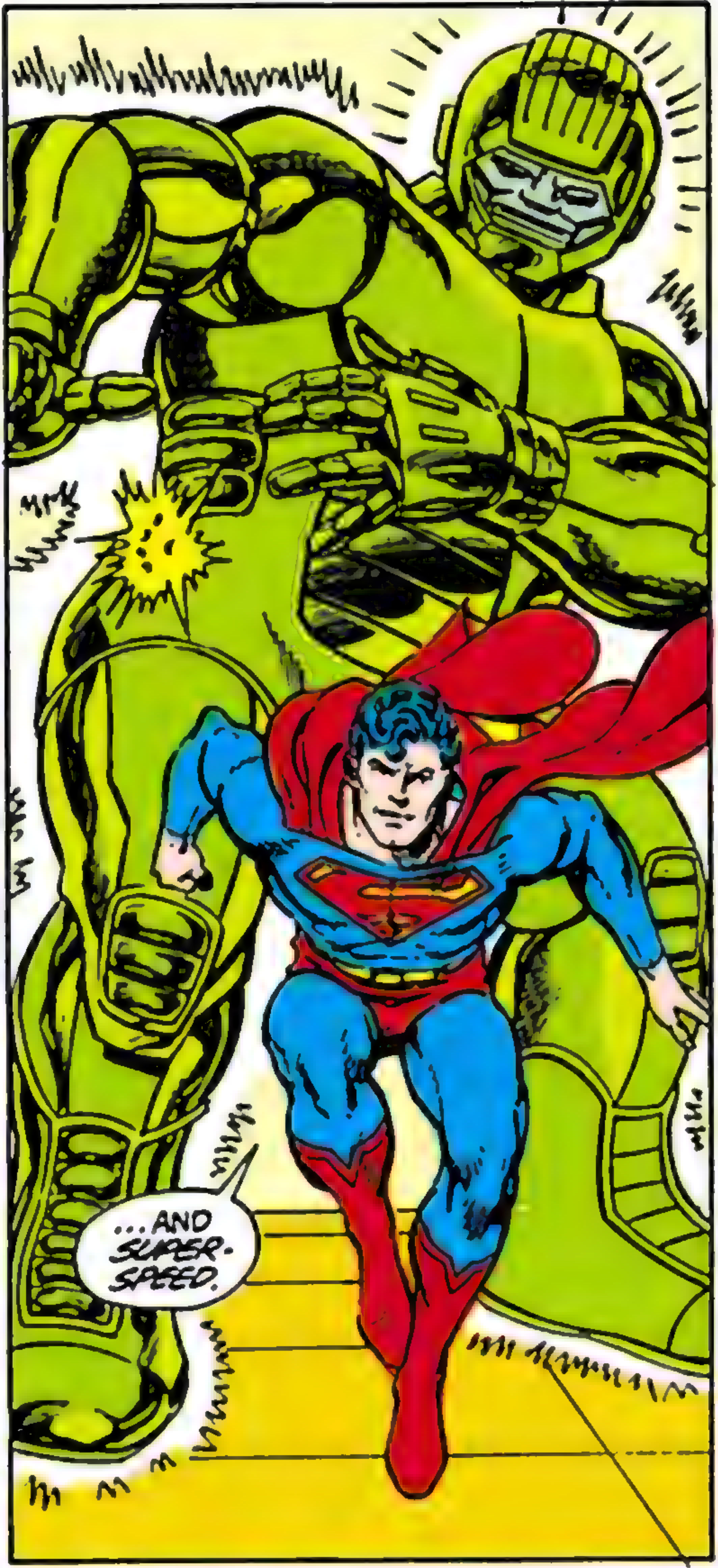


...IT SEEMS LIKE ALL MY POWERS ARE STILL FUNCTIONING!

THINGS LIKE SUPER-STRENGTH..



...AND SUPER-SPEED.



AND MAYBE ENOUGH PITS ABOUT ME STILL TO UNDO WHATEVER IT IS YOU'VE DONE TO TAK..

IF I CAN FIGURE OUT THE REASORBING SEQUENCE BEFORE...

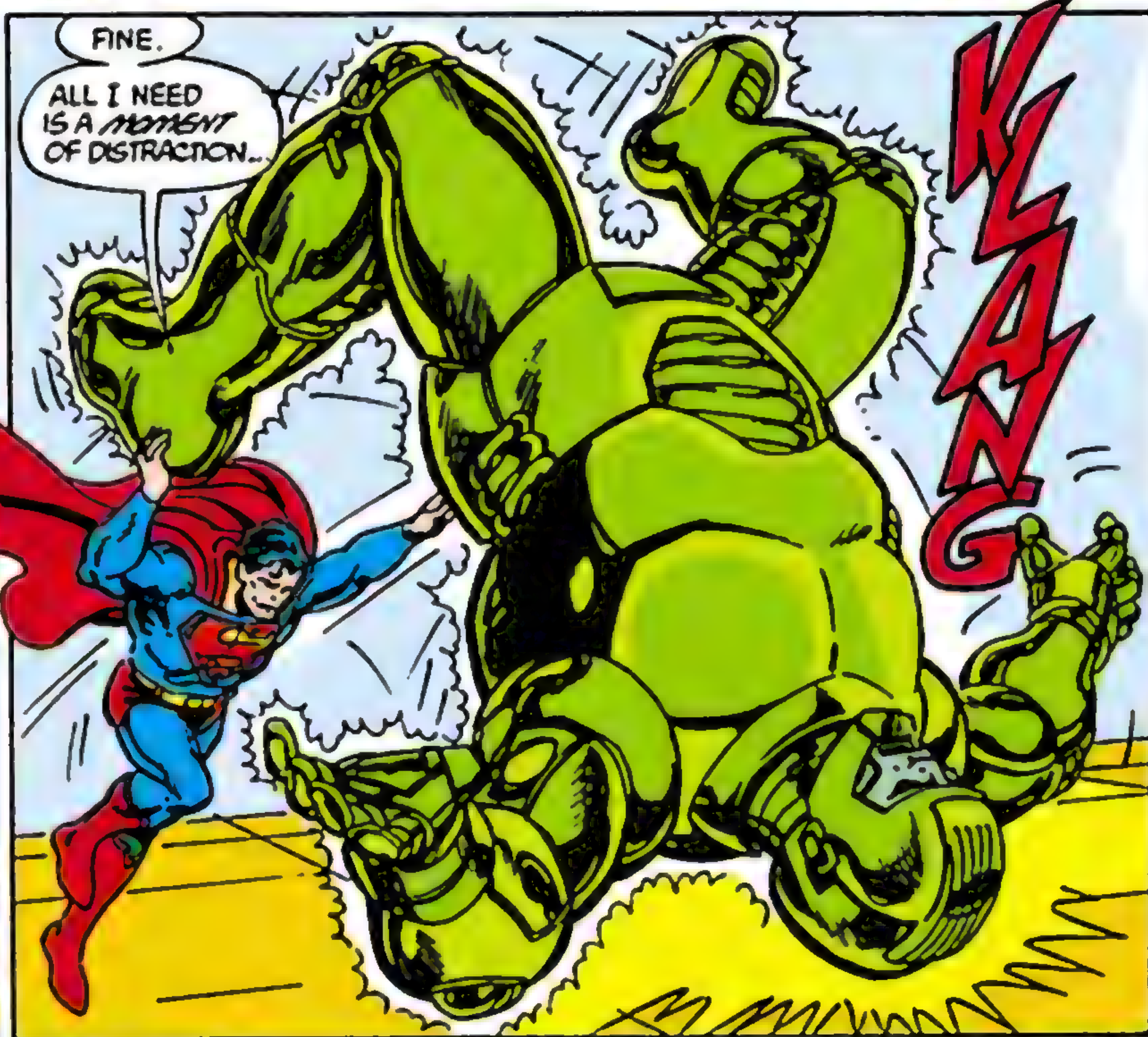
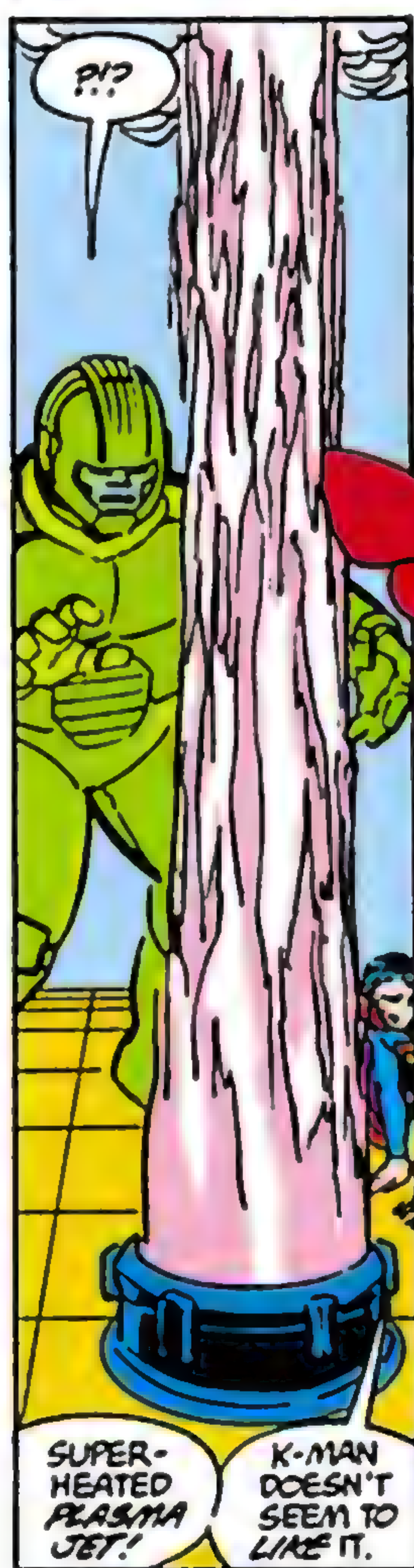
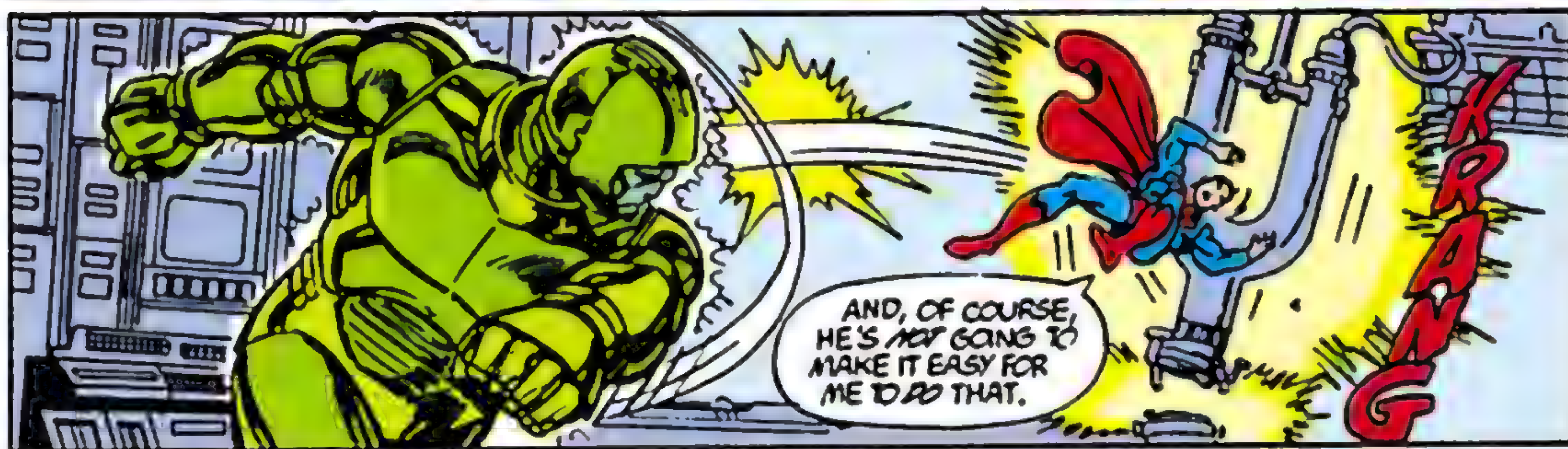
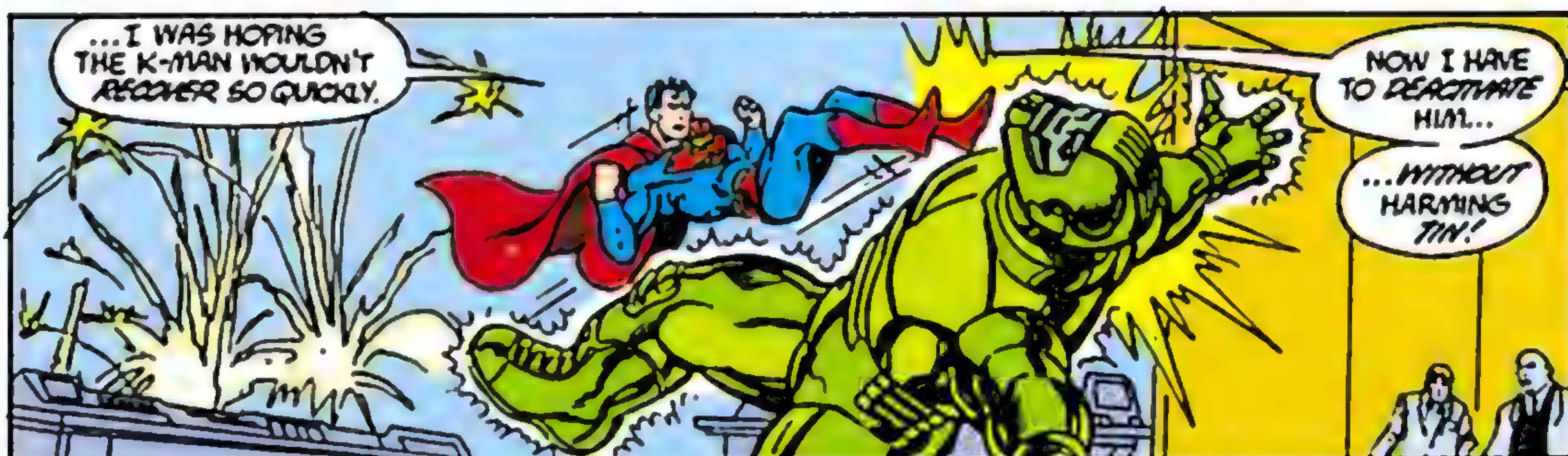


BLAST!!

I KNOW THE METAL MEN ARE CAPABLE OF EXPERIENCING A KIND OF PAIN RESPONSE...

SKRASH

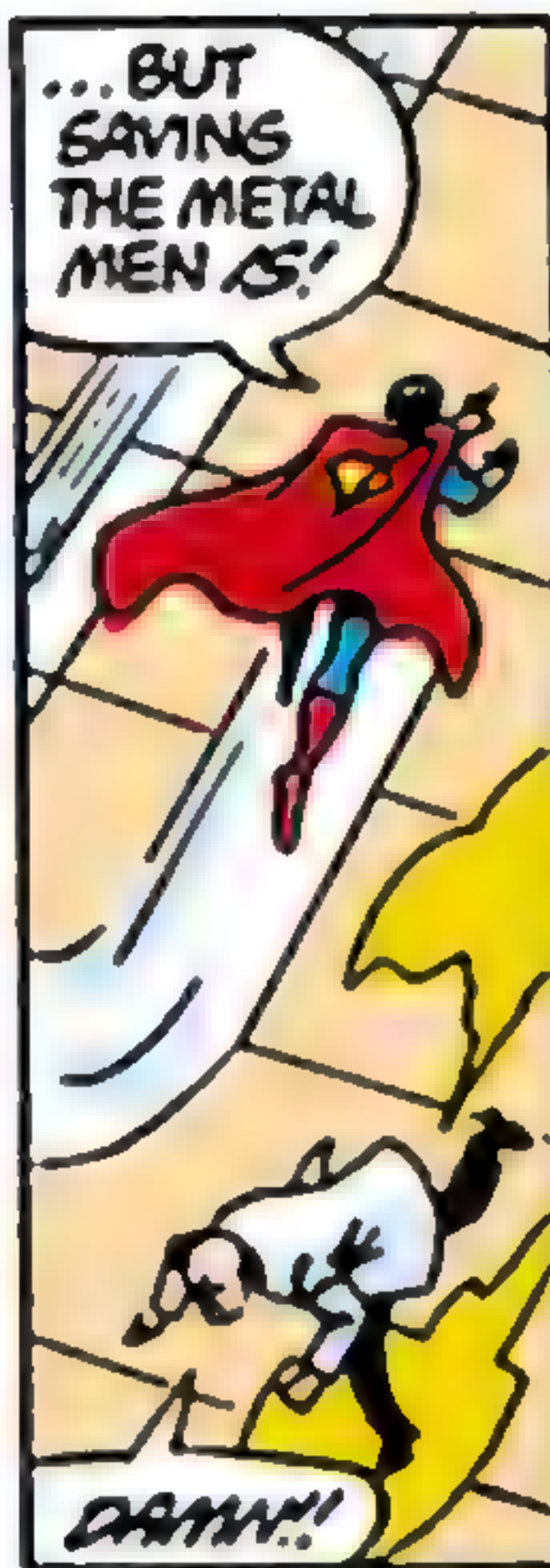






THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF I KEEP YOU FROM DOING THAT?

DYING JUST ISN'T ON MY LIST OF THINGS TO DO...



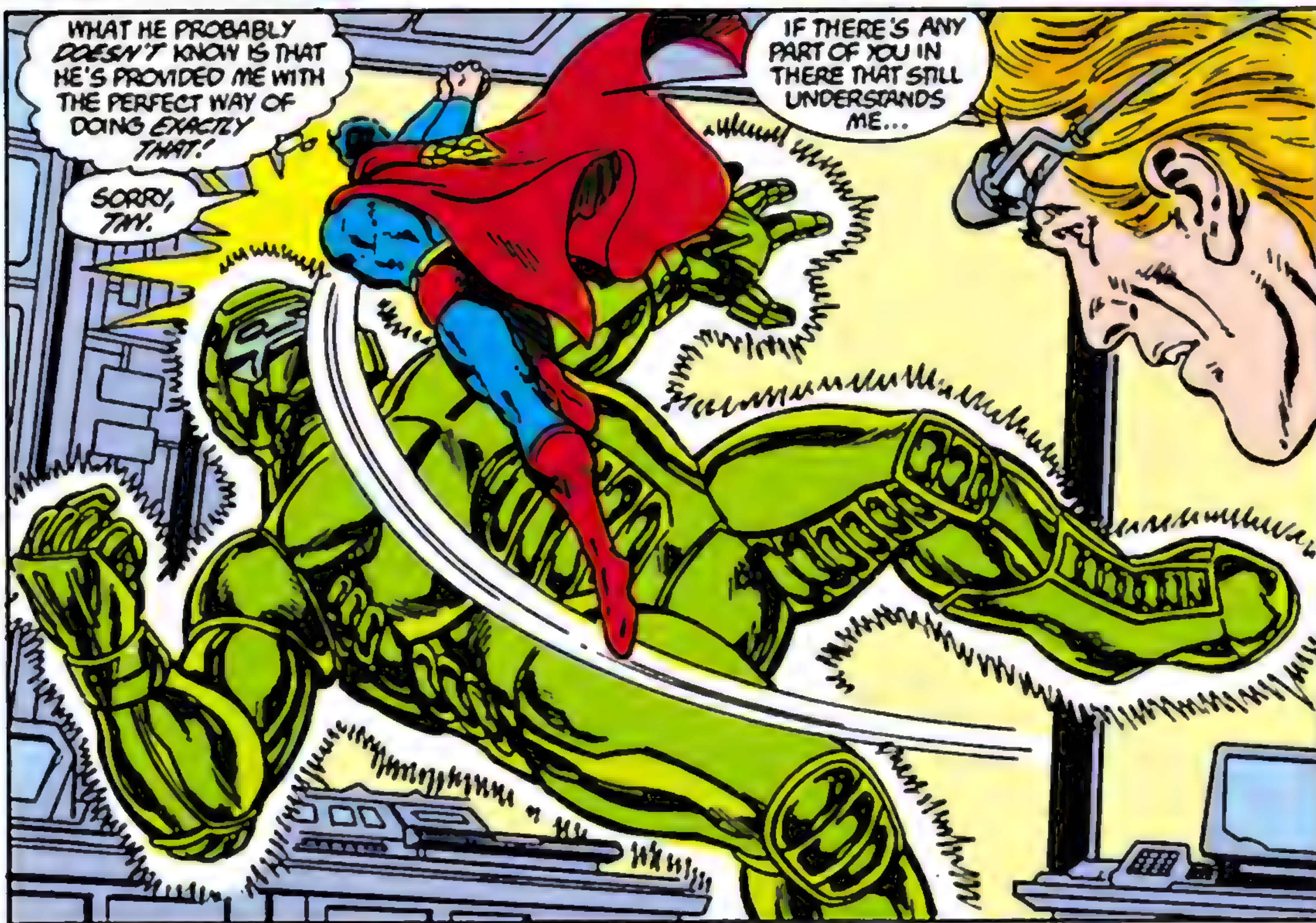
...BUT SAVING THE METAL MEN IS!

DAMN!



LUTHOR'S MAKING HIS GETAWAY.

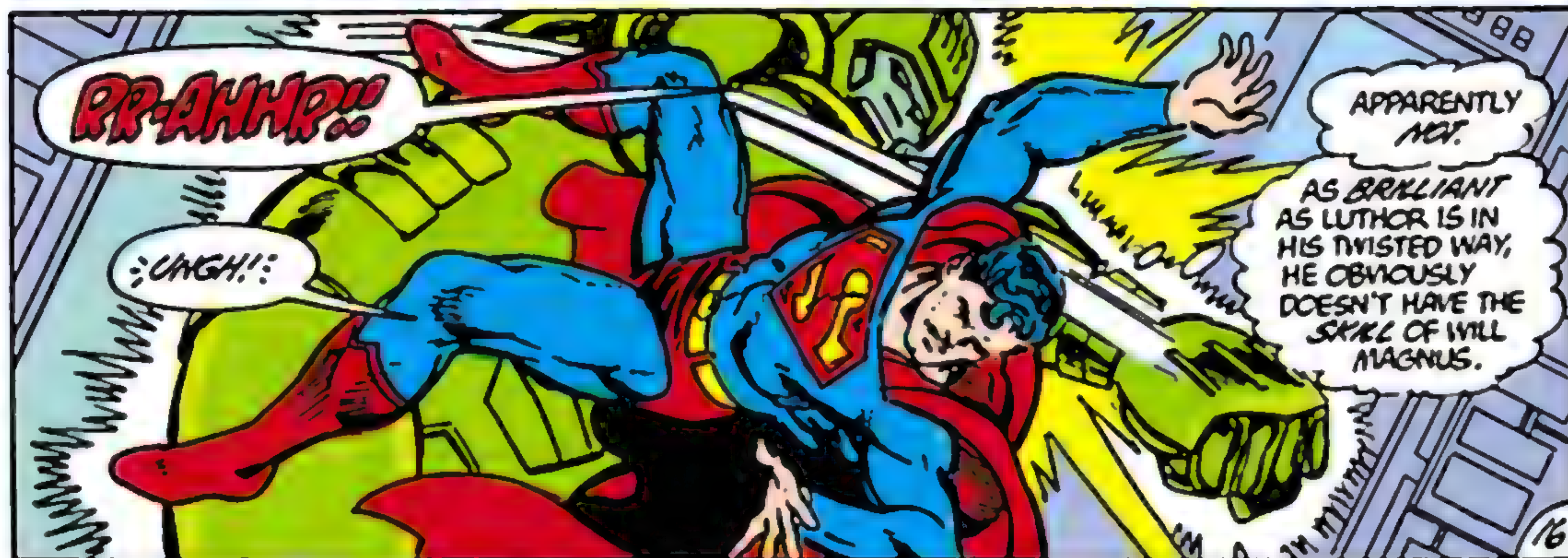
HE KNOWS I'LL HAVE TO TEND TO THE K-MAN BEFORE I CAN GO AFTER HIM.



WHAT HE PROBABLY DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT HE'S PROVIDED ME WITH THE PERFECT WAY OF DOING EXACTLY THAT!

SORRY, TTY.

IF THERE'S ANY PART OF YOU IN THERE THAT STILL UNDERSTANDS ME...

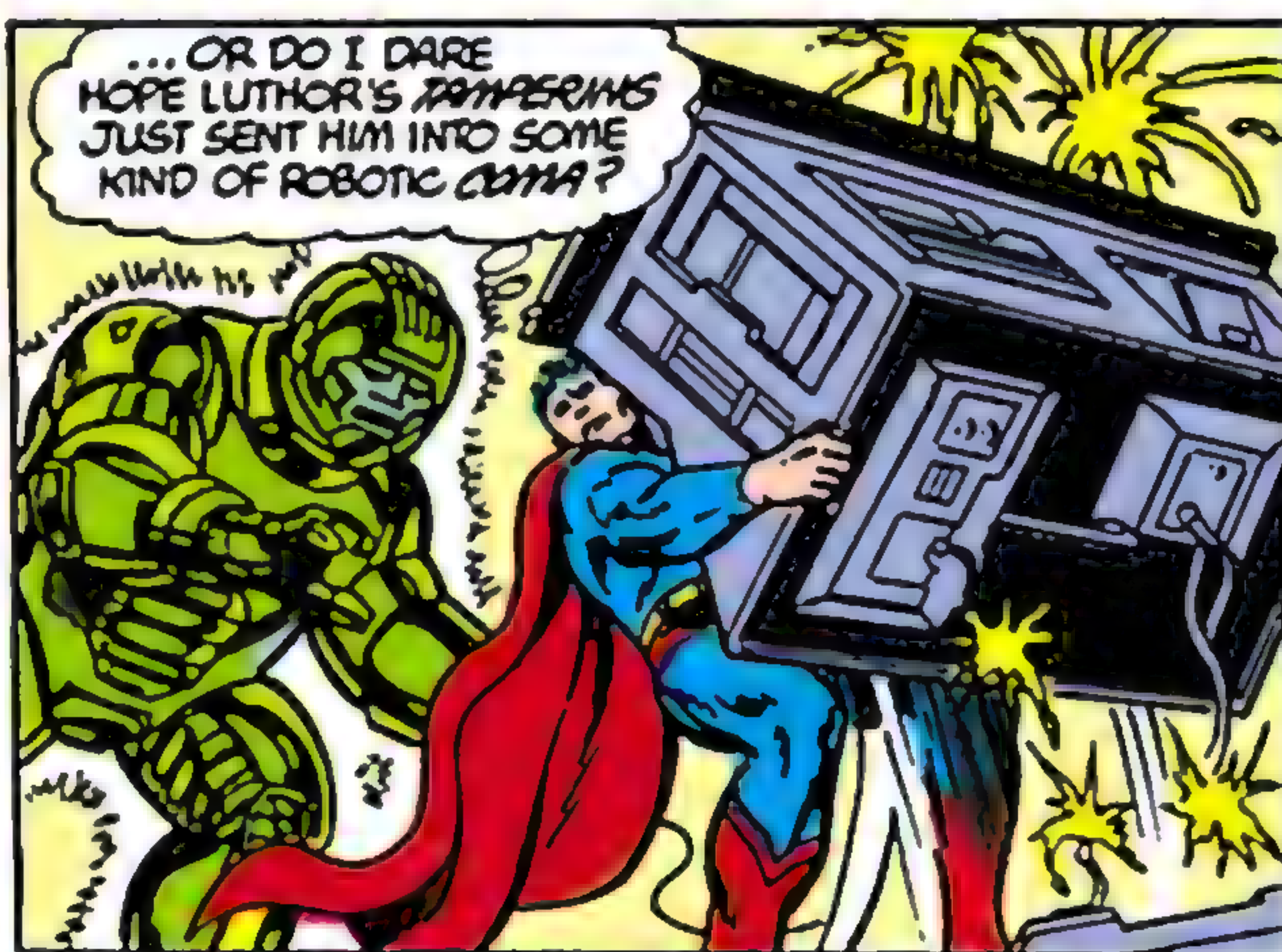
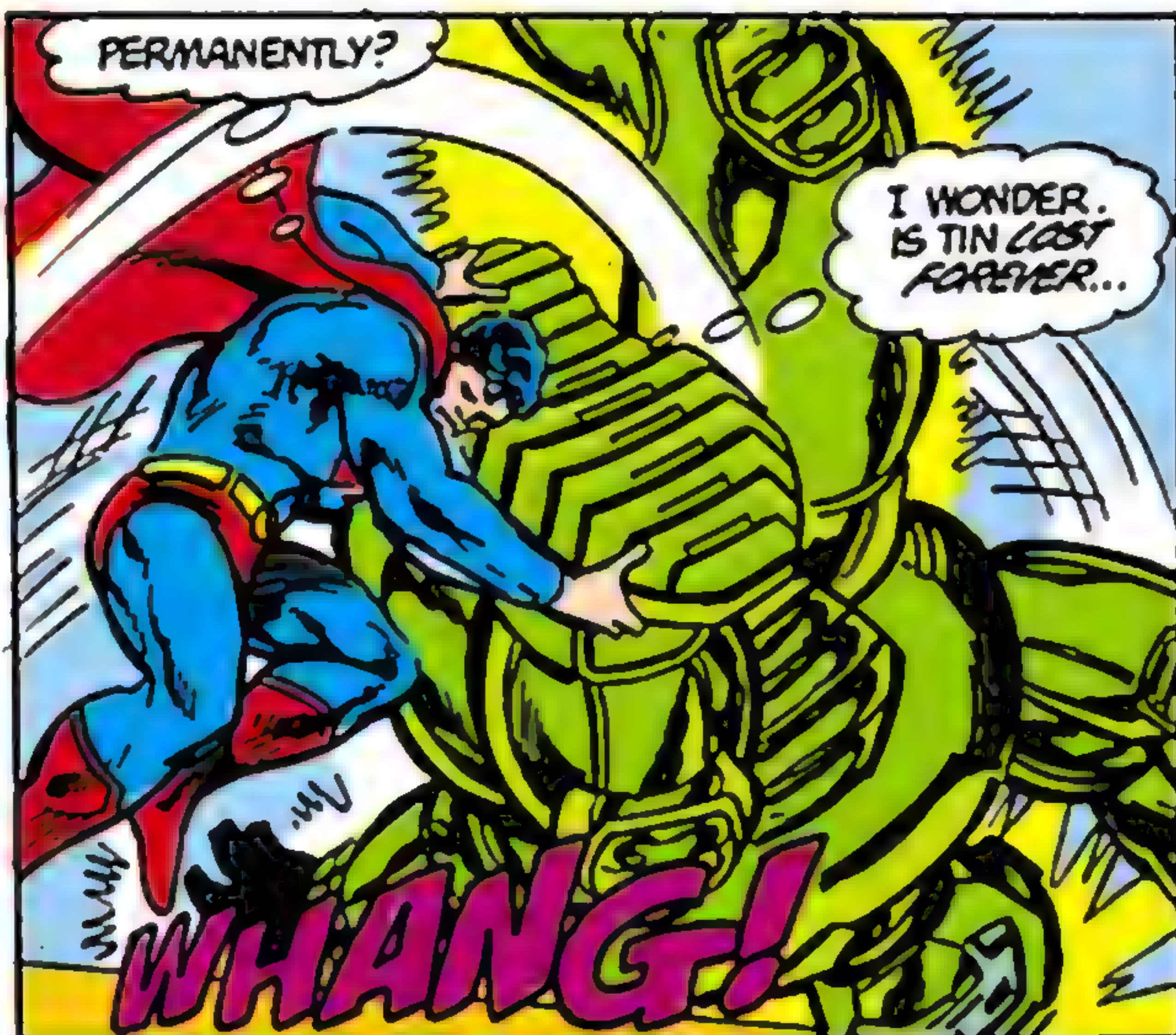
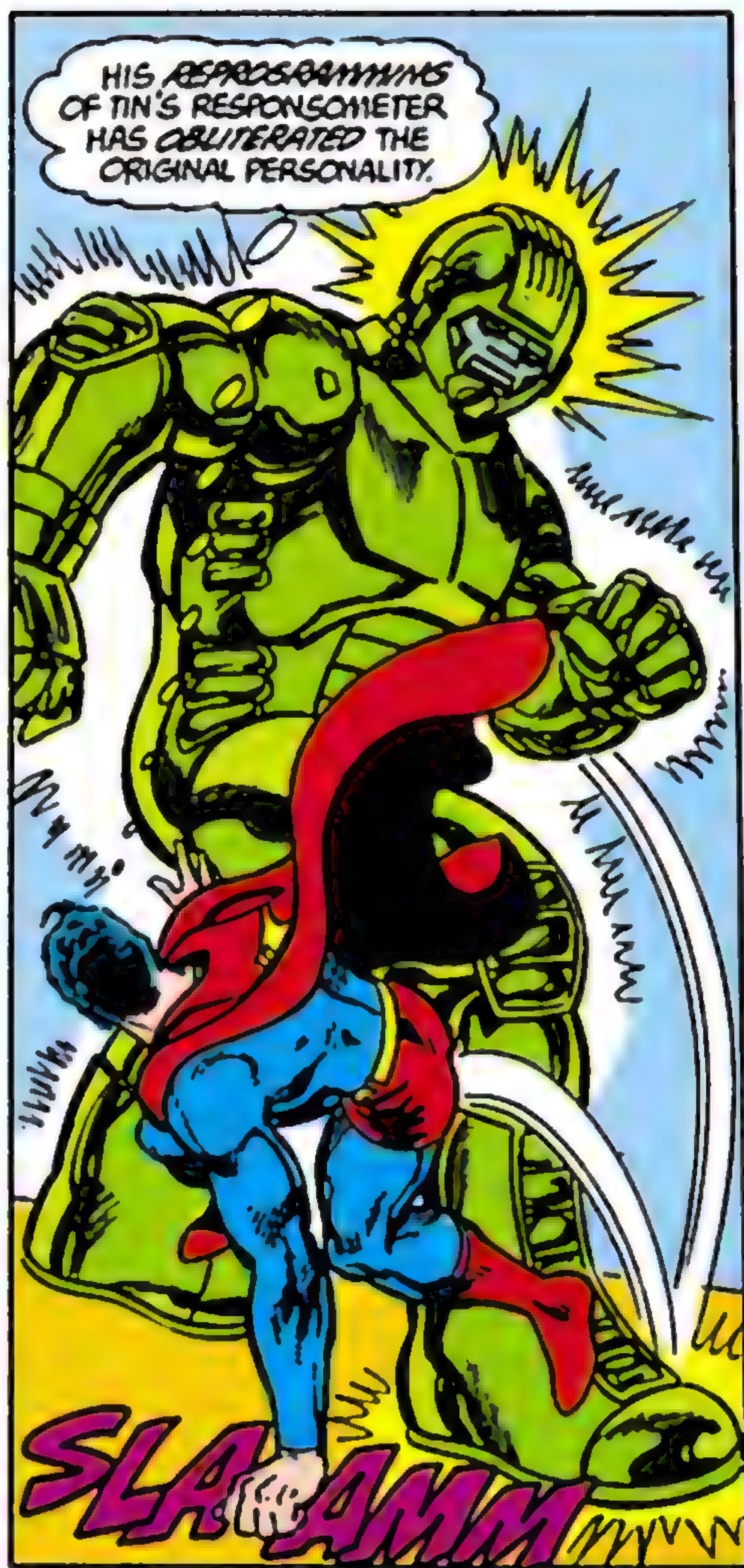


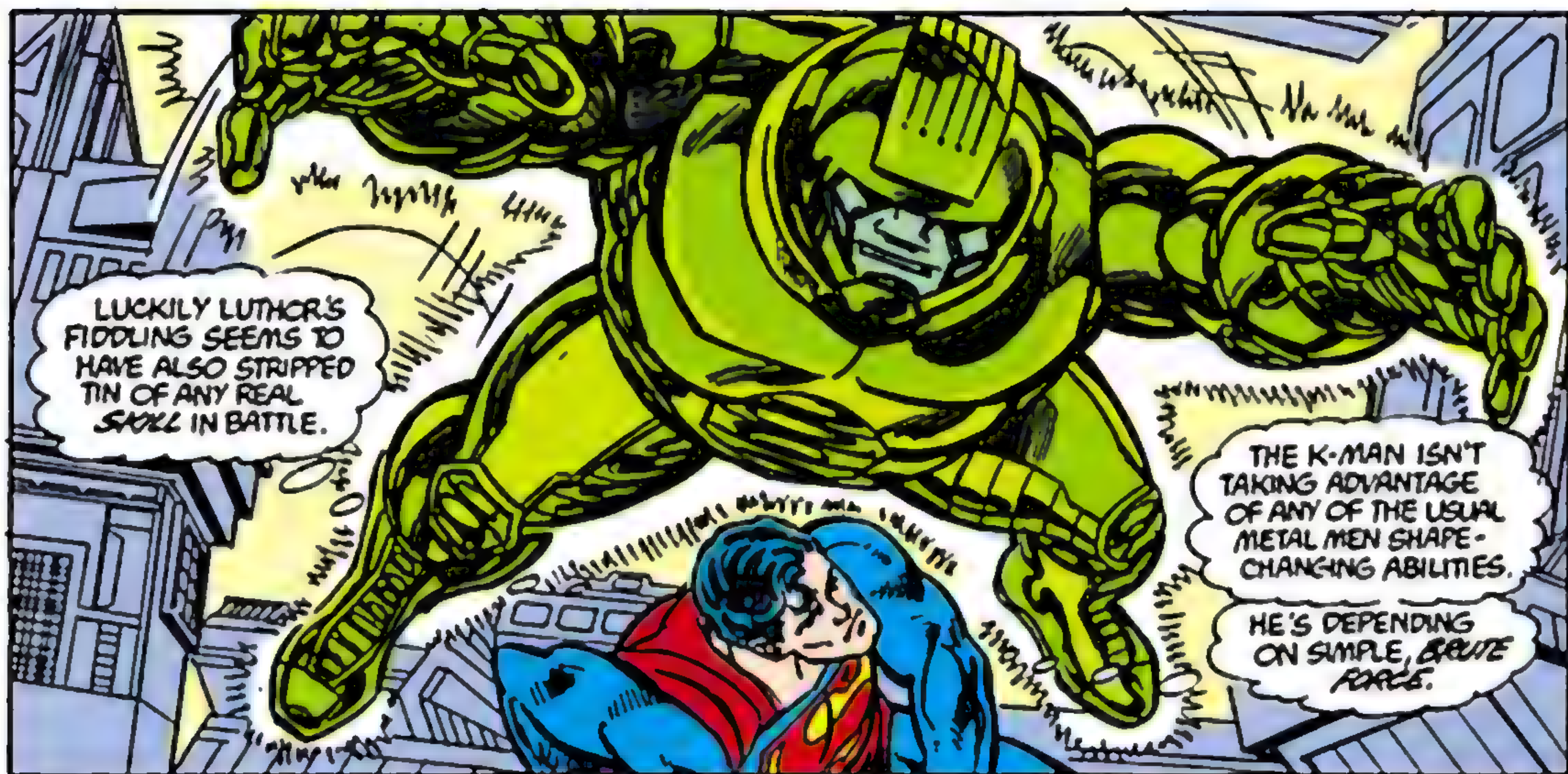
RR-AHHR!!

UGH!!

APPARENTLY NOT.

AS BRILLIANT AS LUTHOR IS IN HIS TWISTED WAY, HE OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T HAVE THE SKILL OF WILL MAGNUS.

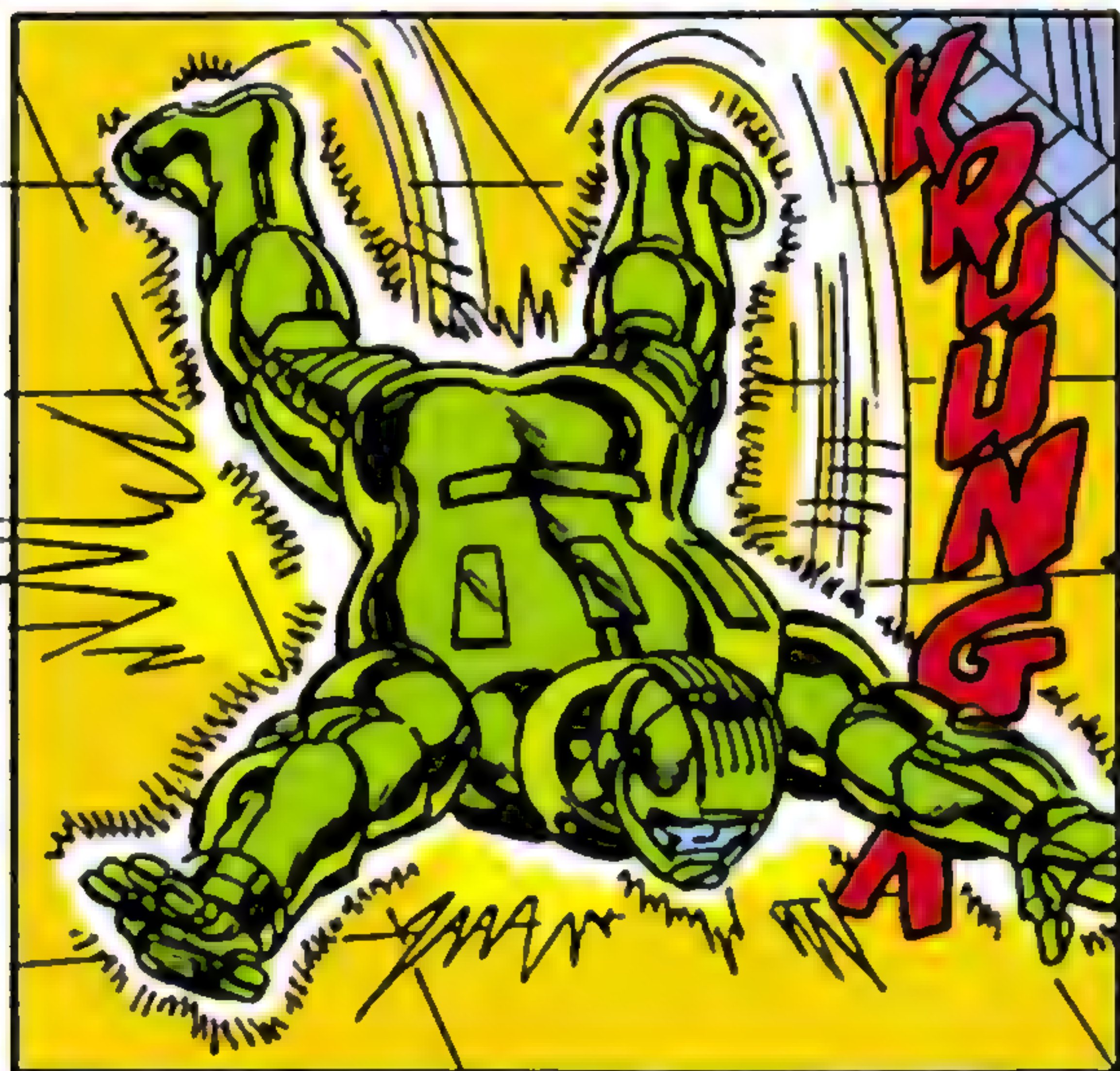




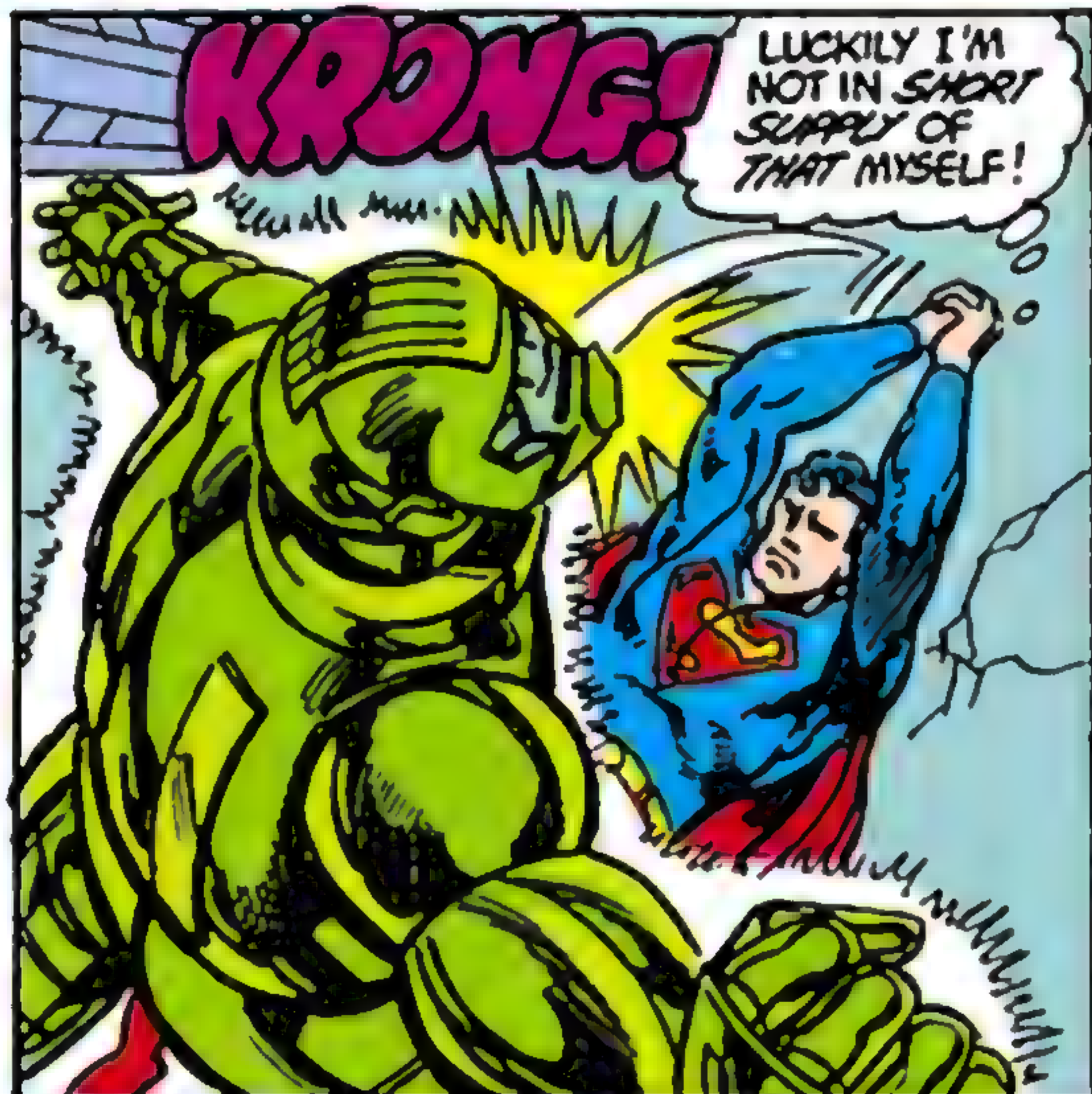
LUCKILY LUTHOR'S FIDDLING SEEMS TO HAVE ALSO STRIPPED TIN OF ANY REAL SKILL IN BATTLE.

THE K-MAN ISN'T TAKING ADVANTAGE OF ANY OF THE USUAL METAL MEN SHAPE-CHANGING ABILITIES.

HE'S DEPENDING ON SIMPLE, BRUTE FORCE.

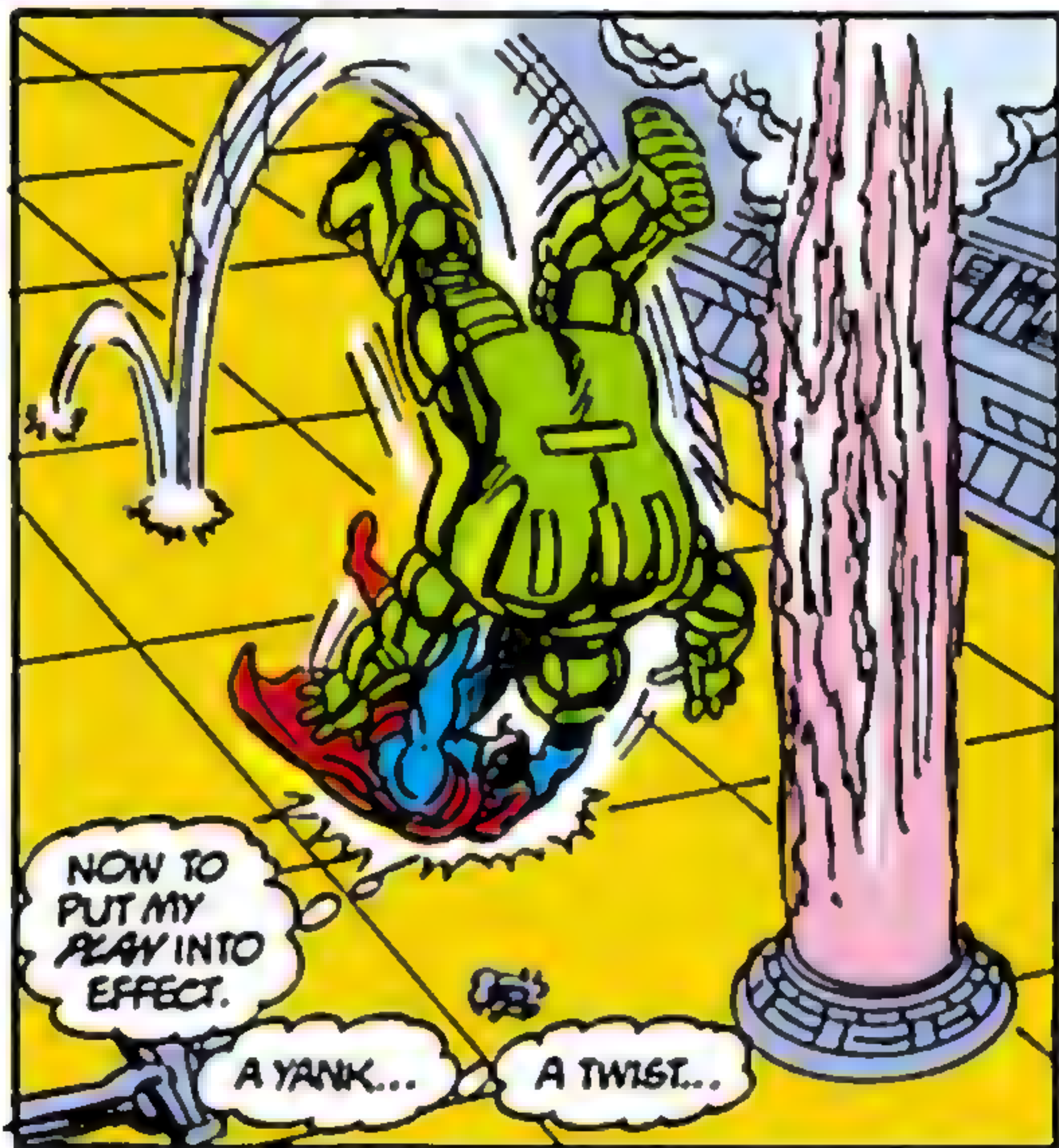


KRUNG



KRONG!

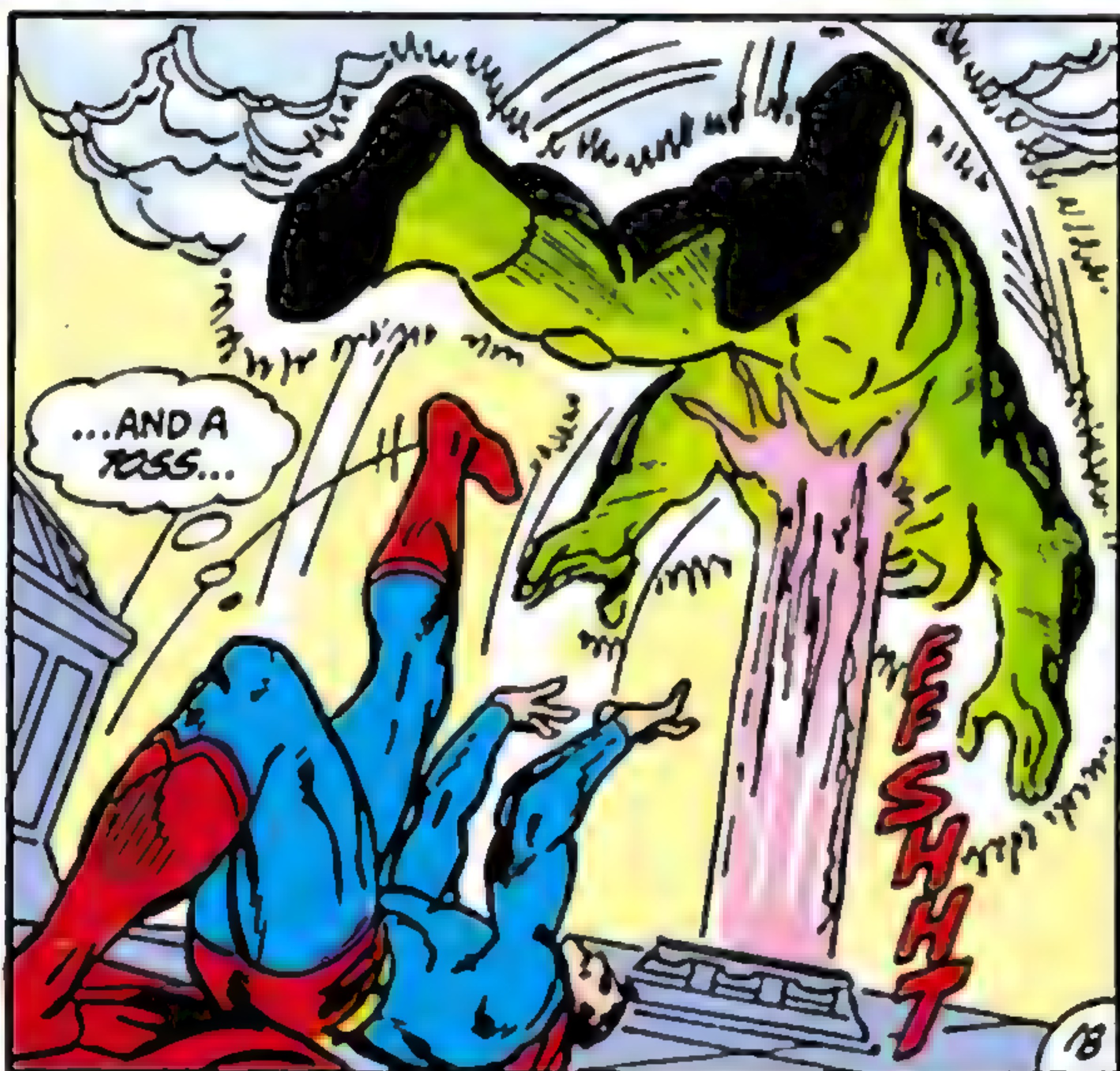
LUCKILY I'M NOT IN SHORT SUPPLY OF THAT MYSELF!



NOW TO PUT MY PLAY INTO EFFECT.

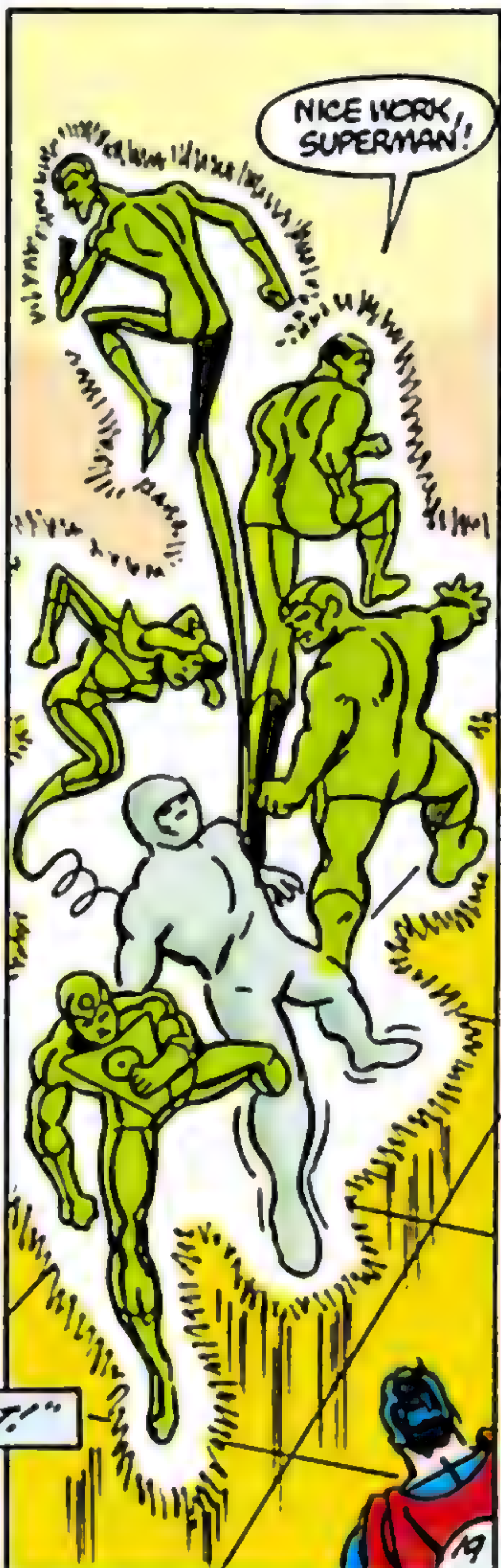
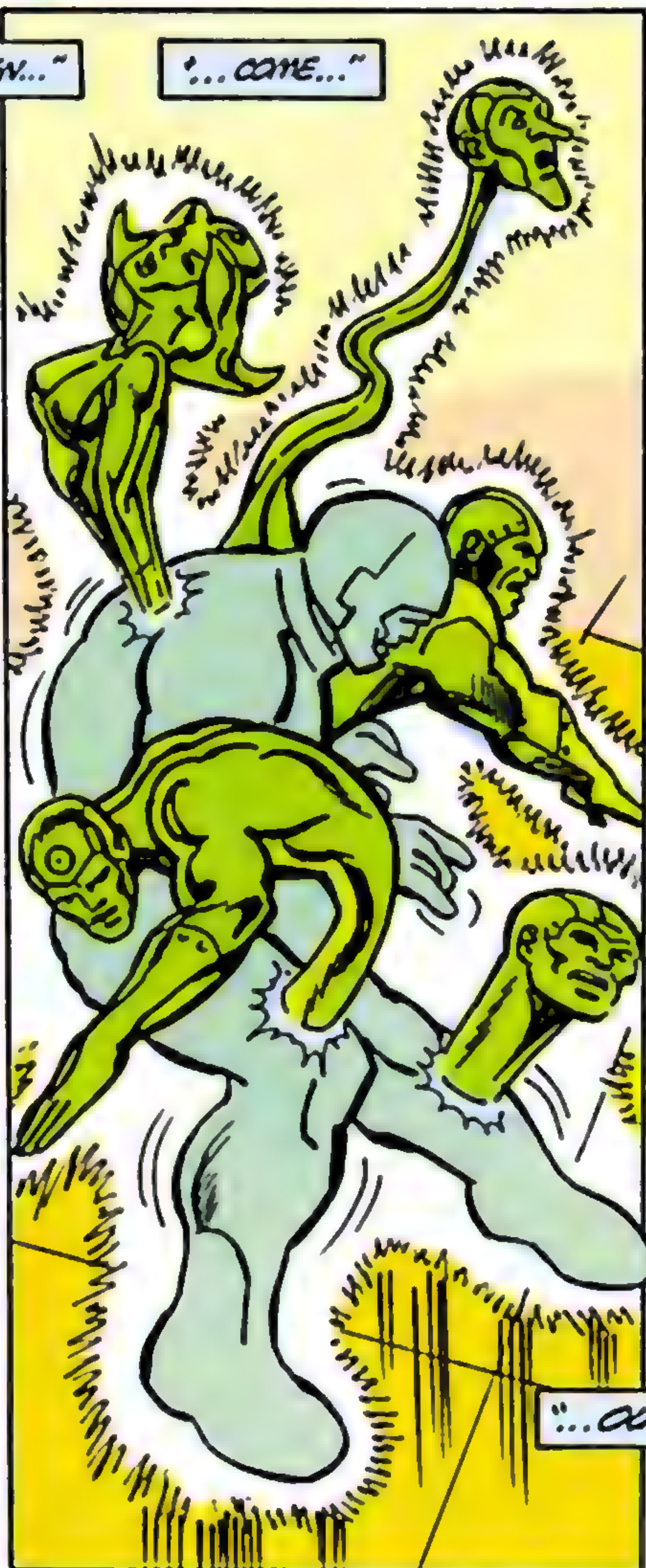
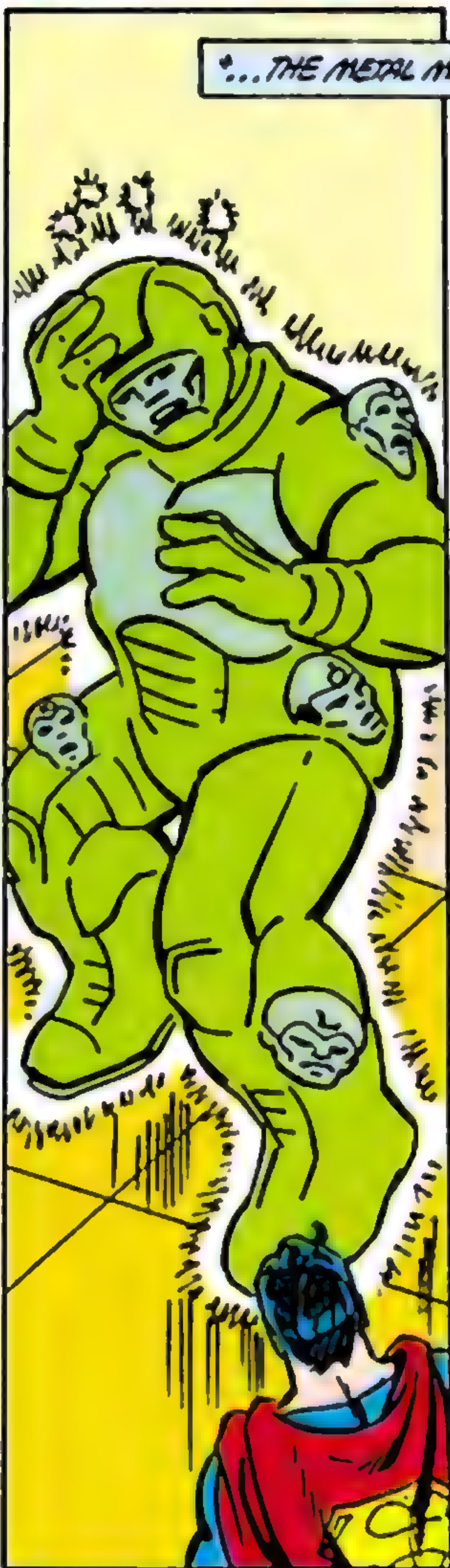
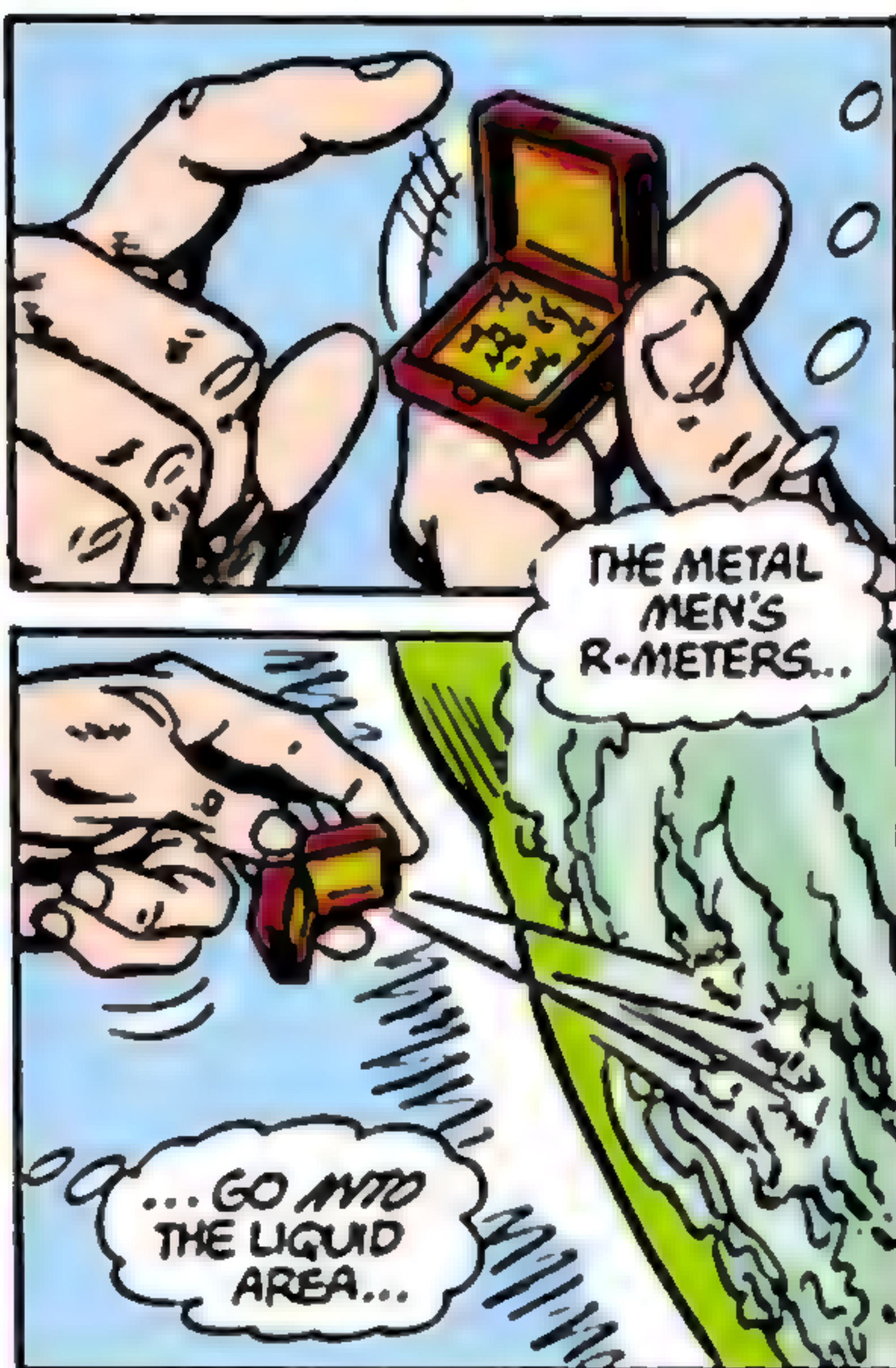
A YANK...

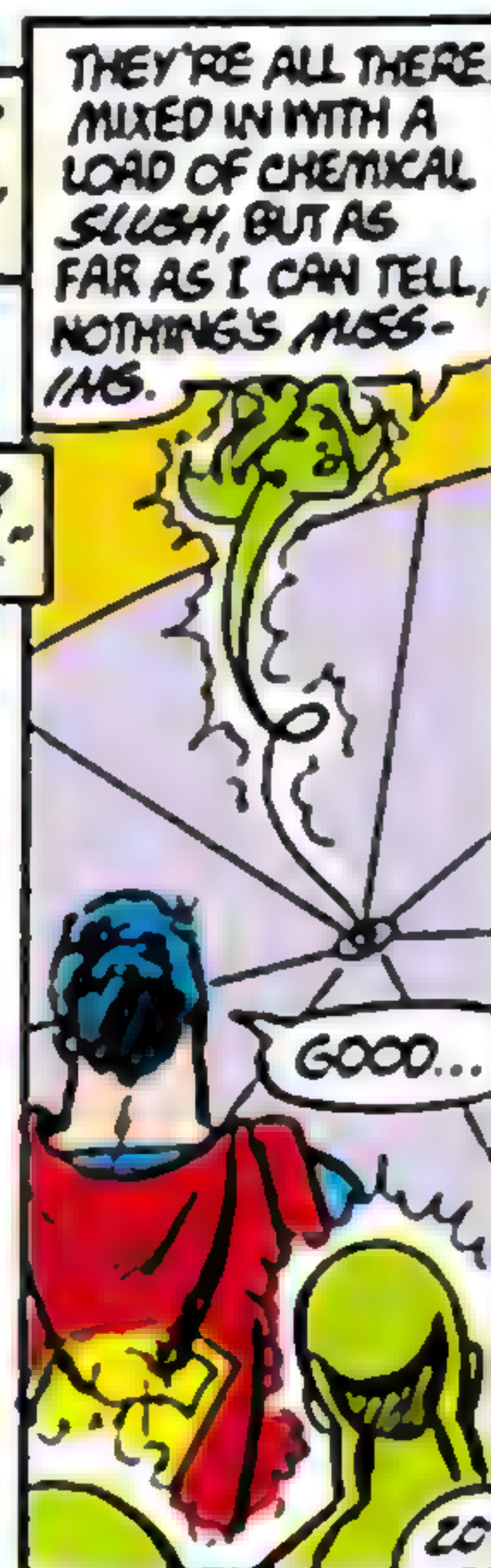
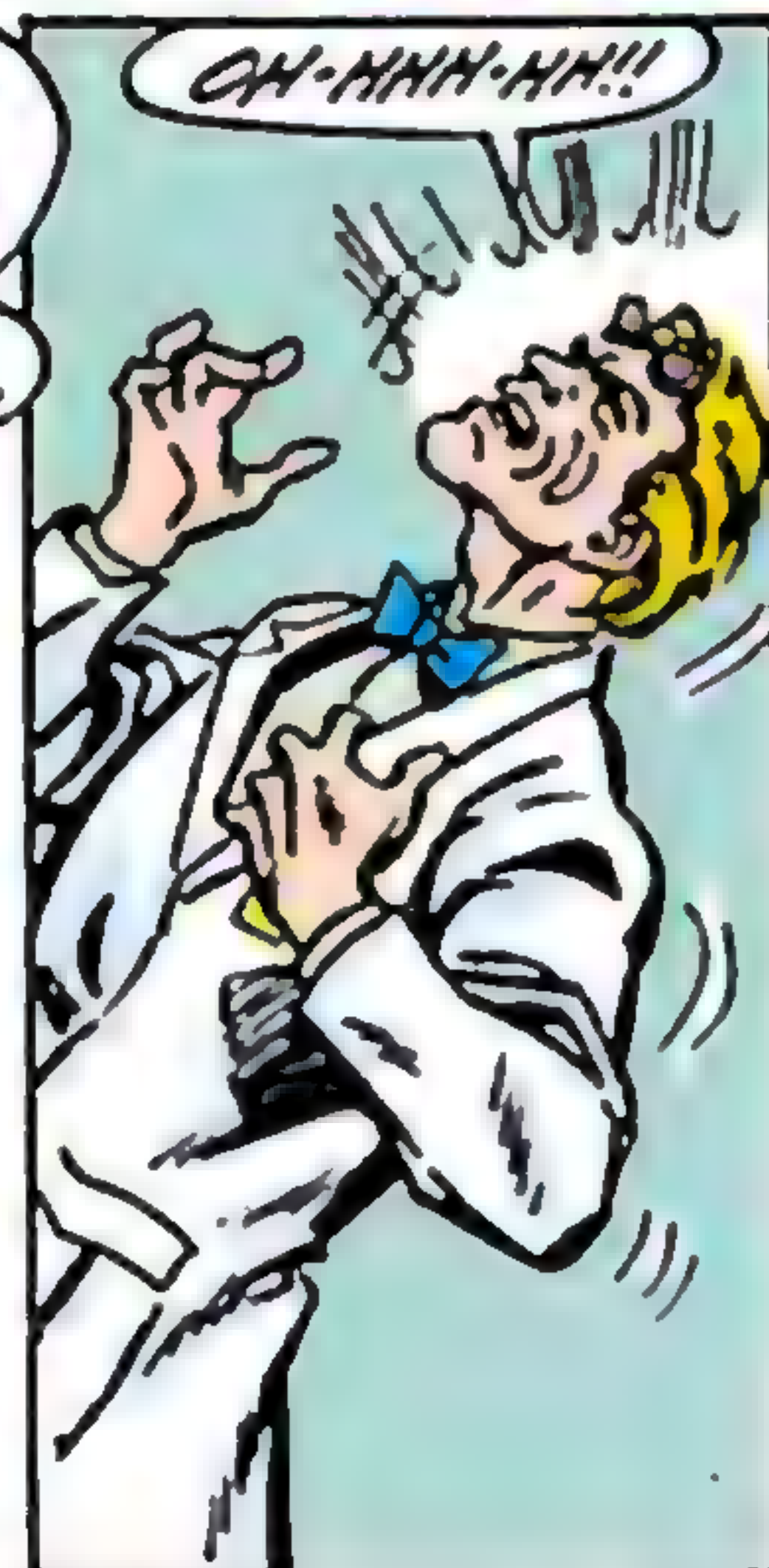
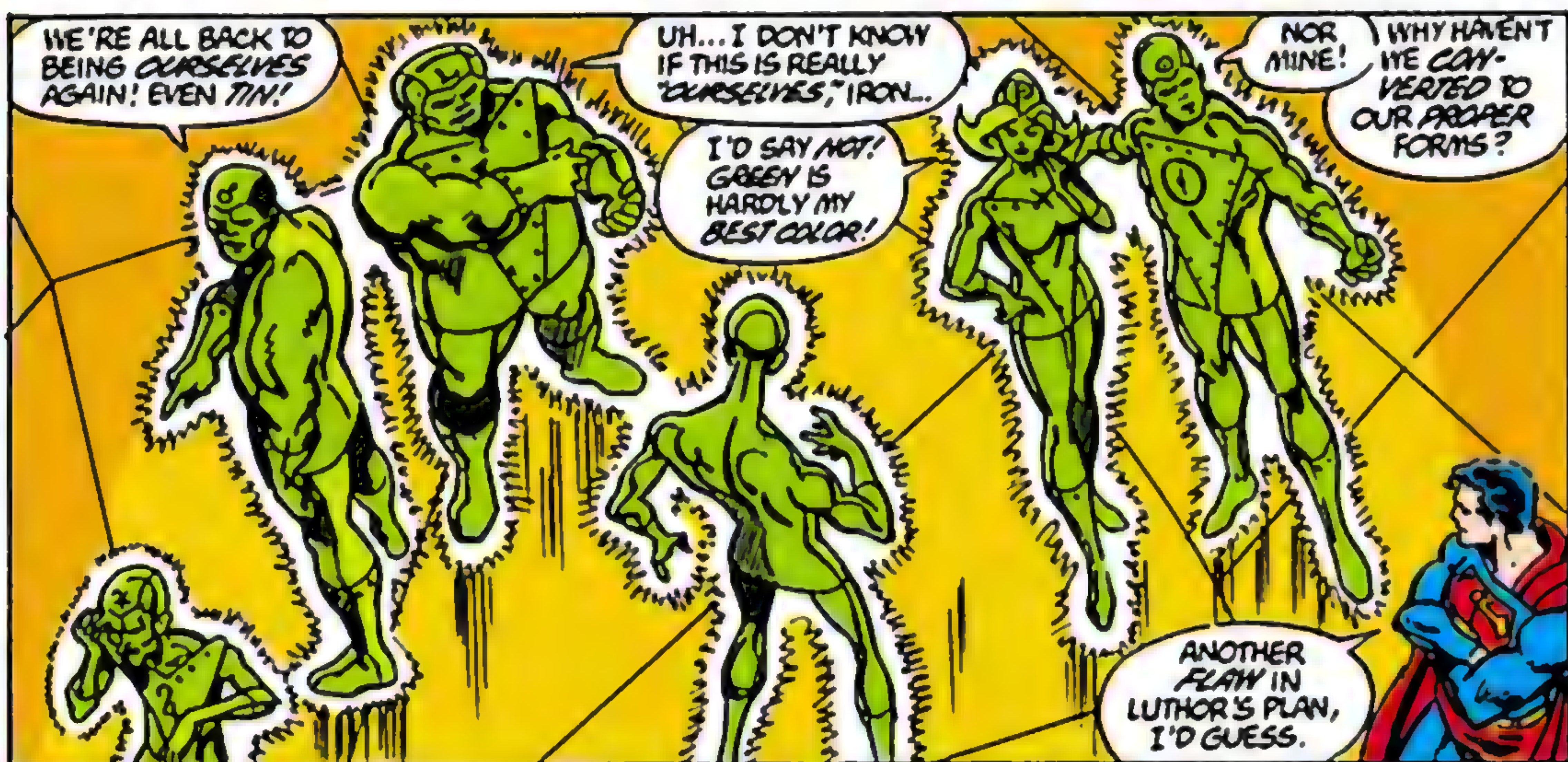
A TWIST...

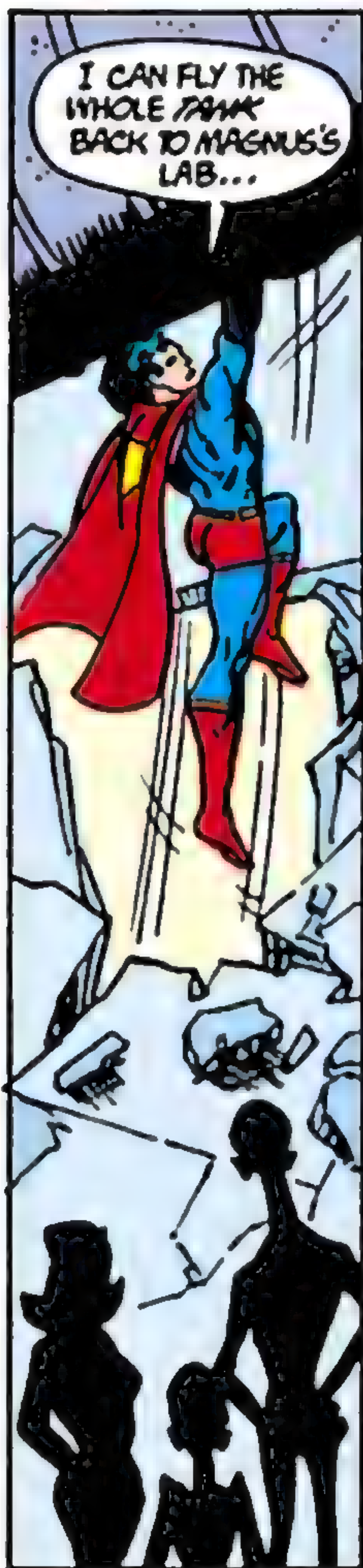


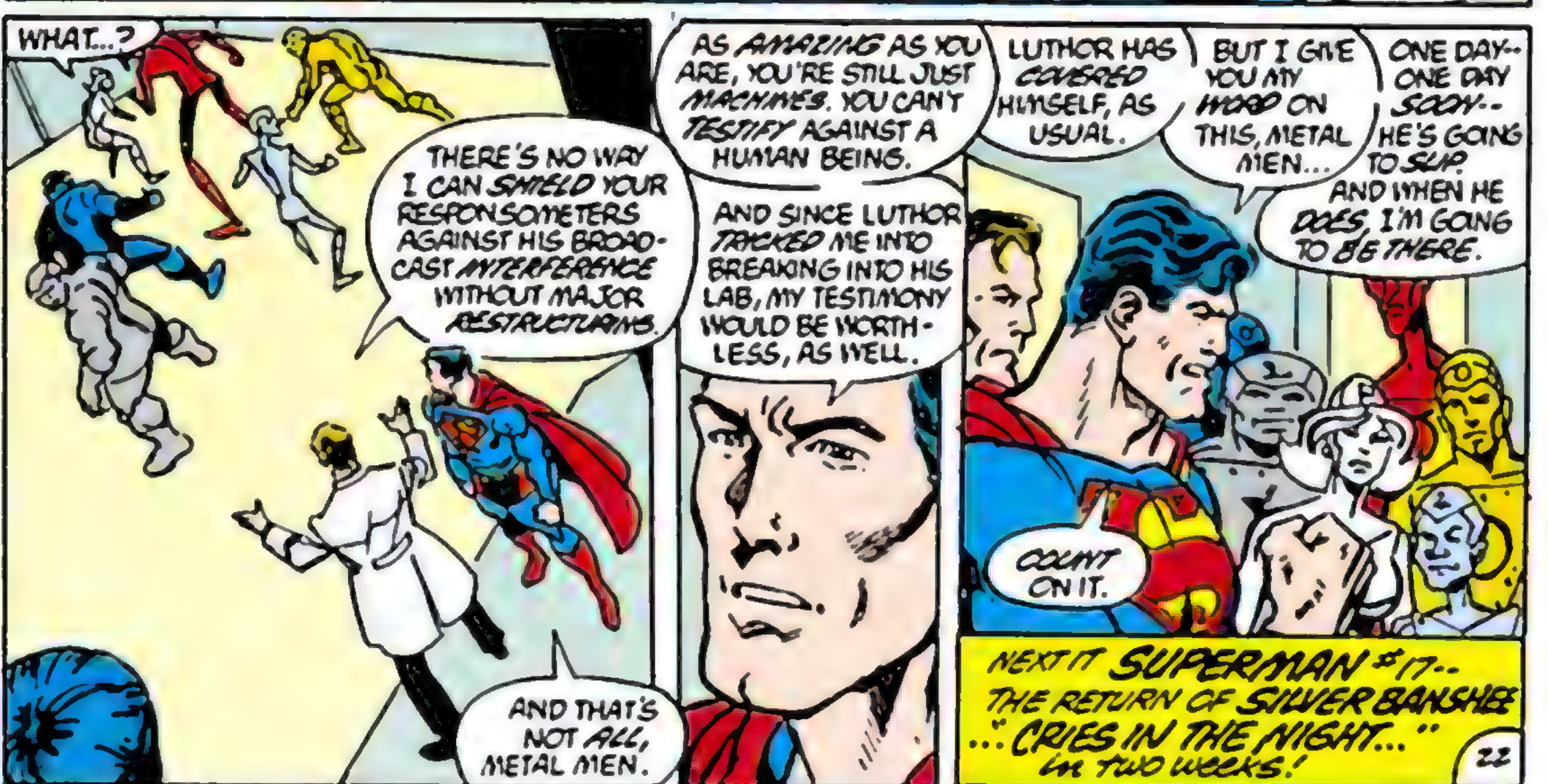
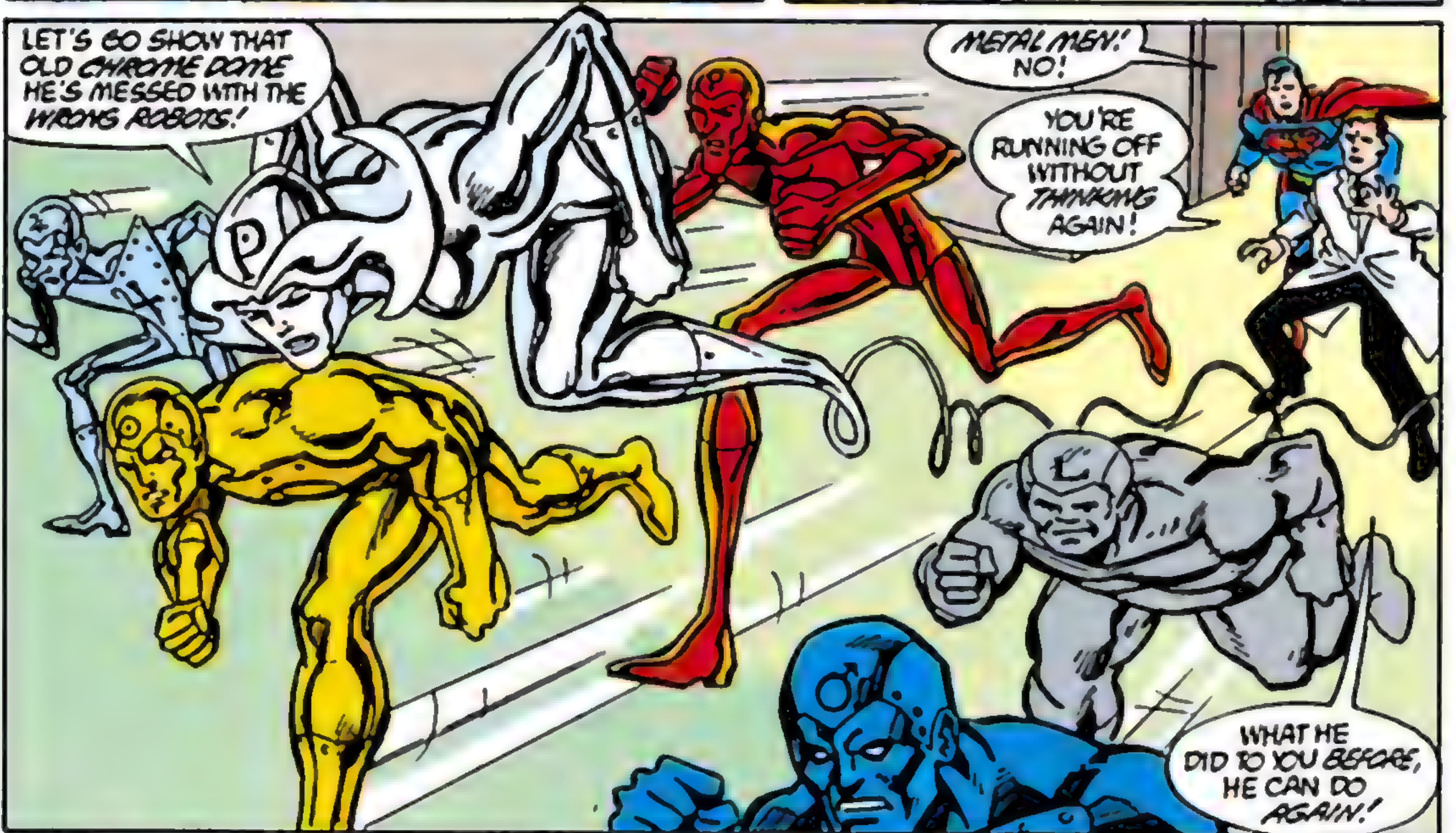
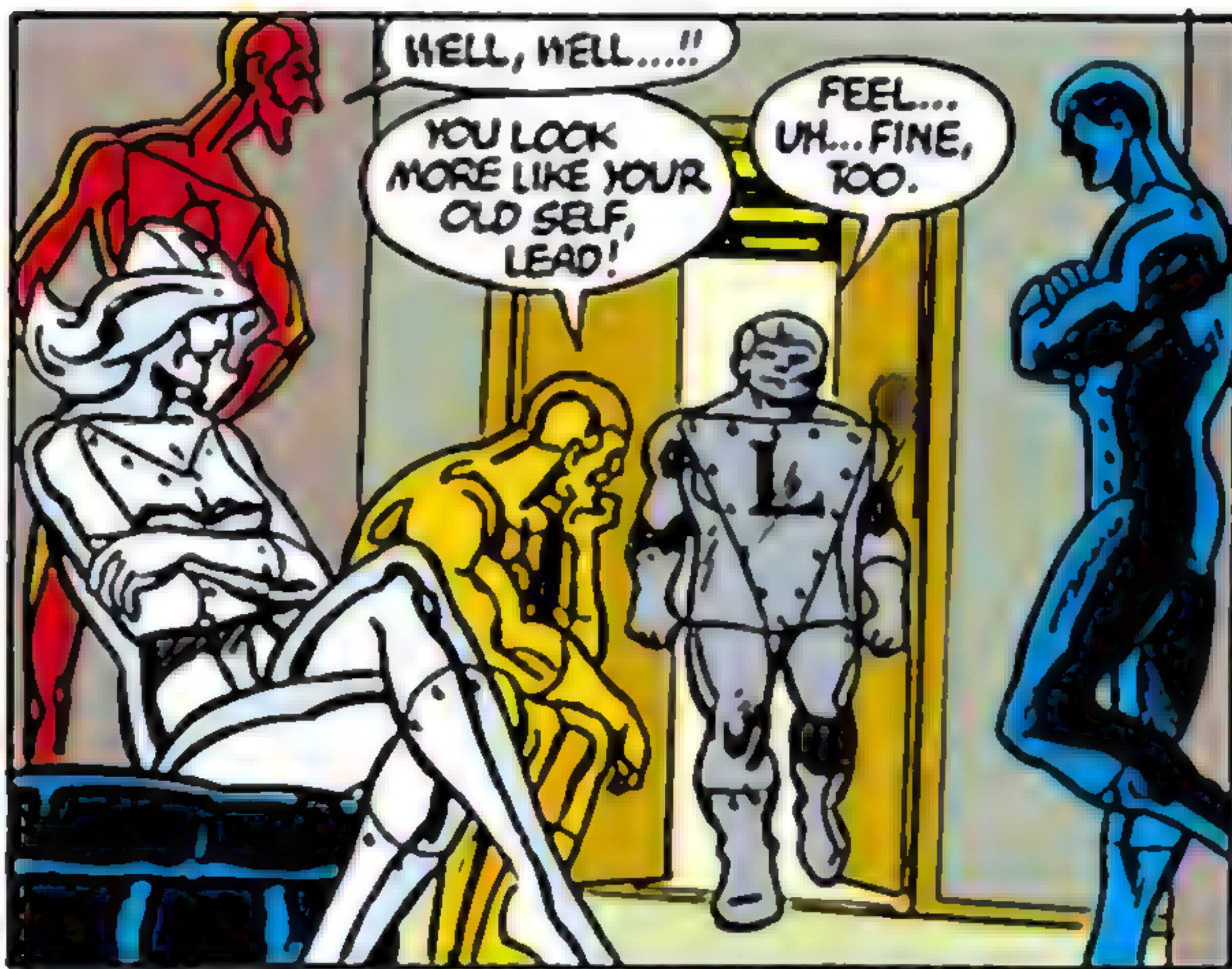
...AND A TOSS...

FRESH









A MERE HOUR HAS PASSED SINCE HE BATTLED LUTHOR'S KRYPTONITE-MAN FOR HIS VERY LIFE, AND A WEARY MAN OF STEEL ROCKETS OVER METROPOLIS...



JOE CALCHI
WRITER

BRITT WISENBAKER
PENCILLER

JAMES SCOTT
INKER

DAN MCKINNON
LETTERER

GLENN WHITMORE
COLORIST

MIKE CARLIN
EDITOR

SUPERMAN

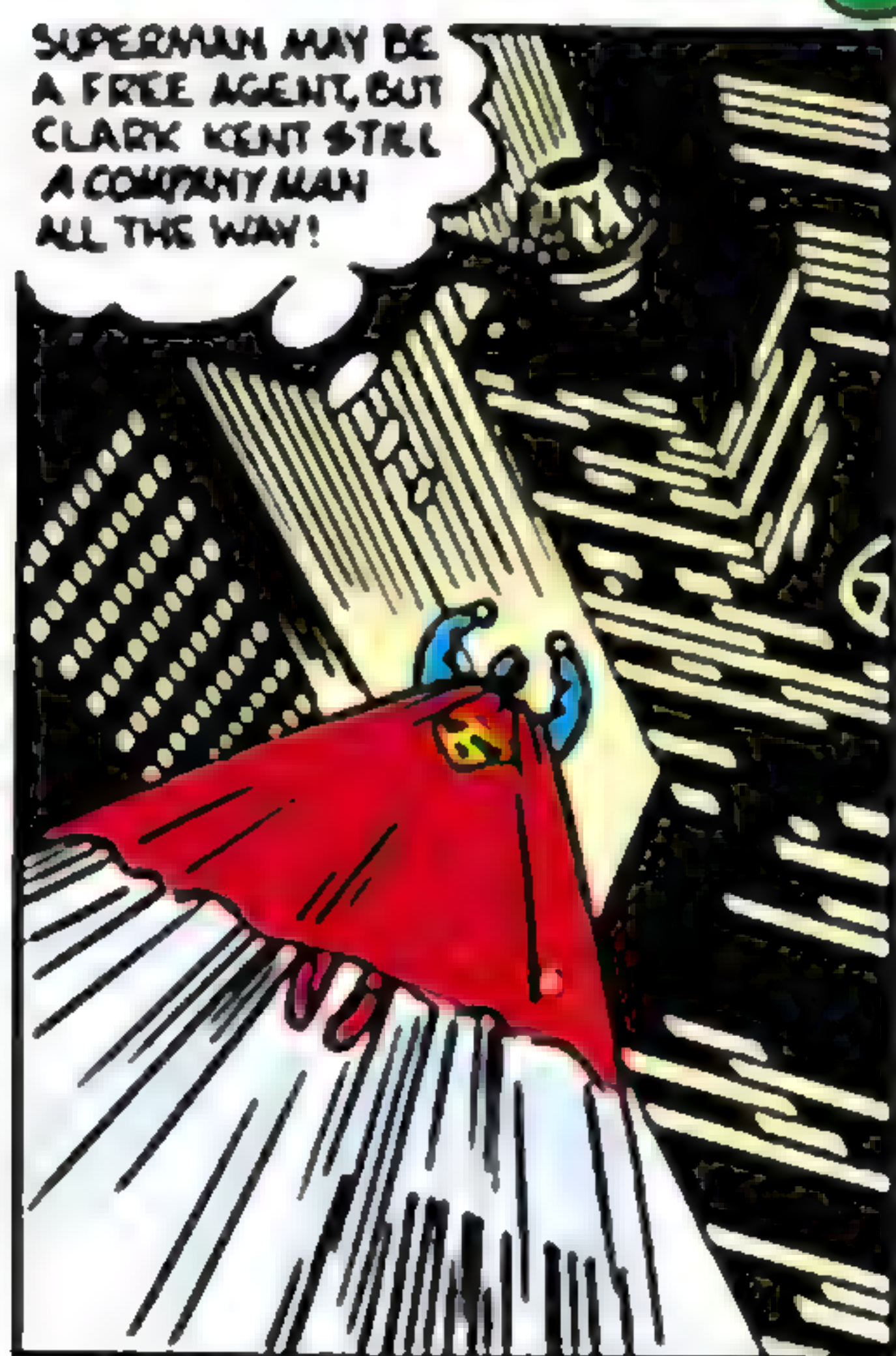
and

JIMMY OLSEN

THE KARMA BAGGERS

Created by
JOEY DOLAN &
JOE SHUSTER

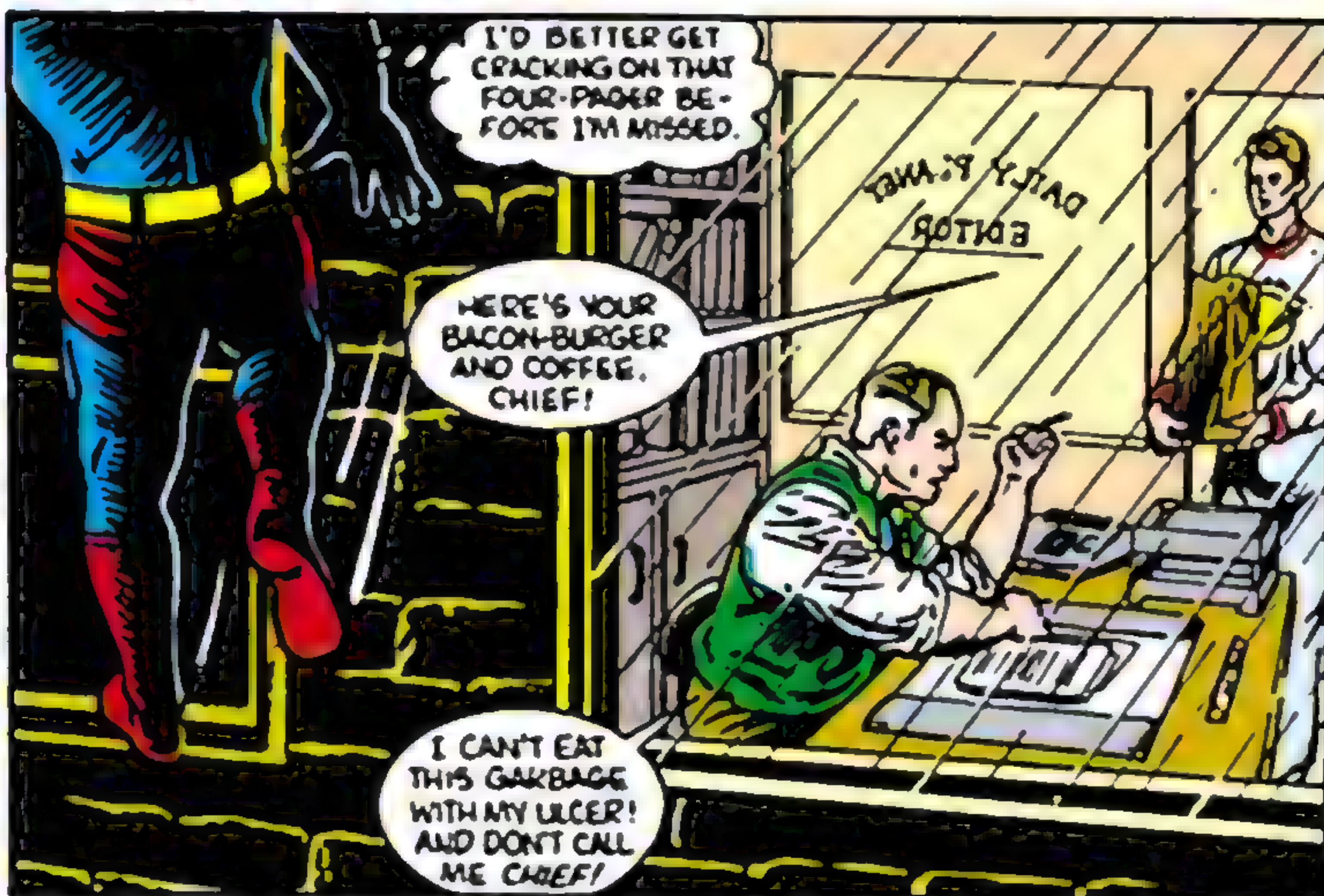
SUPERMAN MAY BE A FREE AGENT, BUT CLARK KENT STILL A COMPANY MAN ALL THE WAY!

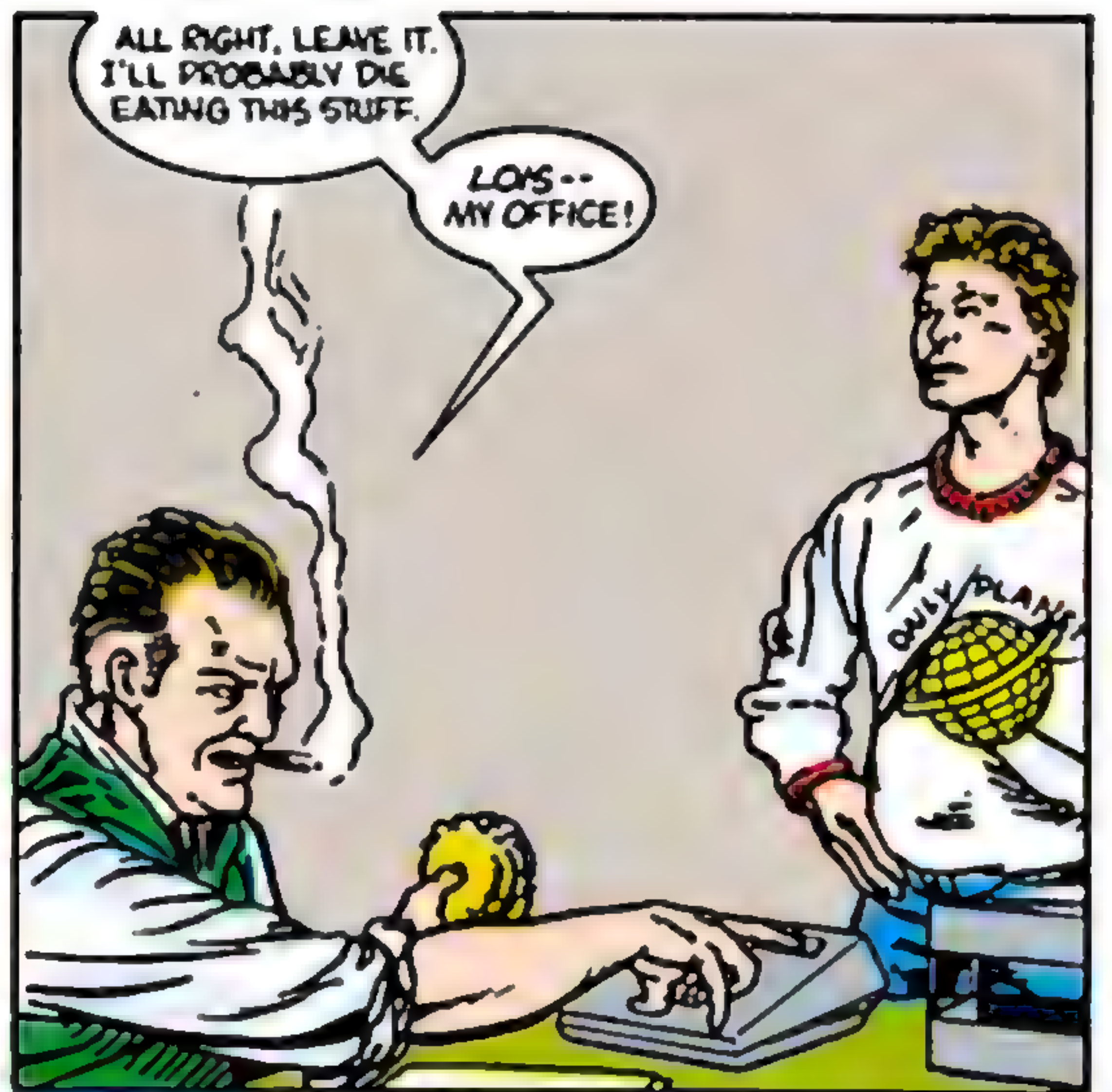


I'D BETTER GET CRACKING ON THAT FOUR-PAGER BEFORE I'M MISSED.

HERE'S YOUR BACON-BURGER AND COFFEE, CHIEF!

I CAN'T EAT THIS GARBAGE WITH MY ULCER! AND DON'T CALL ME CHIEF!







IT'S CALLED
BEING FASHIONABLY
UNSHAVEN!

AND YOU OKAYED
MY LONG OVERDUE
VACATION TWO MONTHS
AGO, CHIEF!



THE 10TH ANNUAL
METROPOLIS CANINE
REGATTA, DOUBLE-
SPACED, NO TYPOS,
CHIEF, SIR.

...DON'T
CALL ME
"CHIEF"...



SEND YOU A
POSTCARD FROM
SUNNY FLORIDA,
CIAO, PEOPLE.



LOUD EXPLOSIONS -- LIKE
MORTAR FIRE -- AND THOSE
POLICE TRANSMISSIONS --
SOMEONE'S BUELLING THE
SOVIET EMBASSY!

LEE YA IN
SEVEN, CLARK,
CLARK?
MR. KENT?

SOME PEOPLE
ARE SO INTO
THEMSELVES...



NOW,
WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO
ASK ME BEFORE,
KENT?

LATER,
LOIS!!

SNOB!

NO SOONER DO I SIT
DOWN FOR FIVE MINUTES
AND IT'S SAVE METROPOLIS
TIME AGAIN!



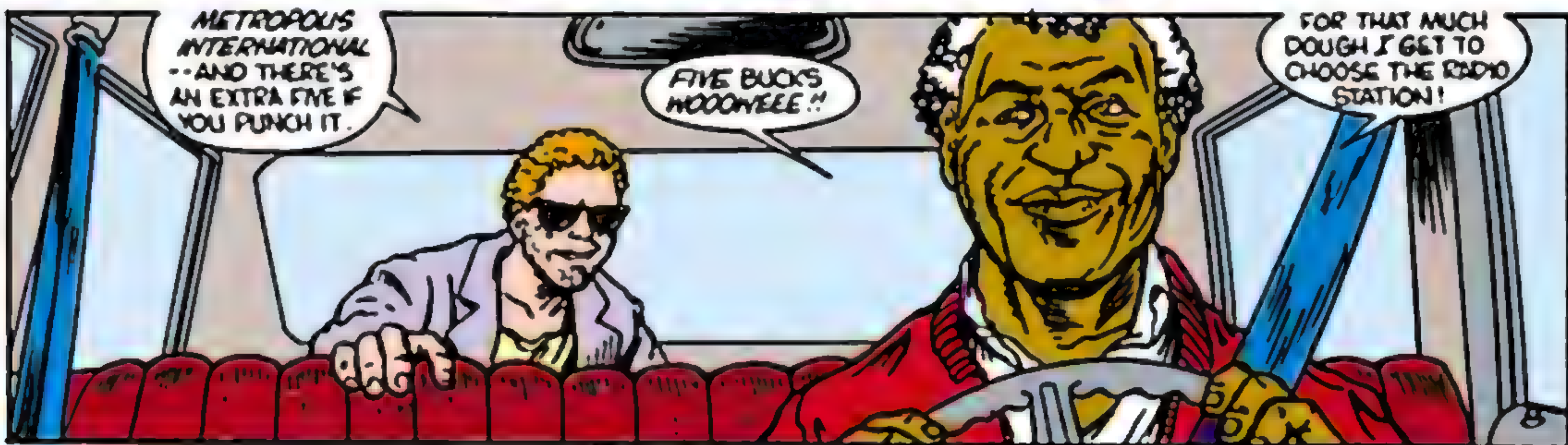
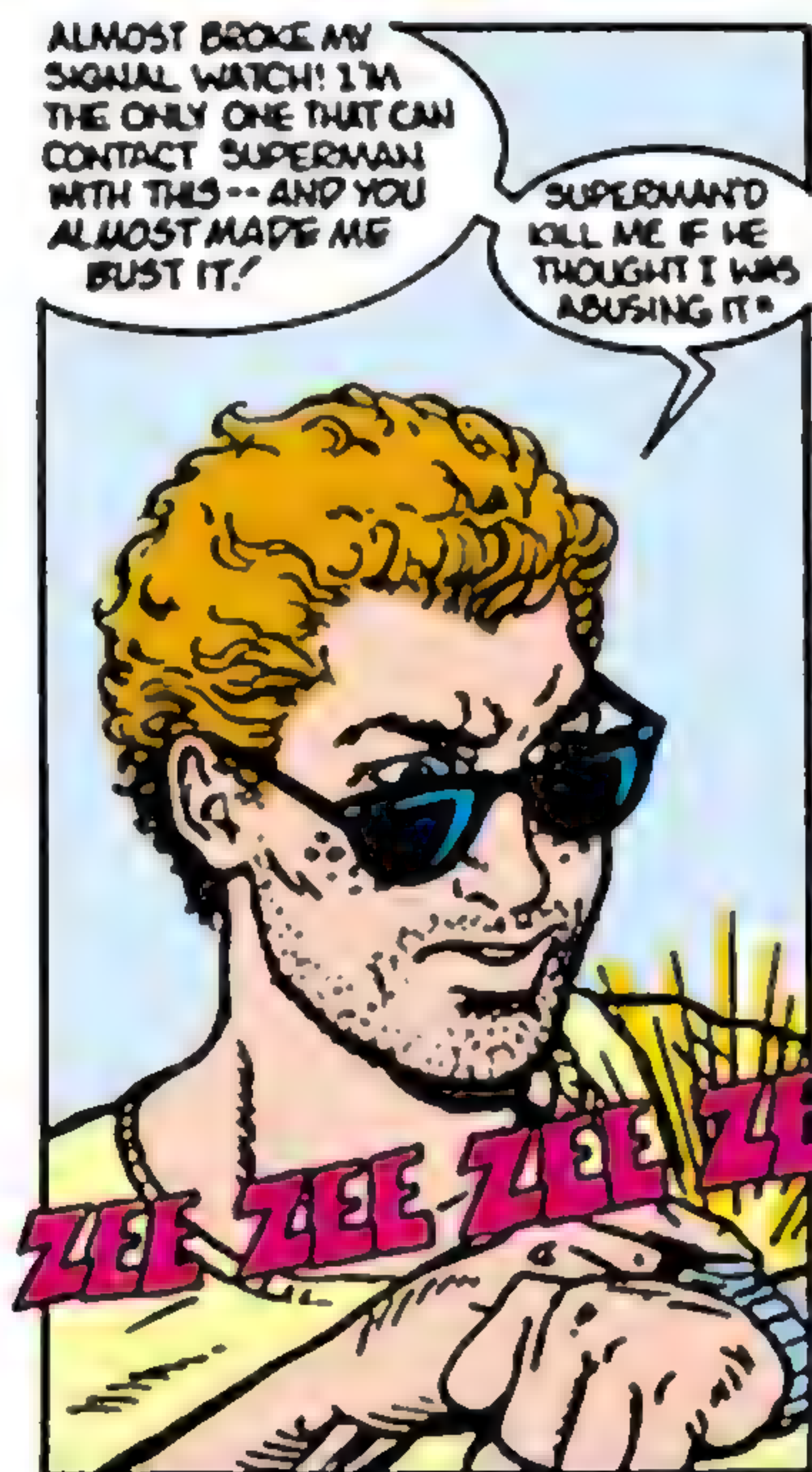
OH, DON!
DANCE WITH ME
YOU GORGEOUS
HUNK OF MAN!

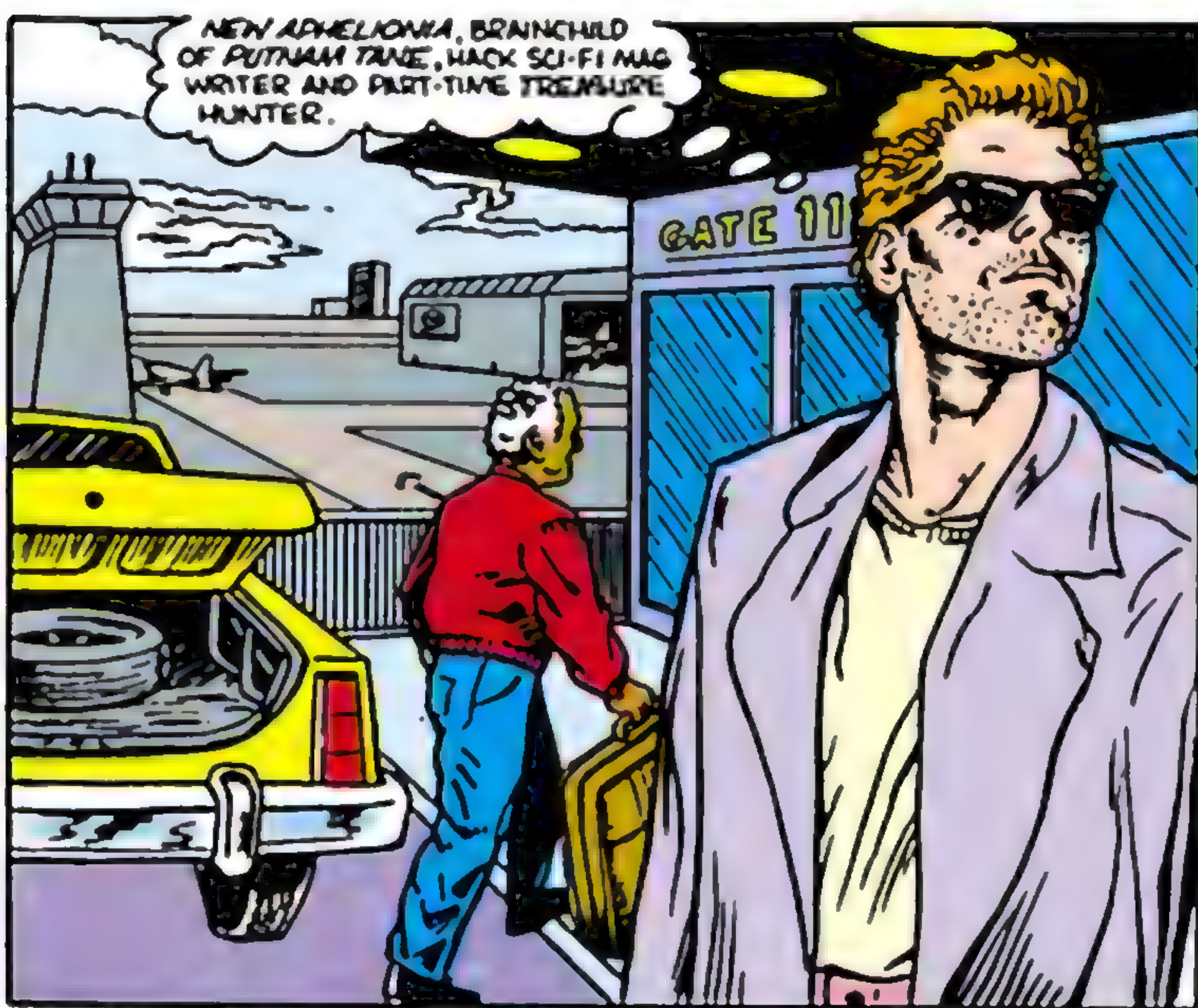
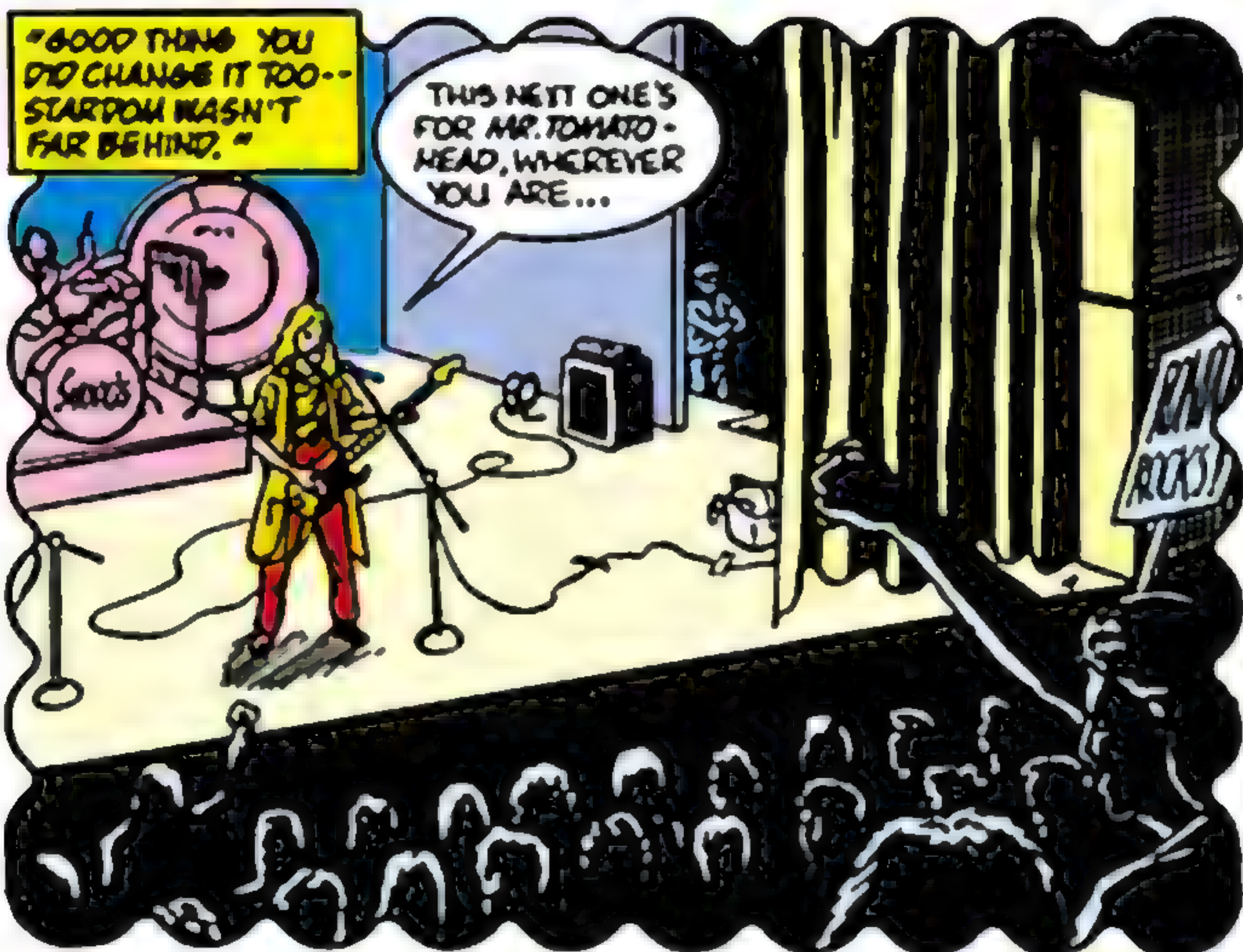
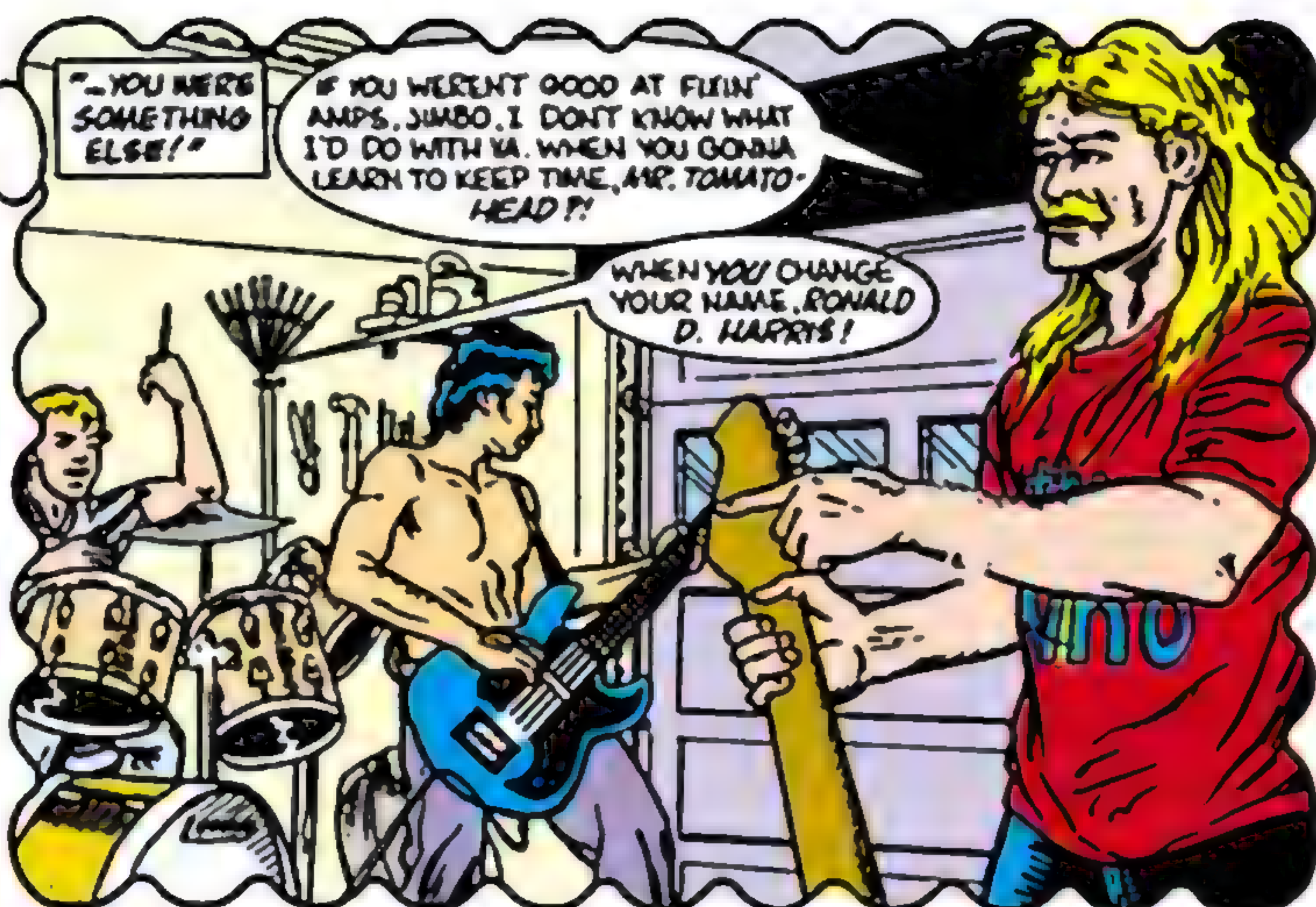
C'MON --
CUT IT OUT,
CAT, WILL
YA?

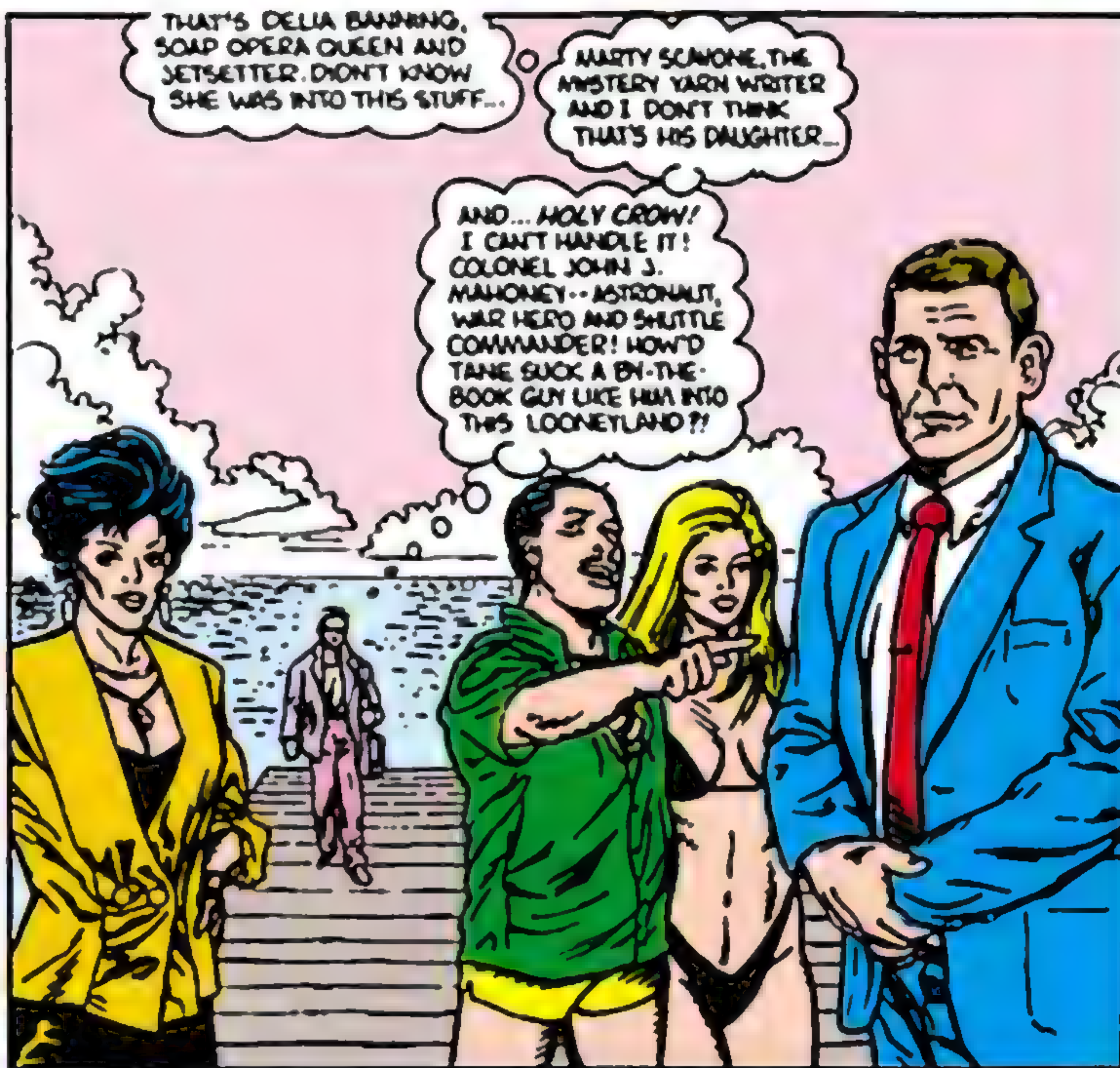
FREEZE --
METROPOLIS VICE!
HA! HA! HA!

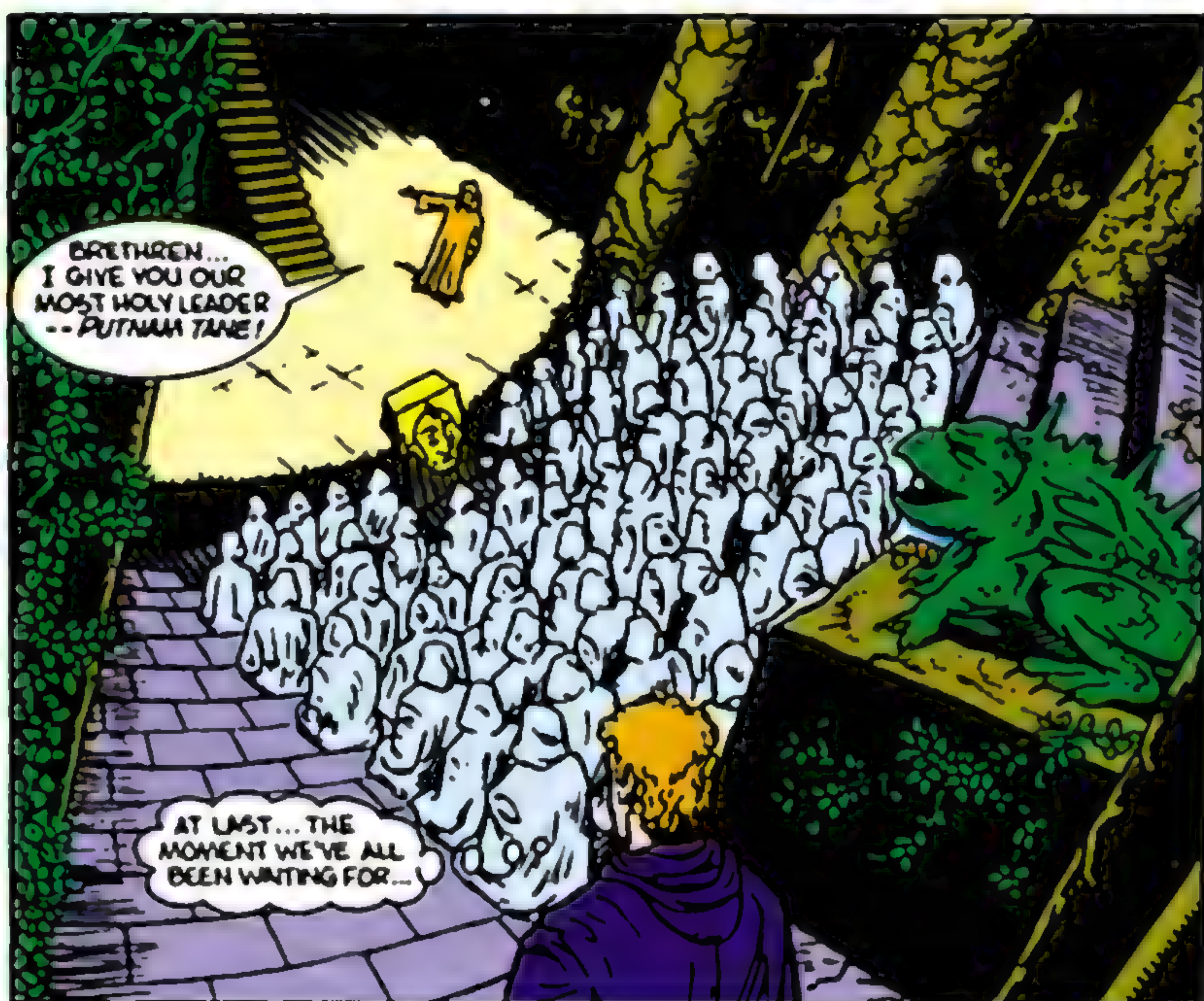
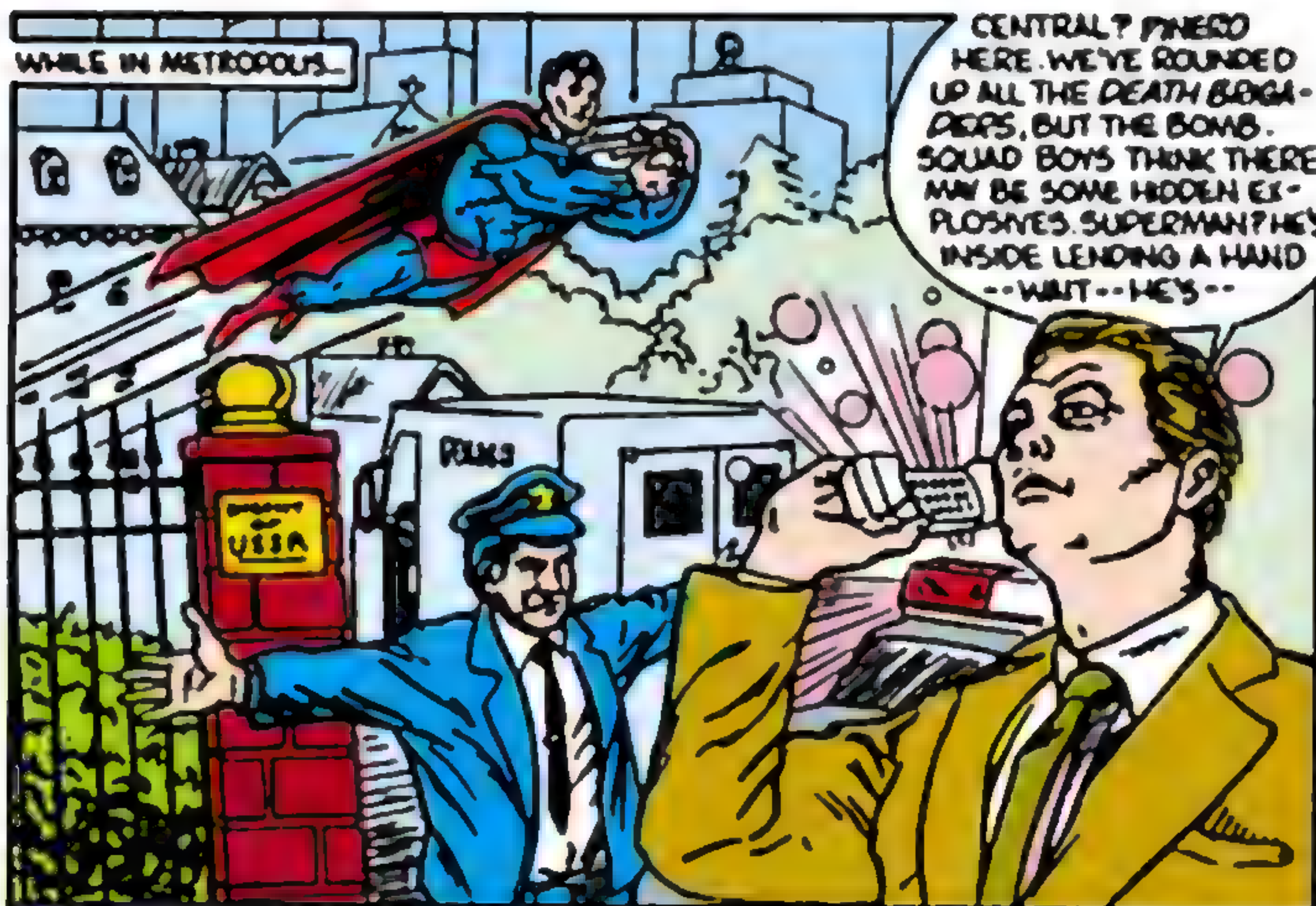
ARE HIS
FRECKLES
SPREADING?

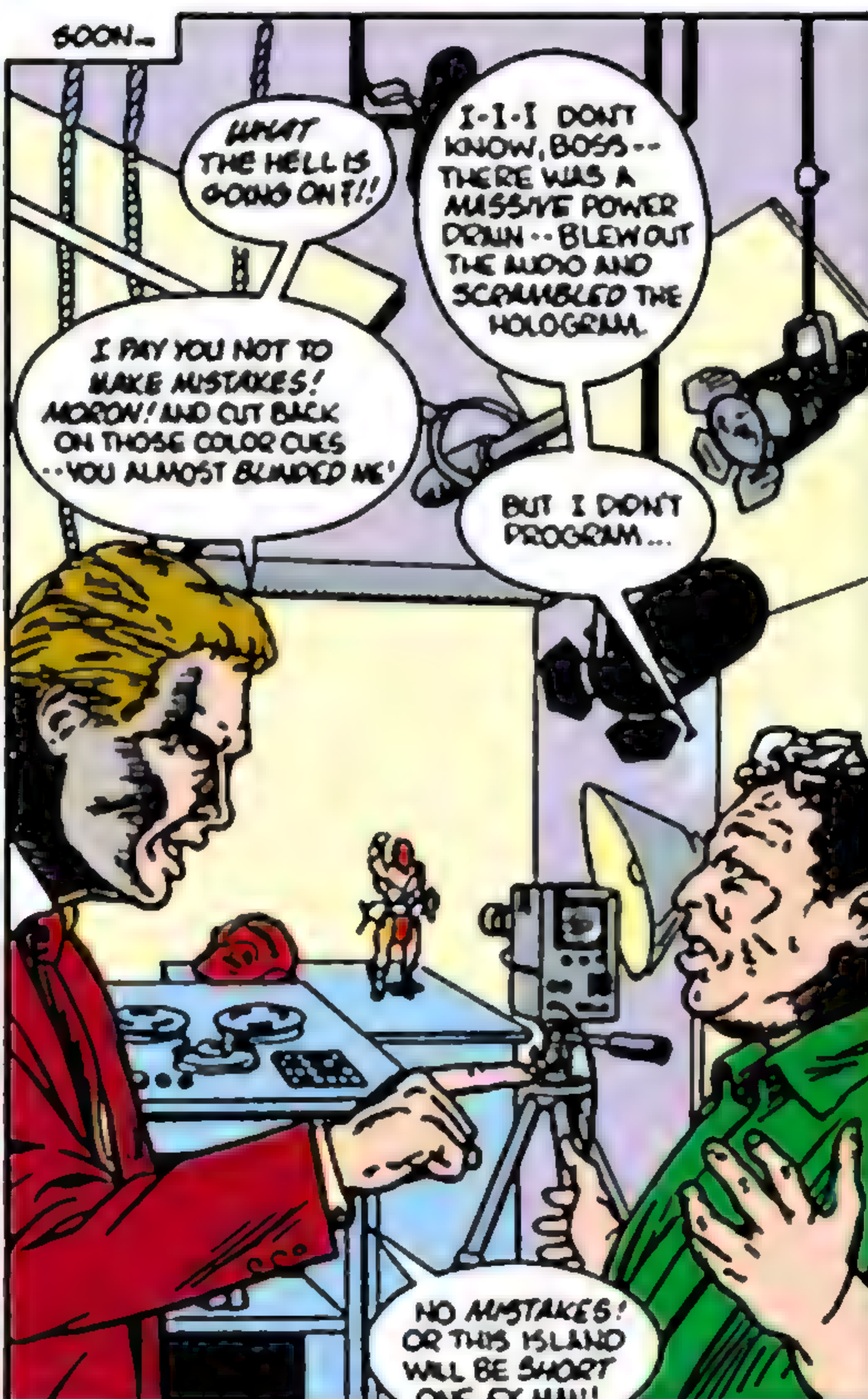
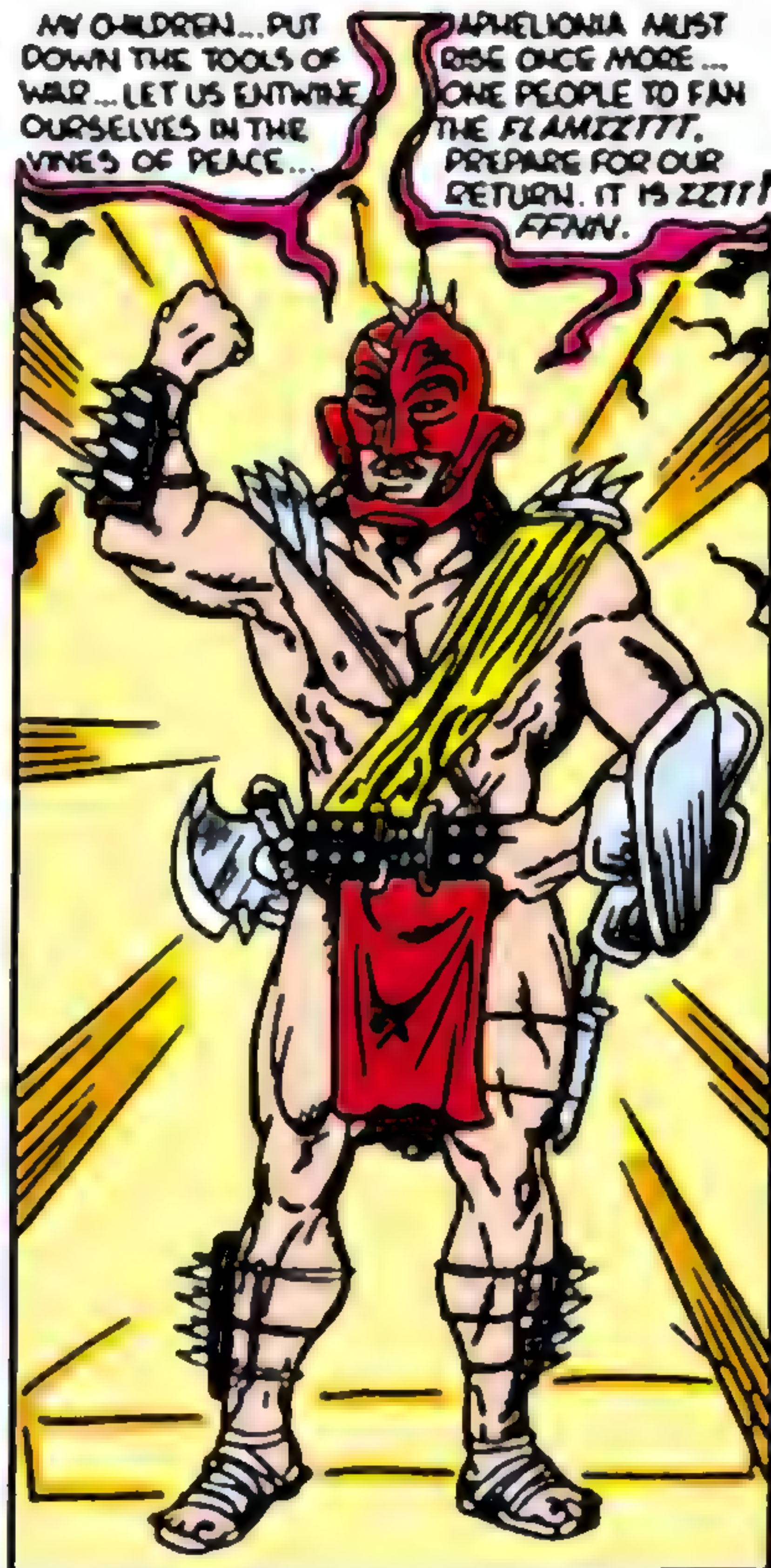
WHO'S YER
TAILOR,
OLSEN?

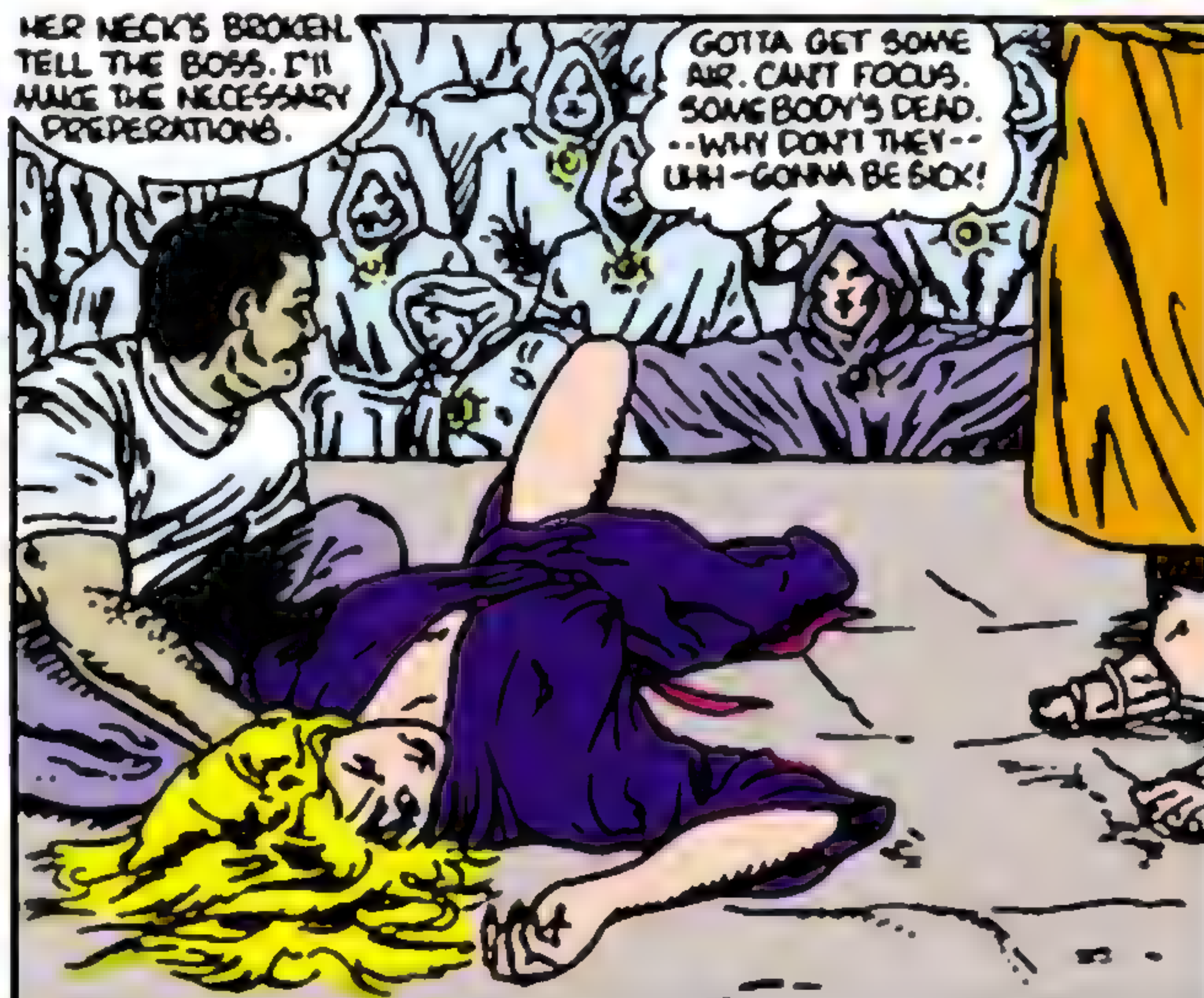


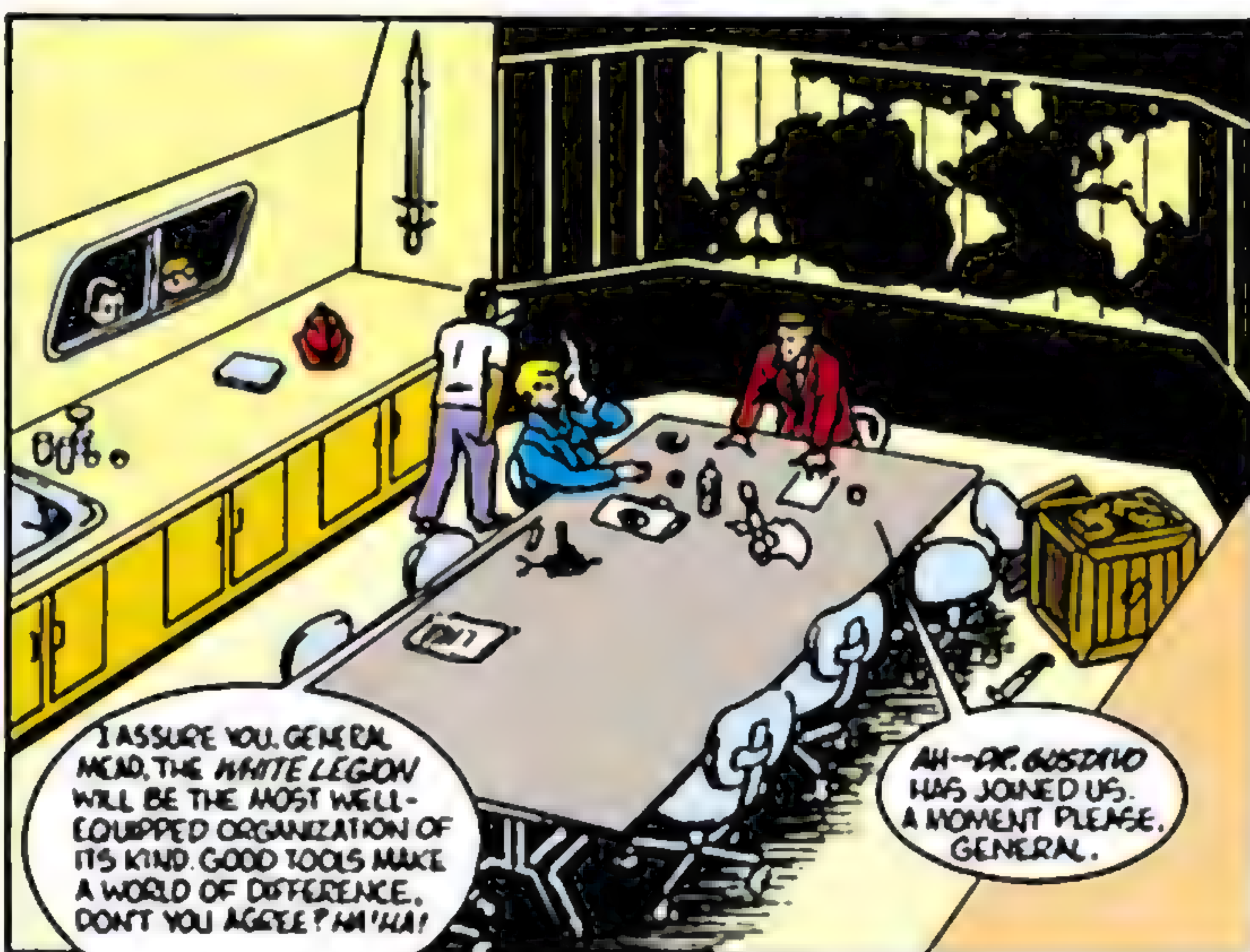
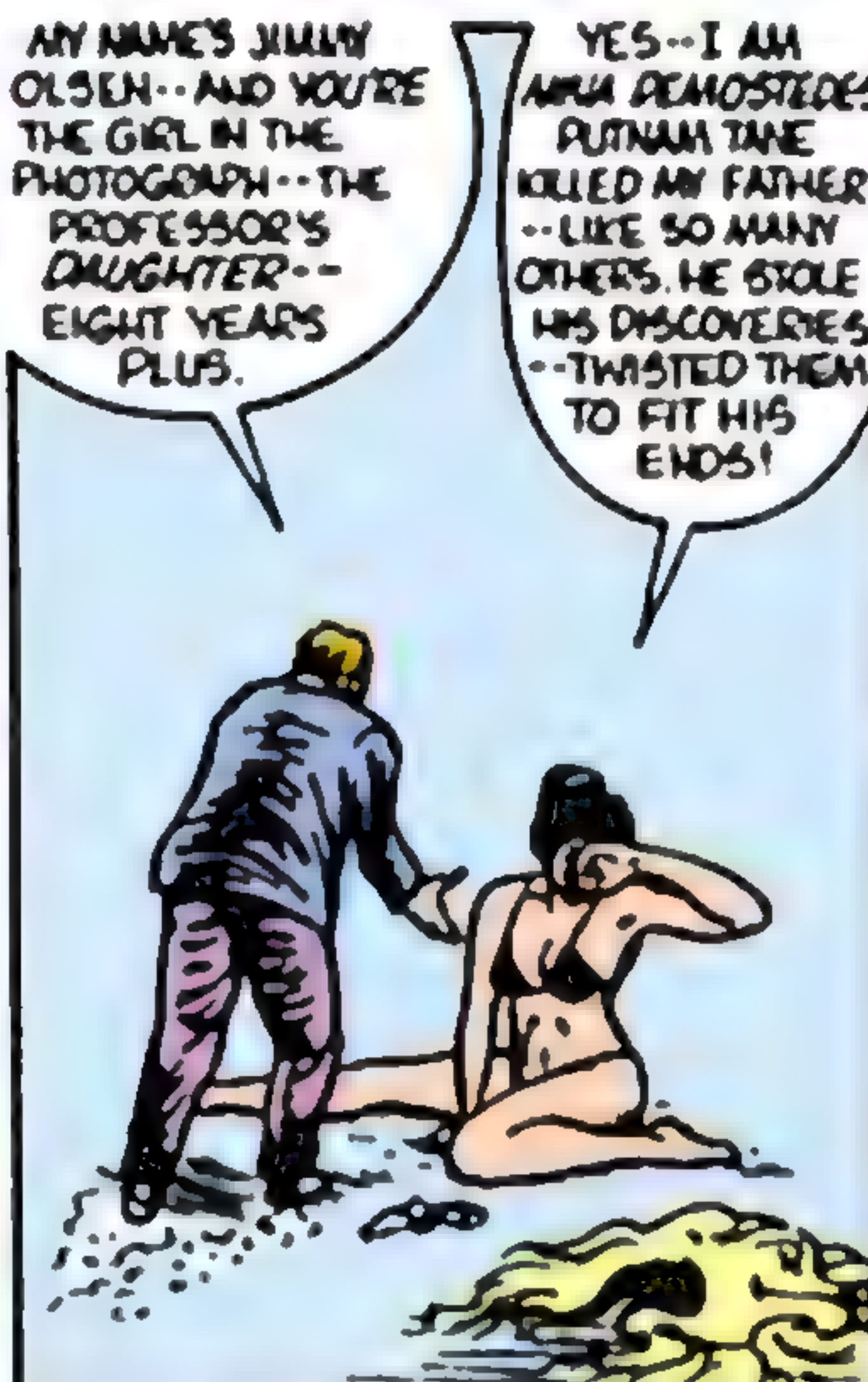
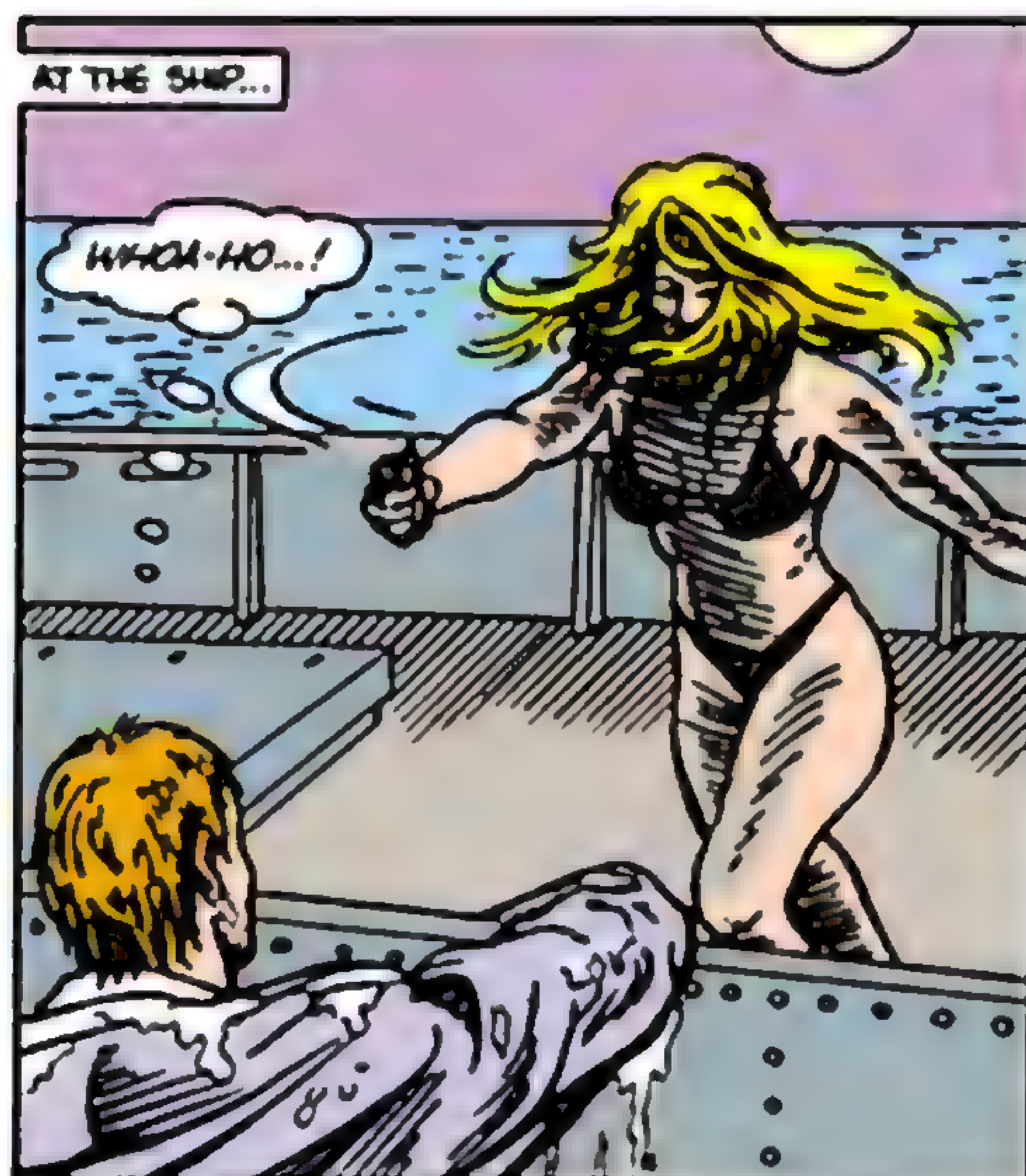
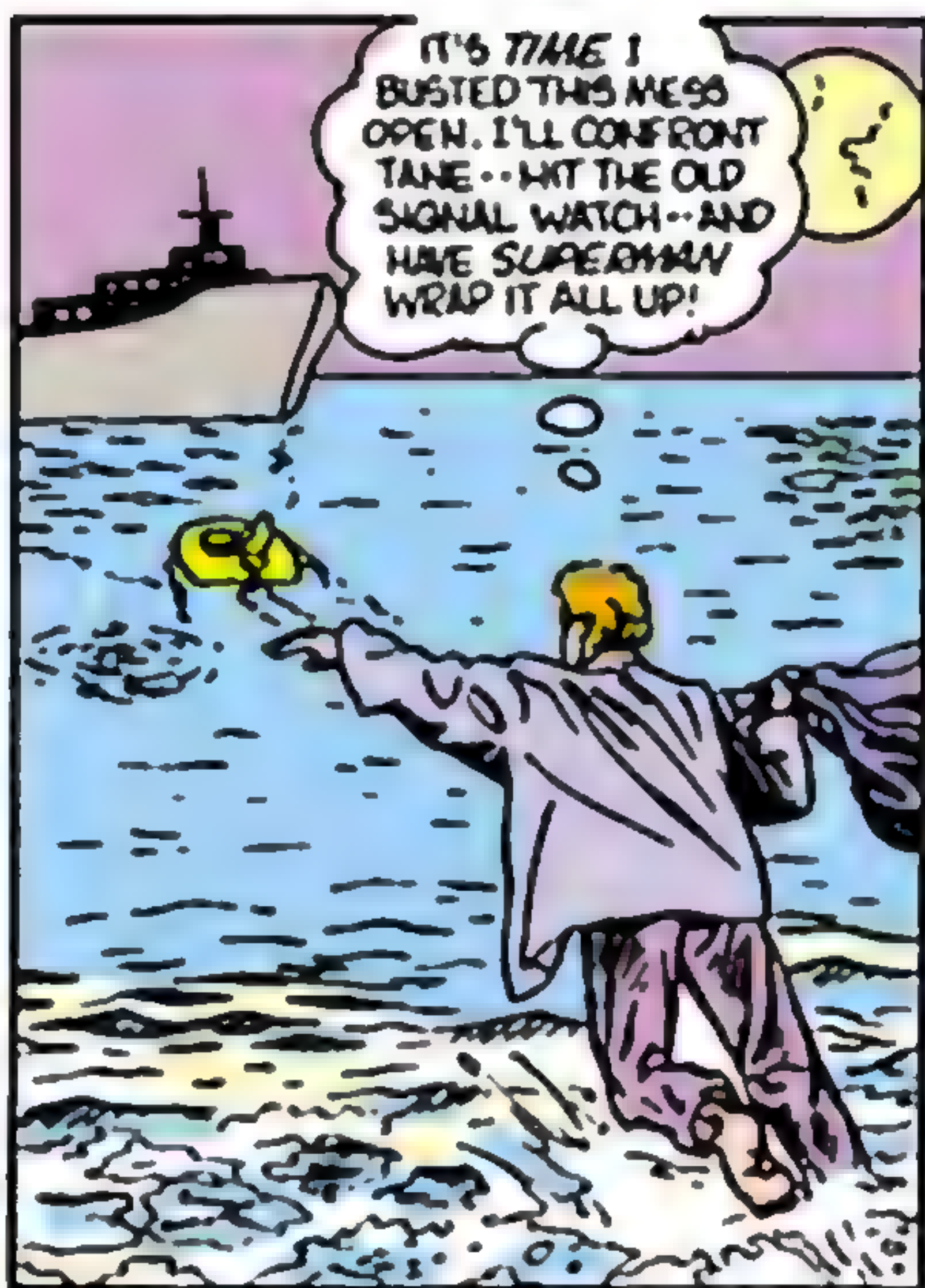




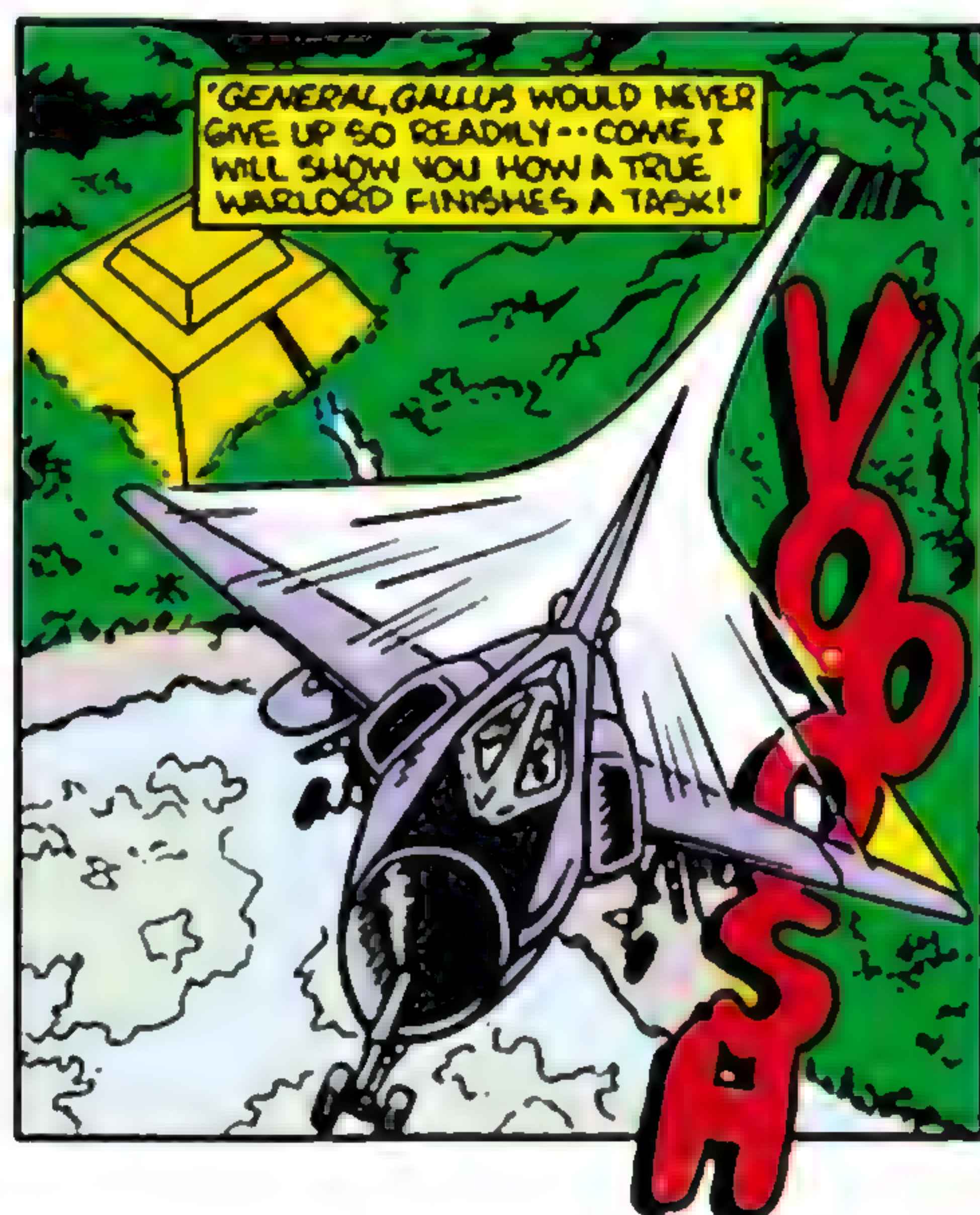
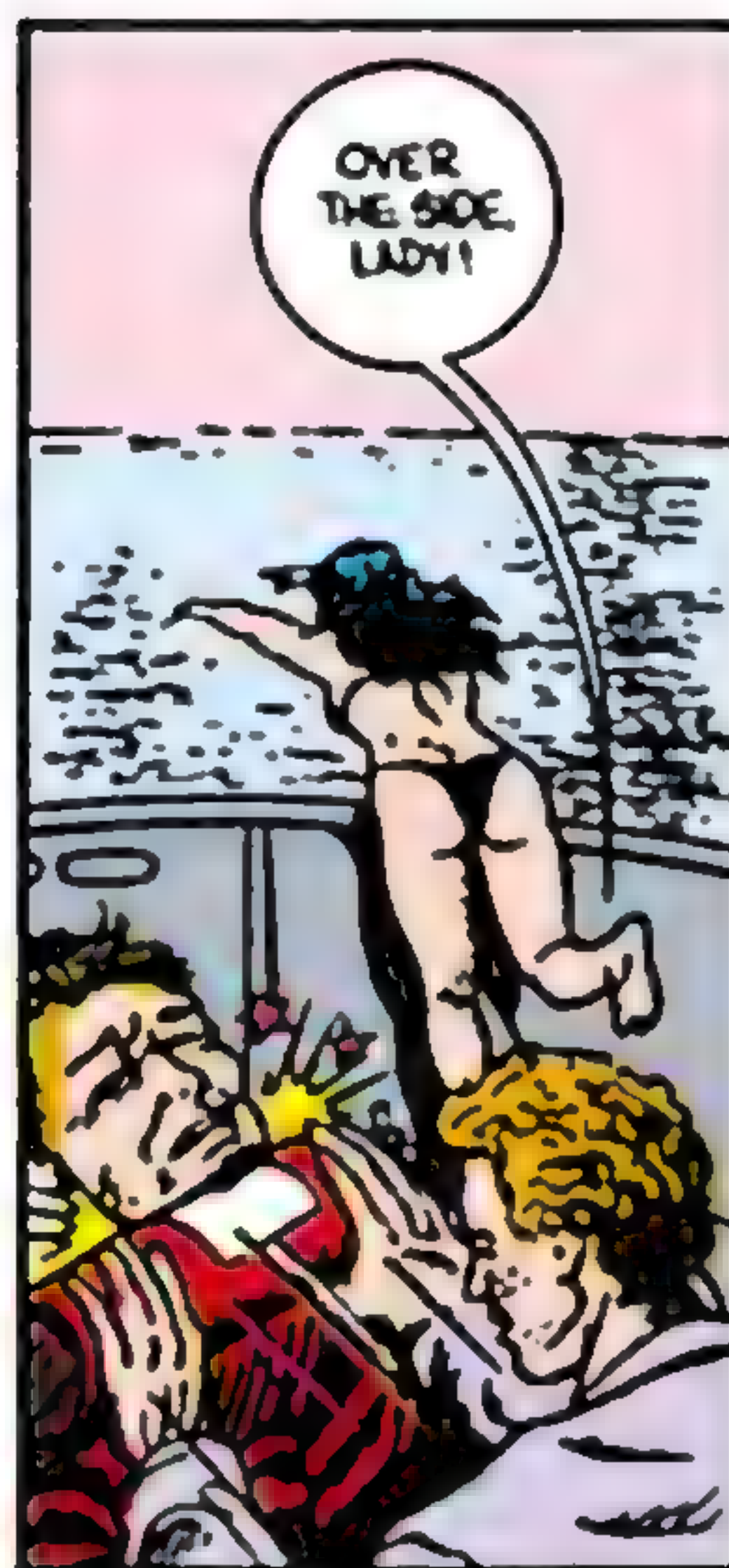


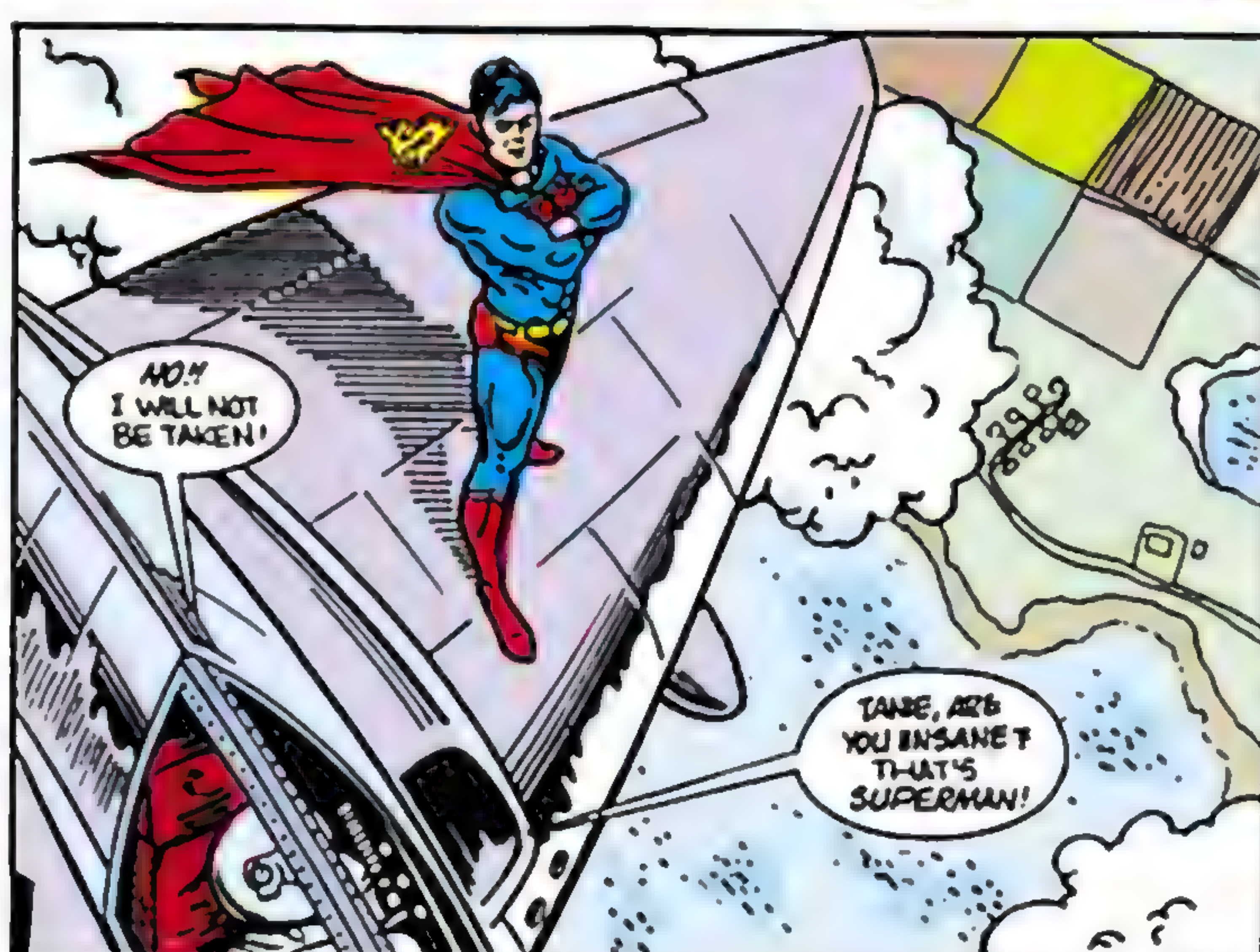


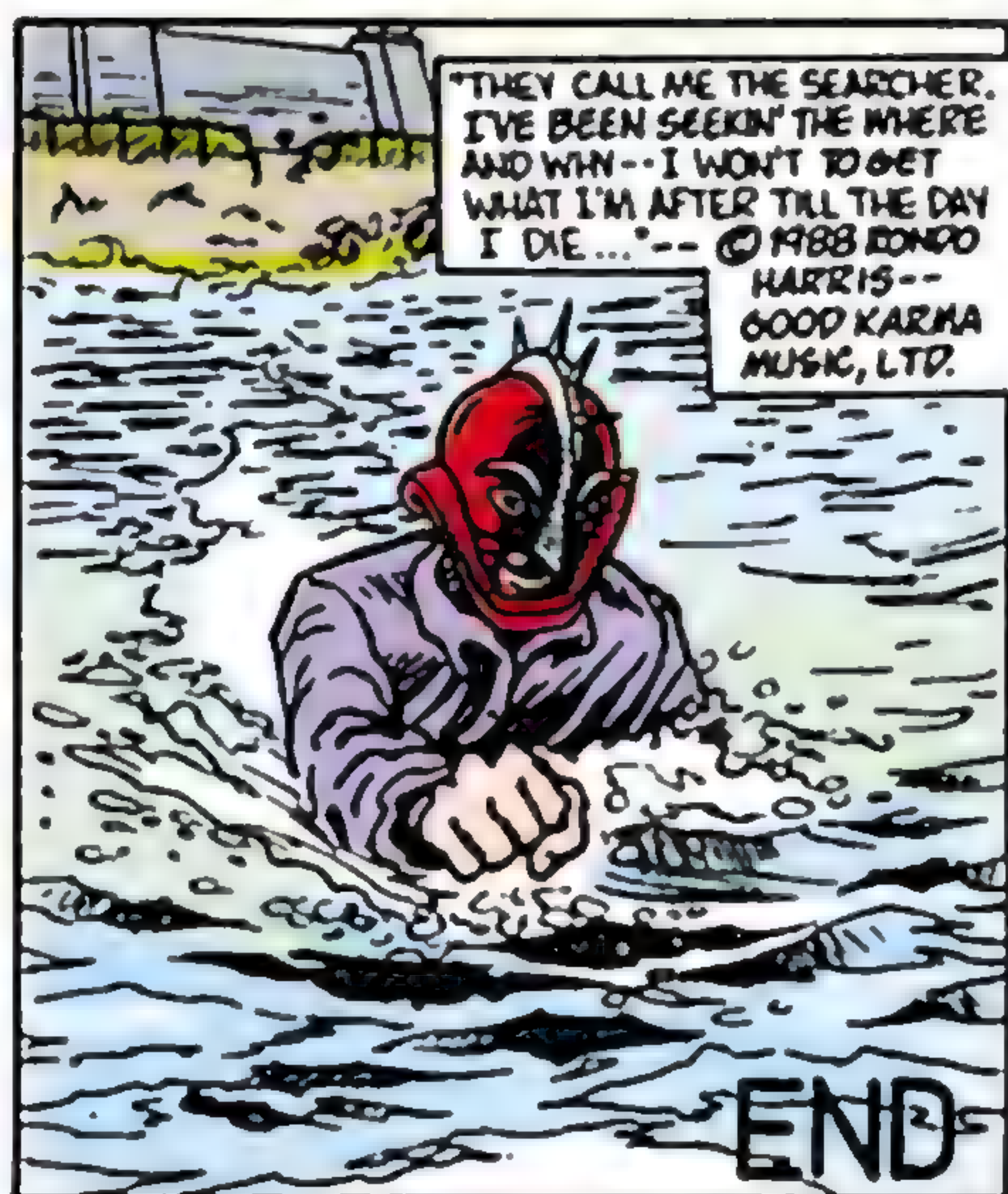
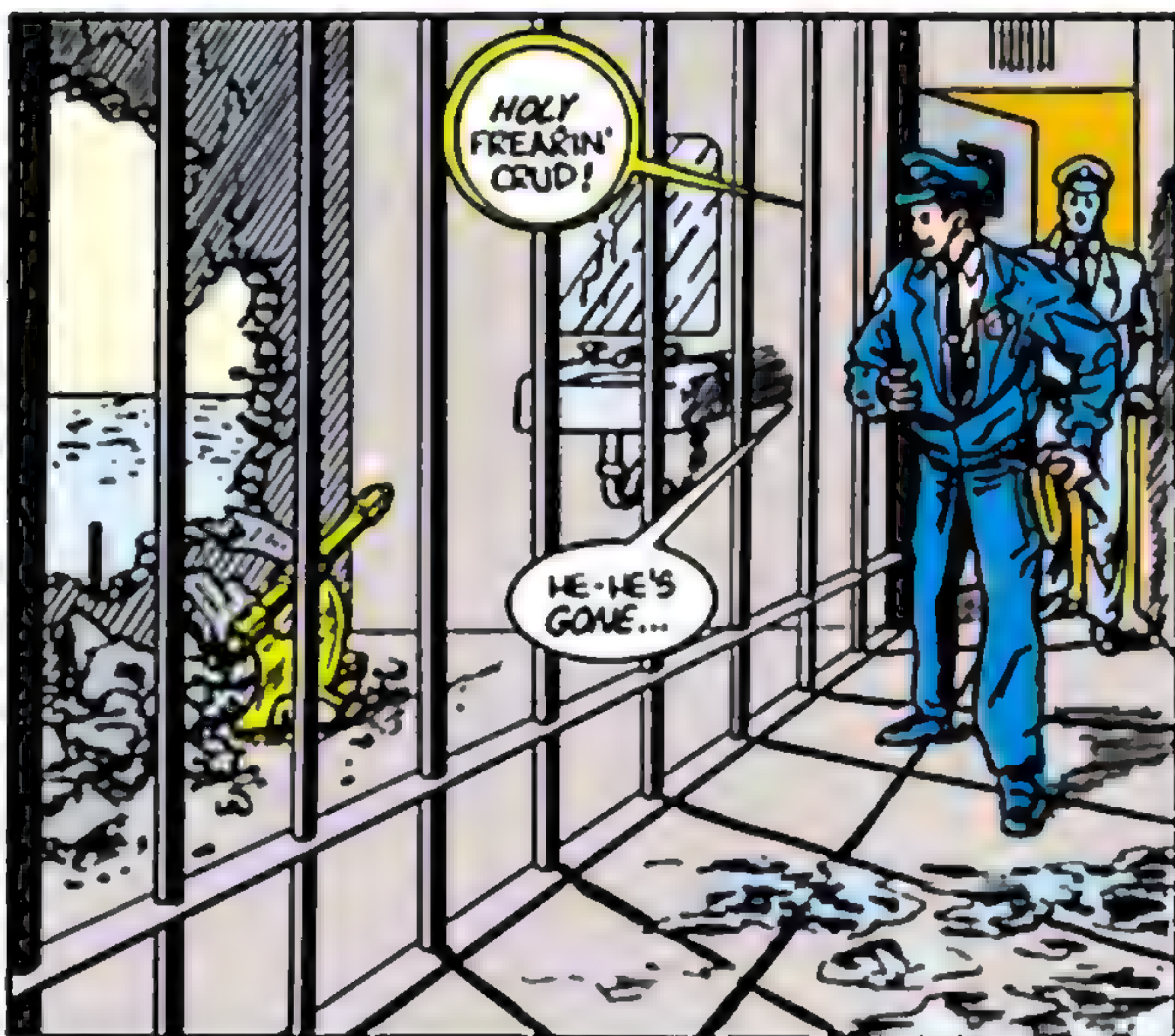
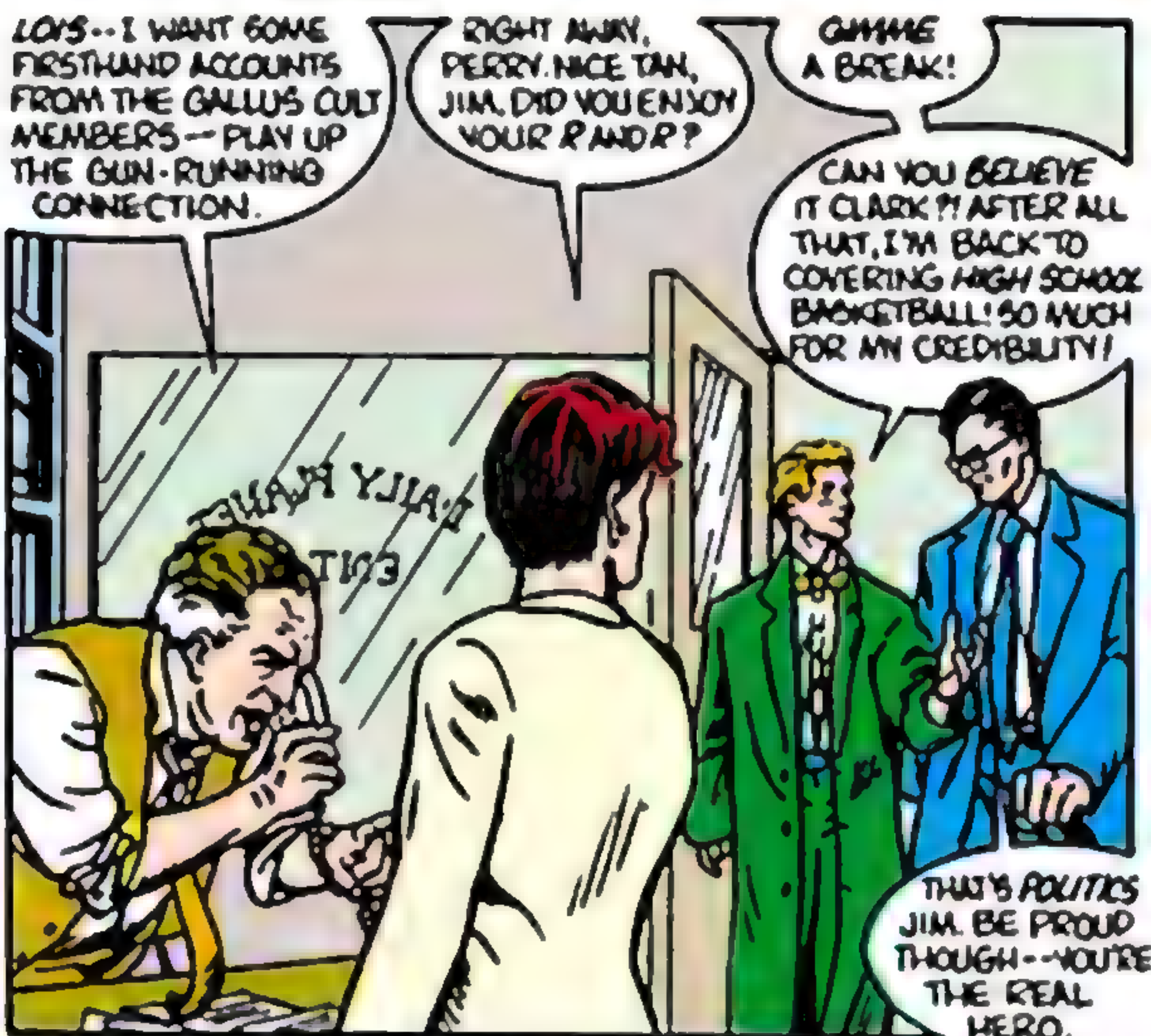
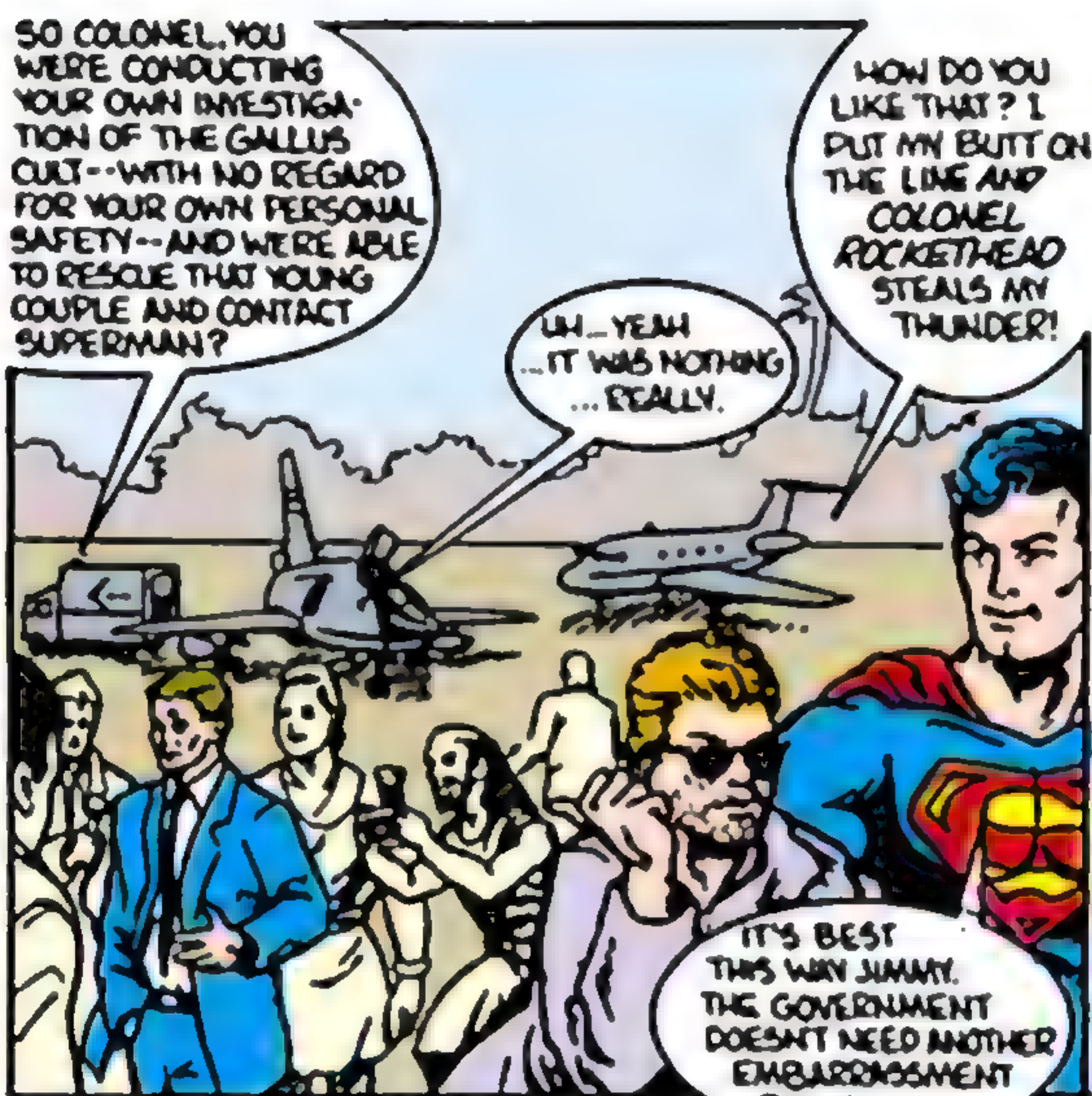














Superman Post-Crisis Chronology

Volume 020 The Amazing Brainiac

"Wings", first appeared in Superman issue #15, released January, 1988
(writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker)

"The Amazing Brainiac", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #438, released January, 1988
John Byrne (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), John Beatty (inker)

"Checkmate", first appeared in Action Comics issue #598, released January, 1988
John Byrne (writer), Paul Kupperberg (writer), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (inker), John Byrne (inker), Ty Templeton (inker)

"He Only Laughs When I Hurt!", first appeared in Superman issue #16, released February, 1988
(writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker)

"Tin Soldiers", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #439, released February, 1988
Jerry Ordway (writer), John Byrne (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), John Beatty (inker)

"Kryptonitemare!", first appeared in Action Comics issue #599, released February, 1988
Joe Calchi (writer), John Byrne (writer), Britt Wisenbaker (penciller), John Byrne (penciller), Ross Andru (penciller), James Scott (inker), John Byrne (inker), Keith Williams (inker)

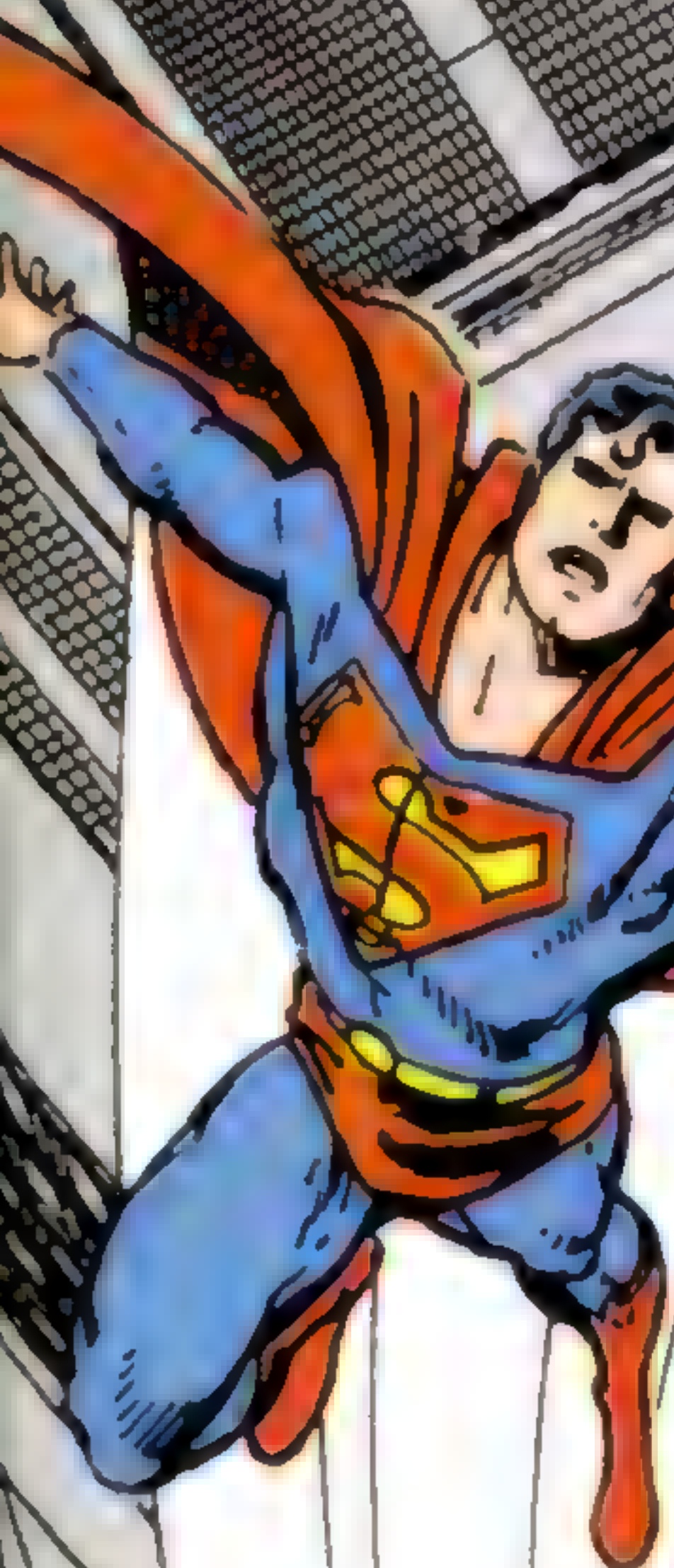


15
75¢

MAR 88

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

BY BYRNE
& KESEL



WINGS!

FIFTY



YEARS



THE ADVENTURES OF **SUPERMAN**

by **BYRNE, ORDWAY and BEATTY**

438
75¢
CAN \$1.00
UK 40p
MAR 88
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



DA ORDWAY



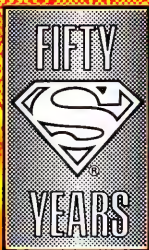
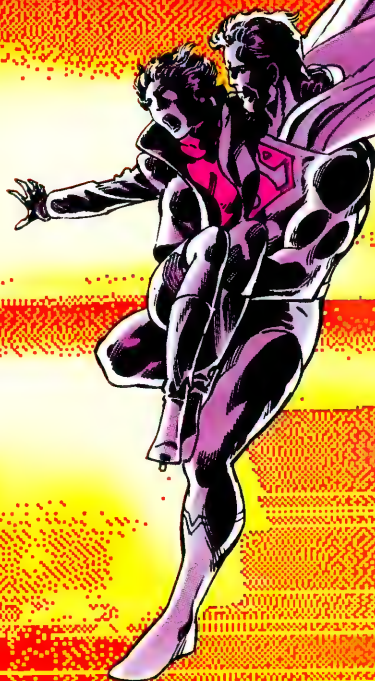
**SUPERMAN
& CHECKMATE**

598
75¢
CAN. \$1.00
U.K. 40p
MAR. 88

ACTION

COMICS®

BY BYRNE, KUPPERBERG & TEMPLETON



Checkmate BLOWS INTO METROPLIS!

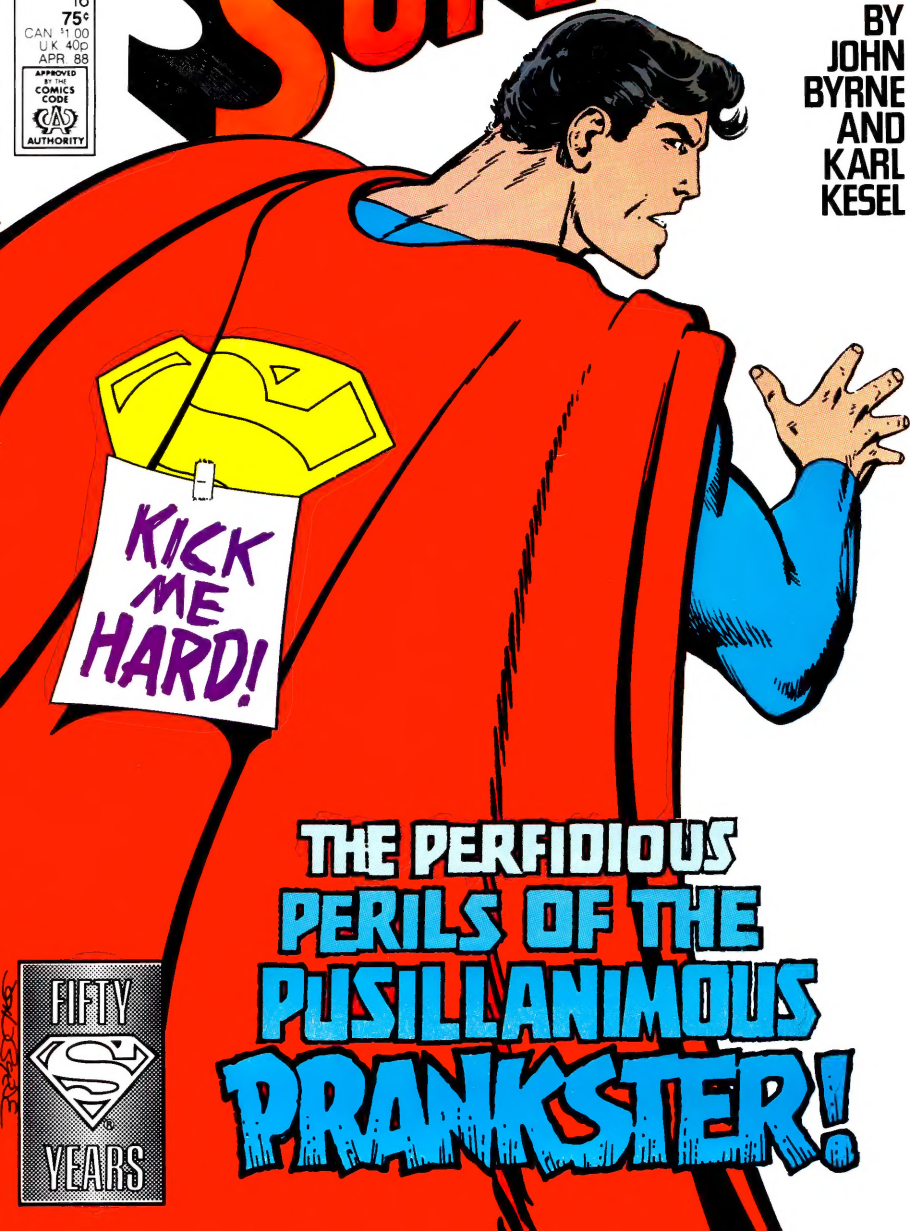


16
75¢
CAN. \$1.00
U.K. 40p
APR 88



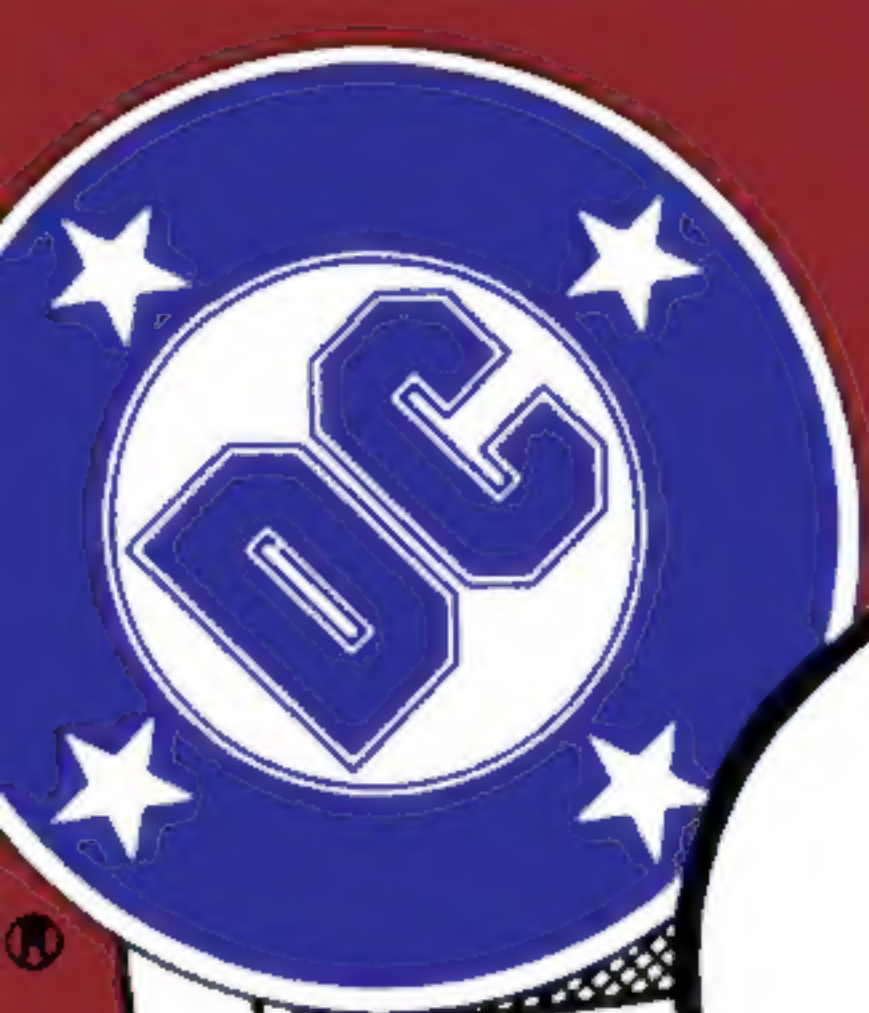
SUPERMAN

BY
JOHN
BYRNE
AND
KARL
KESEL



THE PERFIDIOUS
PERILS OF THE
PUSILLANIMOUS
PRANKSTER!





THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN[®]

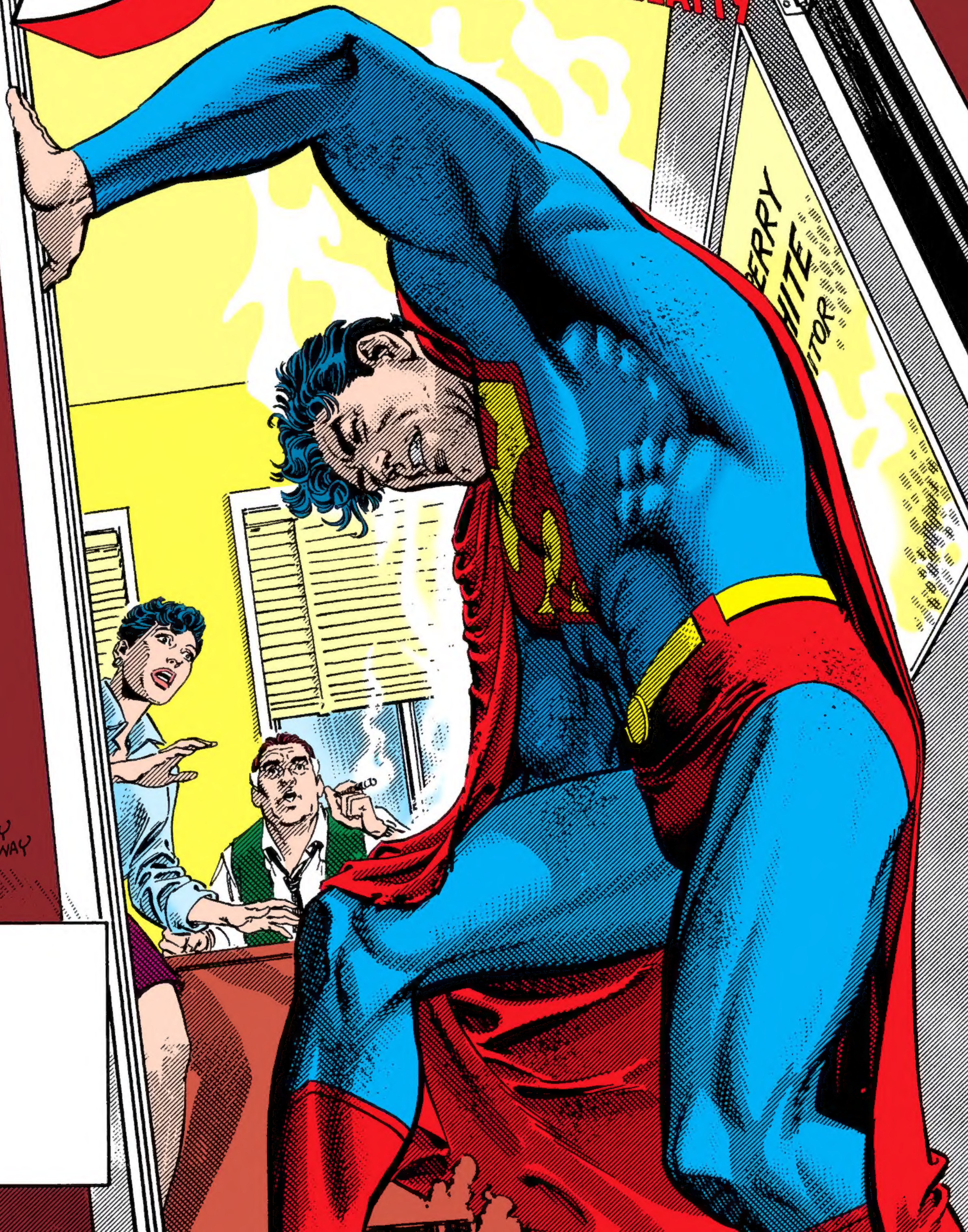
by **BYRNE, ORDWAY** and **BEATTY**

75¢
439
APR. 88

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY



JERRY
ORDWAY



**BONUS
BOOK!**

**FREE
16 PAGE
SECOND
FEATURE**

**THE SUPERMAN &
METAL MEN**

ACTION
COMICS

599
75¢
CAN \$1.00
U.K. 40p
APR. 88
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



KRYPTONITEMARE!

**BYRNE &
ANDRU**
WITH
KEITH
WILLIAMS



**SUPERMAN
& JIMMY OLSEN**

ACTION

COMICS

'BACK
OFF, CREEPS
--I'VE JUST
SUMMONED
MY PAL,
SUPERMAN!

THAT'S
RIGHT...
THE *MAN*
OF STEEL...

ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEE

YUP...ANNY
MINUTE,NOW...
YOU'RE DEAD
MEAT!

GULP

**BY CALCHI,
WISENBAKER
& SCOTT.**